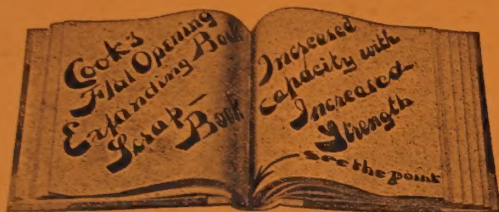




New Bedford Scrap-Book Vol. 9.

1920-1921



COOK'S
NEWSPAPER
SCRAP BOOK

HEAVY CANVAS BACK AND CORNERS, PAPER SIDES.

No.	12	10x12	240 pages
"	012	10x12	240 " Index in front and paged
"	14	10x14	240 " " " " " "
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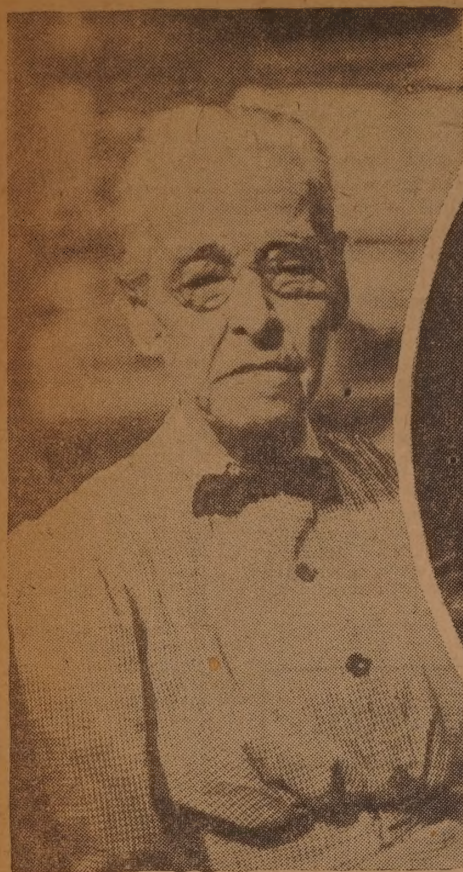
HEAVY CANVAS BACK AND CORNERS, BLACK CLOTH SIDES.

"	13	10x12	240 pages
"	013	10x12	240 " Index in front and paged
"	15	10x14	240 " " " " " "
"	015	10x14	240 " " " " " "

MANUFACTURED BY

JOSEPH F. COOK,
244-246 MILK STREET,
BOSTON MASS.

HERE ARE THREE INTERESTING WOMEN VOTERS

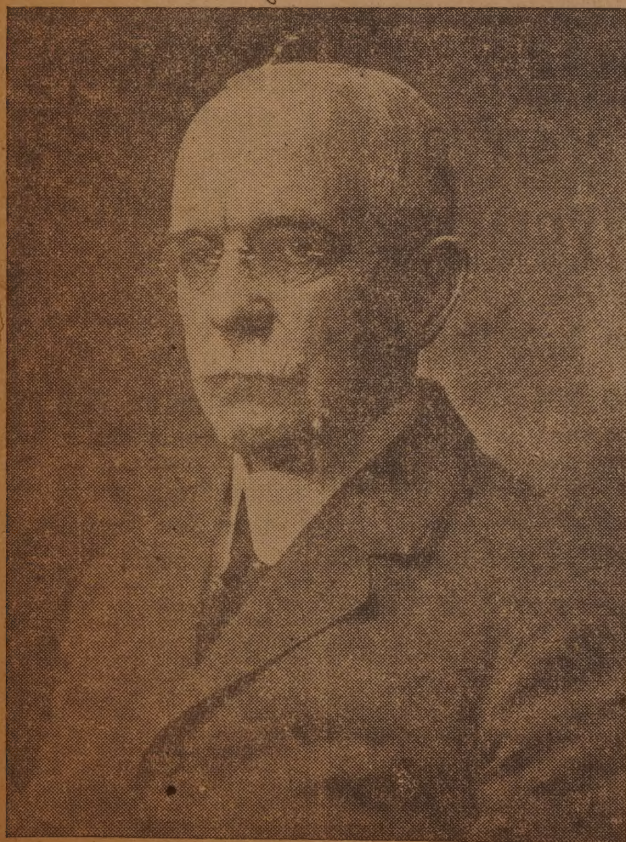


Oct. 31, 1920.

Left to Right—Mrs. Carolyn P. Brigham, 89; Miss Betsey B. Winslow, 88; Mrs. Mary Clarke, 79; three of the city's oldest new voters.

He Stopped Plundering of Sunken Port Hunter and Saved Thousands

August 29, 1920



U. S. Commissioner Alexander McL. Goodspeed of New Bedford, whose letter spurred the government to action to save the Port Hunter cargo from rot in the water and illegal sale by salvagers.

Here Are Four Captains Who Uphold Sept. 22 '20 New Bedford's Record in Whaling



Captain John T. Edwards, Captain Harry Mandley, Captain Antone T. Edwards, Captain Joseph F. Edwards.

Captain Antone T. Edwards, master and part owner of the square rigged whaling ship Wanderer for the past seven years, has been named as agent of the vessel to succeed Captain James F. Avery. The ownership of the vessel remains the same as heretofore, with one or two exceptions. The Wanderer, according to the new agent, will not go out this fall but will sail early in the spring.

It is the second whaler of which Captain Edwards has been named agent in the past week. The first one was the Valkyria, which he with others bought from Captain John A. Cook.

The A. M. Nicholson is expected to arrive any day. The last vessel to report the Nicholson was the Graber, which received word on Aug. 28 that the Nicholson would be in port by Sept. 20. Captain James Tilton is master of the Nicholson.

The Cameo and Greyhound, which have been on the ways in New Bedford haven, returned to this side of the river this morning.

Miss Lucy Carnegie Ricketson to Wear Her Mother's Wedding Gown

June 29 '20



MISS LUCY CARNEGIE RICKETSON.



Miss Louise Pratt.



Miss Ruth Ferguson.

MUCH INTEREST IN MARRIAGE

Ricketson Nuptials at Church on Next Tuesday

to Take Trip to Sea Islands for Honeymoon

A marriage of considerable interest will take place at Grace Episcopal church Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, when Miss Lucy Carnegie Ricketson, daughter of Oliver Garrison and Margaret Carnegie Ricketson, of Pittsburgh, Pa., will become the bride of Robert Weeks Ferguson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton G. Ferguson of 115 Hawthorn street. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Harry Beal, and the bride will be given in marriage by her father.

The bride will wear the wedding gown of her mother, a combination of ivory satin and old lace, with a veil of tulle and lace. She will be attended by Miss Nancy Carnegie of Manchester, Mass., as maid of honor, and eight bridesmaids. The maid of honor will wear ivory color point d'esprit over satin, with sash and bow of tea rose yellow and a yellow leg-horn hat with ribbon to match the sash, trimmed with yellow roses. George Brooks Ferguson, brother of

the bridegroom, will be best man. The bridesmaids will be Miss Ruth Ferguson of New Bedford, a sister of the bridegroom, Miss Louise Pratt, also of New Bedford, Miss Lois Hopkins of Wellesley Hills, Miss Linda Wellington, Miss Mabel Bremer and Miss Rosanna Fiske of Boston, Miss Frances Hoeffer of Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Nancy Jay of New York. The bridesmaids will be dressed similar to the maid of honor, with the exception of their sashes, which will be of turquoise blue with blue ribbons and yellow roses on their hats.

Oliver Garrison Ricketson, Jr., will be head usher, the other ushers to be Samuel F. Chalfin of Greenwich, Conn. Thomas R. Plummer, 2nd, of Potomska and Boston, John G. Howland of New Bedford, Milton J. Offert of Baltimore, Md., William H. Hullek of New York, John D. Pratt of New Bedford and Amory Houghton of Corning, N. Y.

Following the ceremony at the church a reception will be held at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. John H. Ricketson, at Ricketson's Point, South Dartmouth.

A dinner will be given to the ushers and the bridesmaids by Miss Sally Ricketson and Mrs. Herbert Stocum at the New Bedford Country club Monday evening to be followed by a dance at the Fairhaven Town hall, given by Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Ricketson.

The young couple will spend their honeymoon at the South Sea Islands and will make their home at 91 Mt. Vernon street, Boston. Mr. Ferguson is connected with the Swift-McNutt company of Boston.



A. H. Andrews.

Two War Veterans Took Brides At Church Wedding Yesterday

June 29 '20



Above, Mr. and Mrs. Romeo A. Forand

Below, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph N. Viera.

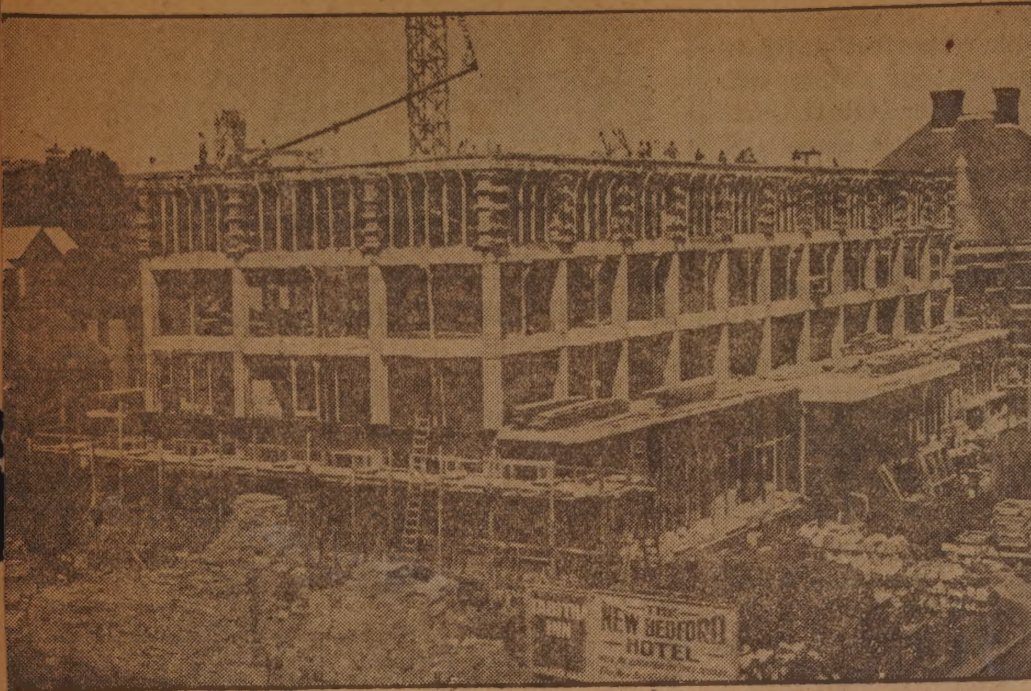
The marriage of Miss Lena L. Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jason Johnson of 10 Jean street, and Romeo A. Forand, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jean Forand of 340 Bowditch street, took place yesterday morning at St. Anthony's church. A nuptial mass was celebrated at 7:30 o'clock by the Rev. Father Marchand. The couple were attended by the father of each the

bride being given in marriage by her father. After a wedding trip to Old Orchard, Me., Mr. and Mrs. Forand will live at 10 Jean street.

The wedding of Miss Mary Escobar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Escobar, of 217 Rockland avenue, and Joseph N. Viera of 22 Crapo street was solemnized yesterday morning. The nuptial mass was celebrated at 8 o'clock at St. John the Baptist church.

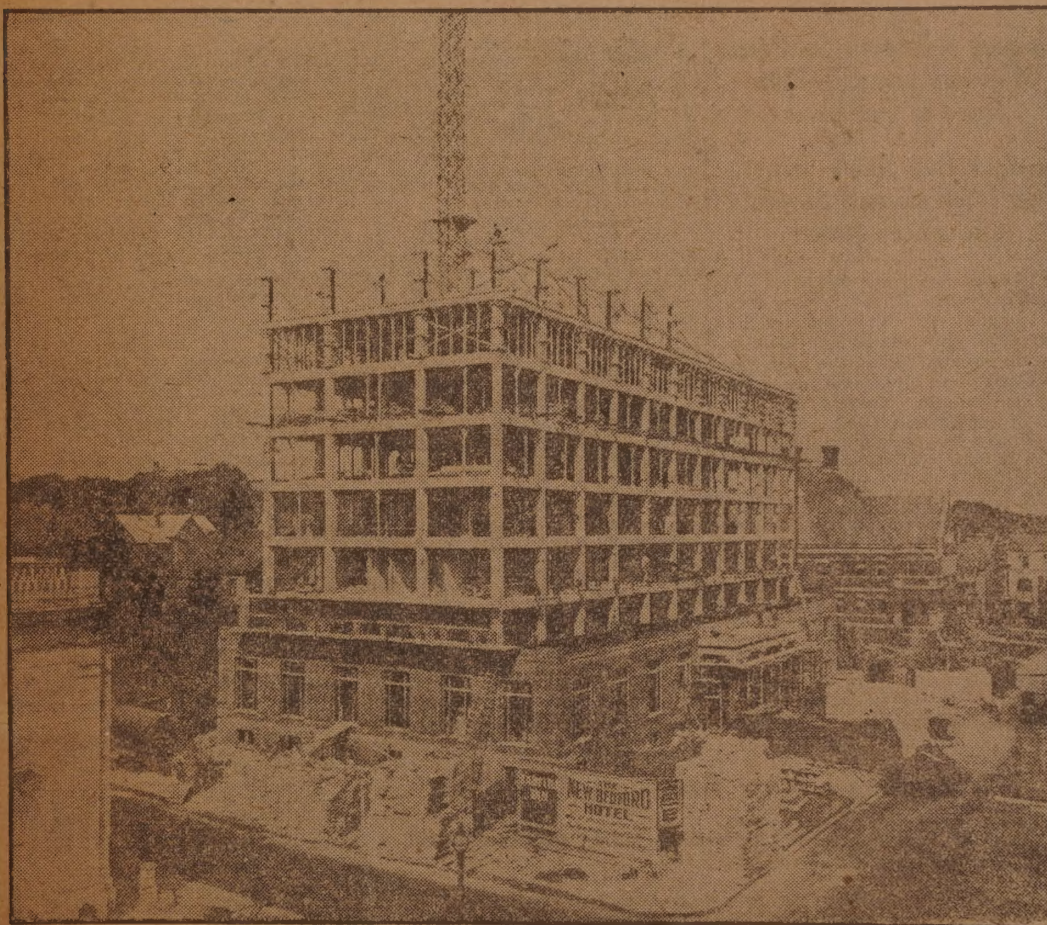
WORK ON FIFTH STORY OF HOTEL IS STARTED

Aug. 29, 1920



New Bedford Hotel as it Looks Today.

NEW HOTEL'S SKELETON TOWERS ABOVE CITY



Workmen on the new hotel last week began putting up the columns for the last of the bedroom floors of New Bedford's modern hostelry. Above this eighth floor are going the ball room and roof garden, topping the city's highest building. In the last five weeks there has been rapid progress in the construction of the building, in that period practically half of the total height having been

The outside brick work has been carried up for a part of the way, and stagings are now going up for the masons to carry the work to the top. In this outside mason work there will be in use a safety device not heretofore used in construction work in New Bedford. This is a staging that can be raised and lowered at will and saves the time and expense of building the usual wooden staging. The steel wire supports for the staging are carried over lengths of railroad iron secured in the upper floors, and

men on the staging have control of the drums for lowering and raising it.

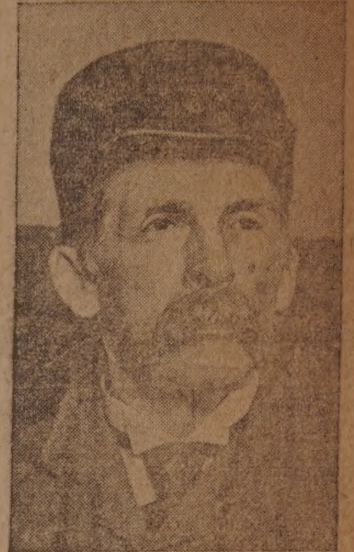
In the construction of the building the steel wires supporting the construction tower pass through the cement floors of the building. In some places the wires are carried through sleeves so that they can be removed but in other places they are left imbedded in the cement. In the latter case the wires will simply be cut when the time arrives for the removal of the tower.

A SURVIVOR OF ANDERSONVILLE

11/5/1920

Mortimer Searles, Civil war veteran and survivor of Andersonville prison, died yesterday morning at the Soldiers' Home in Chelsea. He was in his 79th year.

Mr. Searles was a corporal in Co. B, 17th regiment, Connecticut volunteers, enlisting August 6, 1862, and serving nearly three years. With 21



Mortimer Searles.

men of his company he was taken prisoner at Welaka, Florida, on the St. John river, May 19, 1864. This occurred when his little squad was surrounded by 95 of the enemy. He was afterwards placed in Andersonville and underwent the tortures of that prison life.

For a number of years, Mr. Searles was a letter carrier, afterwards engaging in the rubber stamp business on William street, but has been retired for the past 10 or 12 years. He was a member of Post 190, G. A. R.

He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. David Wordell, of 38 Florence street, with whom he made his home until a year ago, when he went to the Soldiers' Home, and a son, Walter Searles, of New Rochelle, N. Y.

Services for Archie Macfarlane Held

2/15/1920 This Afternoon



Funeral service was held this afternoon at two o'clock for Archie Macfarlane at his residence 230 Kem street. Rev. Thomas Brown officiated. Interment was at Rural cemetery. He had deceased died of tuberculosis an illness of two years. For he was employed with C. F. Sp... a piano tuner, later being in for himself. He was well-known polo player.

LANDMARK OF OLD NEW BEDFORD GONE

Aug. 29, 1920



NEW ACCOUNTING FIRM IS FORMED

July 25, '20

J. Edward Moore and Charles P. Sawyer Open Offices in Bartlett Building — Both Well Known in This City

Charles P. Sawyer and J. Edward Moore, both formerly of this city, have formed a partnership under the



Charles P. Sawyer.

firm name of Moore & Sawyer for the purpose of conducting a public accounting business in this city and surrounding territory. Offices have been opened this week in the Bartlett building on Pleasant and Union streets.

Mr. Sawyer is a member of the Massachusetts bar and in former



J. Edward Moore.

years served the city of New Bedford first as assistant city clerk under Daniel Leonard, and later as clerk of committees and clerk of the common council. More recently he has been employed in the accounting field in Boston and other New England cities.

Mr. Moore was formerly comptroller of the Virginia Ship Building corporation of Alexandria, Va.

Both Mr. Moore and Mr. Sawyer are former members of the accounting staff of the Cooley & Marvin company of Boston.



Dr. Maguire.

ONE OF CITY'S OLDEST HOUSES

Sixth and Union St. Dwelling, Recently Demolished, Dated to 1785

First Occupant Was Caleb Green, Son-in-Law of Joseph Russell

The demolition of the old house at the northwest corner of Union and North Sixth streets marks the passing of one of the oldest houses in the city. At the same time it means the disappearance of one more sign of that period when the community was dominated by the members of the Society of Friends. There are so many of these signs remaining in the old houses that it will be many years before there wholly disappears almost indelible marks left by the sturdy founders of Bedford village. This old Union street house is a fine example of that period immediately following the Revolutionary war, when there was a philosophy of life quite different than of today. Then it was not the fashion for each fine house to be different from its neighbors, but the aim was to develop a standard style of house. This house was a good example of the two chimney house with the central hallway running from the front door to the rear that came to be the most accepted form of dwelling for that period.

Henry B. Worth, who probably has collected more material than any else concerning the old houses of Dartmouth and New Bedford, places the building of this house at a date of about or just after 1785. There are other authorities here that place the house as early as 1780, though this is largely inference subject to errors in the recollections of a number of old men. Stories were taken down in the old buildings standing in Bedford village at the time of the demolition. That the dwelling house was a year or two following the belief that is borne out to some extent by the record of the land on this corner. It was sold by Joseph Russell to his son-in-law, Caleb Green, a deed executed in 1785, as shown by the registry of deeds. While in recent years may or may not have reference to any build-

ings standing on property transferred, it was the custom at that time to make particular reference to any buildings standing on the property. In this transfer there is no such reference, and it has led to the conclusion that Mr. Russell sold the land to his son-in-law and the latter erected the house.

The old deed is of interest for several reasons. The consideration stated is "the love and good will which I have for my son-in-law." The property then was bounded on the east by Edward Pope's lot, there being no Sixth street at that period; on the south by Main street, or as it was sometimes known as East and West street, that which is now Union street, on the west and north by land of Joseph Russell, the grantor. There was also included what the deed refers to as a drift or cart way on the west of the lot conveyed, this way to be used by Mr. Green whenever he might have occasion and its easterly limit was to be fixed by a staple which Mr. Green was to place on his property. This was probably the beginning of what is now the open way east of the New Bedford theatre and running through from Union street to Park place.

The house and land have passed through the hands of only a few owners since Mr. Russell sold the lot 150 years ago. Mr. Russell was at that time the dominating figure in the community. He had his mansion at the head of William street, now the site of the High school, and before that the Morgan place, a fine dwelling that succeeded to the Russell mansion. Mr. Green, the son-in-law, was the proprietor of a drug store on North Water street. From the Greens the property passed into the Rotch family of this city and the Dunns of Newport, and the property was recently sold by the heirs of these families to Walter T. Cornell, the present owner who is beginning the erection of an office building on the site.

Bedford village was hit hard in a financial way by the Revolutionary war, an event that changed the complexion of living for many people. In sweeping away some former notions it had an effect somewhat similar to what the whole world is now experiencing as a result of a greater war. One change in this community was in establishing a new type of dwelling. In the village there were two types of houses that ap-

pealed to those who had the means to erect fine dwelling houses. There was the square Dutch cap house of which there are good examples standing in the Rodman house at the corner of County and Spring streets and the Mariners' home on Bethel street. Another type was the two-chimney, two-story double house with the central hallway from the front entrance to the back, and the Union street house just demolished was a fine example of this type. There were no architects then, but builders furnished the plans, and the aim was not to develop new types of houses after having secured a desirable design, but it was rather to perfect these standard types that the builders had as their goal. This typified the Quaker philosophy of life, simplicity and integrity without sudden change.

Houses of the type of this Union street dwelling invariably had four large rooms downstairs, while the second floor was arranged to suit the wants of the occupant. The chief characteristics were the two chimneys and the central hallway. In the case of this particular house, while the exterior had undergone few changes, it had ceased to be a dwelling house many years ago and had in recent years been used for mercantile purposes.

An interesting circumstance of the old house was that the chimney built so many years ago had stood all these years intact, except for a few new bricks on top. One fact that may account for this is that the chimney was laid up with mortar in which the lime came from burned oyster shells, furnishing a very superior grade of lime. Other material that went into the building then that stood the test of time without decay included the studding and sills, all of oak hewn out with an axe.

THIS IS CITY'S FIRST CONTINUATION SCHOOL

Sept. 5, 1920



CONTINUATION SCHOOL READY

One of New Buildings Completed, but South End School Has Just Been Started

One of the two continuation schools built to house the boys who must be accommodated under the new continuation school law is closed in and nearly completed for the furnishings. This is on the Clifford school grounds at the corner of Bowditch and Coggeshall street, the building facing Coggeshall street. Work has just been started on laying the foundations for the school on the Donaghy school lot at the south end.

These new buildings are of a different type than the portable schools, since there is every feature of permanency about them. They measure 40x75 feet, and each one includes two machine shops, each of them 20x30 feet, and two class rooms, each of them 20x20 feet. The buildings are of frame construction. The buildings stand on concrete piers, the only excavation being for the purpose of accommodating the furnace and boiler. There is also included a storeroom. Each of the schools is provided with ample light from 30 windows. John B. Ricard is the contractor for the schools.

HOW WOMEN ARE MADE INTO VOTERS

Sept. 28, 1920



This picture shows City Clerk W. H. B. Remington presiding over a registration session in the municipal building where women are daily enrolling as qualified voters.

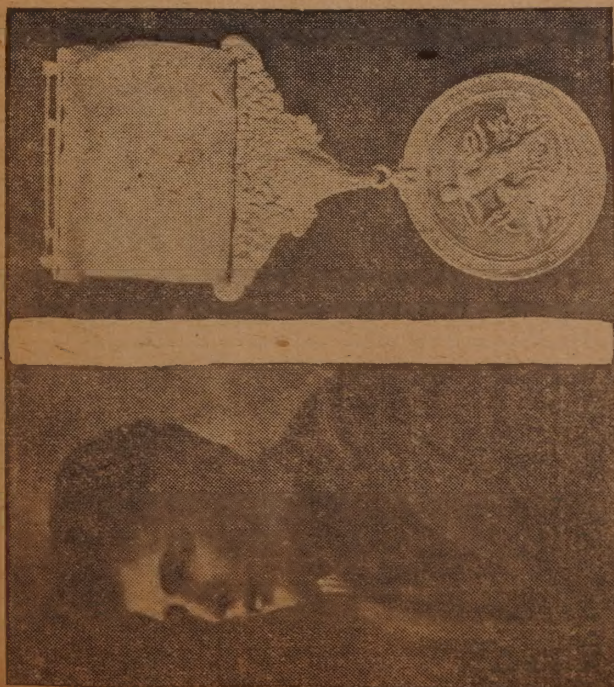
Aug 26, 1920.



Deputy Chief John C. Parker.

New Bedford Youth Awarded Medal

Sept 12, 1920 for Saving Two from Drowning



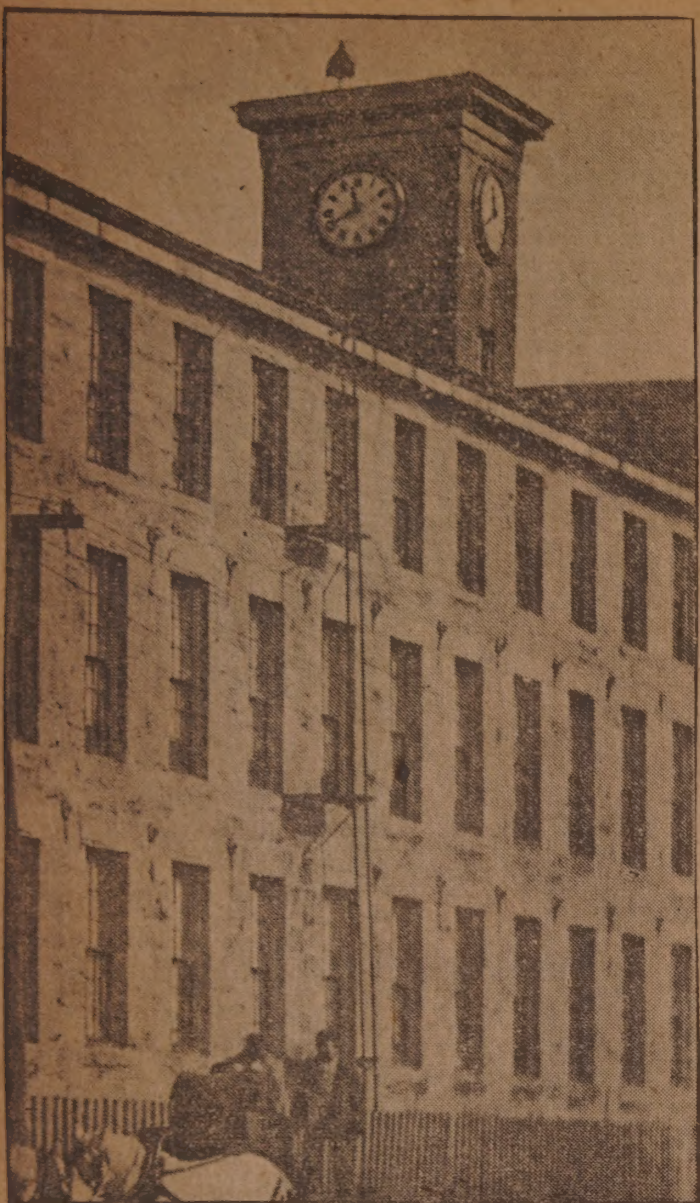
JOHN E. GOMES AND MEDAL

For bravery displayed on March 14 when, as a member of the crew of the coast guard cutter Acushnet, he assisted in the rescue of two men from a wrecked vessel on Handkerchief Shoal, Seaman John E. Gomes of 653 Brock avenue, now a member of the S. S. Bay Head, has received a silver life-saving medal from the government, suitably inscribed. The medal was received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Manuel J. Gomes Friday and winter.



Thurs. 6, Dr. A. C. McGilton, 1920.

Clock Comes Down Although It *Sept 15, 1920* Has Kept Good Time 52 Years



After telling the hours for workers of the Wamsutta mills since 1868, what is probably the oldest cotton mill clock in the city is to be removed. The departure of the old timepiece is not due to its failure to accurately show the passing minutes for it at present, has the record of only gaining about half a minute in a month.

Instead its banishment is because of extensive alterations in the plant which will make existence in the present position impossible. The tower which holds the clock high on view between No. 2 and No. 3 mills will find its support removed when the changes in the building have been made and the roof altered.

The dials of the clock number four and measure about three feet across. They are plainly visible from all along the waterfront in that vicinity and from Purchase street. It has been decided not to replace the timepiece. New Bedford will lose one of its old landmarks and workers in the oldest mill in the city their ancient clock.

Two Who Were Injured When *June 19, 1920* Auto Struck Telephone Pole



Arthur F. Archambeault. Who is at St. Luke's hospital with a fractured rib after the auto crash Kempton and Mill streets yesterday.

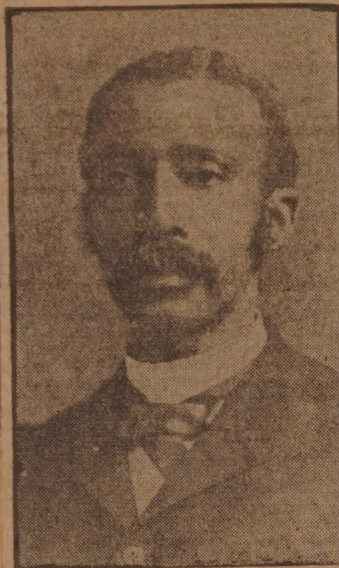


Alexis Cyr. Whose right hand was amputated after the auto accident.

WM. B. SMITH *June 19, 1920* DIES AT AGE 73

Veteran Lawyer Was One Time Commissioner of Insolvency and Member of Common Council

William B. Smith, one of the veteran lawyers of New Bedford and well known among the lawyers in Bristol county, died at 7 o'clock this morning at St. Luke's hospital, as an indirect result of a fall which he had at his home on Dartmouth street on May 31st last, breaking his left leg just above the knee.



William B. Smith.

Mr. Smith was born in this city, the son of Washington B. and Elizabeth Smith, and his birthplace was what is known as the old Piper house on the south side of Bedford street, just west of Sixth street. He was born on January 30, 1846, so that his age at his death was 73. He had spent practically all of his life in this city, where he had many friends.

WILLIAM B. SMITH DIES AT AGE 73

(Continued from Page One.)

Mr. Smith's father, Washington B. Smith, was in the merchant service, and in his day there was no man better known along the waterfront. William B. Smith was his only son, and he grew up in New Bedford, receiving his education here, remaining here all of his life, except for a few years in Boston, where he worked as a barber. He was employed as a barber here, and his faithful attention to his duties won him a place as a friend of some of the best known men in the community. Among others of his customers were the late Edwin L. Barney and later on the late Attorney General Hosea M. Knowlton. It is related that it was because of their urging him that he took up the study of law, first in the office of Mr. Barney and later in the office of Barney & Knowlton. He proved himself a student well fitted for the profession he had in view, and he was admitted to the bar in 1882. He was first in the office of Knowlton & Perry (the late Arthur E. Perry), and he continued in this office in Room 1 of the Masonic building during the successive changes in the legal firm up to the present time of Cook, Taber & Brownell.

Mr. Smith continued the practice of law after his admission to the bar until within a few years when his health began to fail. He was at one time commissioner of insolvency in this district, a member of the board of registrars of voters, for two years, in 1887, and 1888, a member of the common council during the mayoralty of the late Morgan Rotch. He was for several years warden of his precinct. He was a member of the bar association.

Mr. Smith had resided since 1884 at 12 Dartmouth street, just south of Allen street. In July, 1915, Mr. Smith had his first fall in his home. At that time he sustained a fractured thigh. He recovered from this and later was able to be about with the aid of a cane.

The deceased is survived by a widow, Elizabeth F. Smith, and six sons and three daughters. The children are William B. Smith, Jr., Henry W., Walter O., Ethel M., Helen E., and Ruth M., all of New Bedford, and Frederick E., in Bangor, Me., Clifton E., in New York city, and Hosea H., in the Bethlehem Steel Co., a recent graduate of M. I. T. The present plan is to have the funeral services at the Union Baptist church on Tuesday.

GRADUATES AT ST. MARY *June 19, 1920*



First row, left to right—Clementine Cassidy, Martha Waldron, McGladdery, Kathleen Feeley, Vivian Metcalf, Mary McCarthy. Second row—Mabel Martin, Ruth Adams, Cecilia Leonard, Esther Swansey, Margaret Clark, John Noble. Third row—Clifton Hodson, Thomas Hart, Edmund Ellison, Raymond. Fourth row, left to right—Henry McAvoy, Francis Lardner, Robert Grayson, William F.

After 70 Years the Manchesters
Give Up Adamsville Post Office



The New Adamsville, R. I., Post Office.

Miss Marion Gray has received notice of her appointment as postmistress at Adamsville, R. I. She succeeds Miss Deborah Manchester, who recently resigned. Miss Gray was the only applicant for the office. With the appointment of Miss Gray,



Miss Marion Gray.

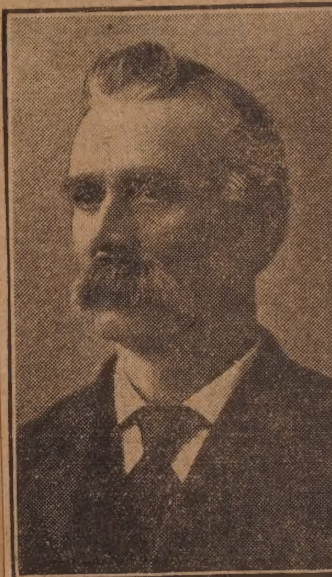
the post office at Adamsville passes out of the hands of the Manchester family after nearly 70 years service. Philip Manchester was first chosen postmaster in 1850. He held it until 1860, when he was succeeded by Albert Simmons. In 1862, Mr. Manchester became postmaster and some member of the family has held the office since.

Upon the death of the father, Abraham Manchester assumed the duties of the office. Miss Manchester continued the work of her brother upon his death in the spring of 1919. Her resignation was effective July 1, but she retained the office pending the appointment of her successor.

Within a short time the post office will be transferred from the Manchester general store to the Gray store.

Thomas J. Norton Had
Worked for the City
More Than 40 Years

June 23, 1920



Thomas J. Norton.

Thomas J. Norton, for many years an employe of the city, died yesterday at his home 52 Locust street, following an illness of over a week.

Mr. Norton worked for the city over forty years and of late had been in charge of the laying of block pavement and curbing on the street department.

Mr. Norton received permanent injuries in the collapse of the baseball bleachers at the old Athletic field on July 4th, 1908, and never fully recovered from them.



Oct 10, Captain Rufus Washburn House in Dighton. 1920.



King Philip Oak, Dighton. Oct. 10, 1920.



Oct 7, Gooding Homestead, Dighton, finished in 1797. 1920.

New Bedford Boy
Theda Bara's Lead
Sept 9, 1920 in Spoken Drama



Frank B. Dufrane.

Frank B. Dufrane, a New Bedford boy who has chosen the stage for a career, is now Theda Bara's leading man in "The Blue Flame," a spoken drama, which is playing at Atlantic City. Mr. Dufrane formerly was a member of the Loneragan Players. He was a member also of the All Star Players at the New Bedford theatre. He has appeared in motion pictures but prefers the spoken drama. Mr. Dufrane is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Dufrane of 30 Liberty street. He is 13 years old. He has a successful career in amateur theatricals in New Bedford before leaving this city to play with the Elmer's Stock Company in New York city. In motion pictures he was with the World Company.



Old Man on Joshua's Mountain, Assonet, Freetown, Mass.



Rev. James A. Lytle.

since January 1, 1910, having been called in December of 1909 while he was pastor of the North Congregational church in Middleboro.

During the war Mr. Lytle served as a Y. M. C. A. secretary overseas. He volunteered his services in May, 1918, and was sent to France the following month. He returned to this country in May, 1919, after a year of service.

Although Mr. Lytle stated no date for the termination of the pastorate, it is understood that he would like to take up his new duties about November 1.

The minister's letter of resignation which he read yesterday morning follows:

"To the members of the First Congregational Church of Fairhaven:

"Dear Friends,—Last July I received an unanimous invitation to become the minister of the First Congregational Church of Bradford, Vt. It seemed wise at that time to decline the invitation. During the past week the call was renewed in such urgent and appealing terms that I do not feel justified in returning a negative answer. The splendid opportunity presented to serve a strong community church is so fully in harmony with my cherished convictions and hopes that it would seem like sacrificing principle to refuse the task when presented. Therefore I take this opportunity to present my resignation as minister of this church, the same to take effect at as early a date as may be determined.

"My reluctance in bringing to an end the ministry of this church is very great. What has been accomplished in these ten years seems small in the face of the large opportunities and the promises of tomorrow, but the work is in the hands of a strong and united church and must go forward under such leadership as you may choose. The attachments formed during this ministry will always abide. By your loyalty and kindness, my own spirit has been sustained. That kind of nourishment will always produce abiding fruit. I speak for Mrs. Lytle, as well as for myself, when I assure you that the satisfactions of this pastorate and the friendships of this church and community will furnish strength and comfort for all time. May the guiding hand of heaven find me responsive to His will, and His gracious purpose will contain both a benediction and a promise.

"Most sincerely yours,
"James Arthur Lytle."

The resignation came as a great surprise to Mr. Lytle's congregation.

REV. LYTLE TO 9/20/20 ACCEPT CALL

Minister of Fairhaven Congregational Church Will Serve Community Pastorate at Bradford, Vt.

Rev. James A. Lytle, pastor of the Fairhaven Congregational church, announced his resignation at the morning services yesterday. He stated that he had decided to accept a call to the First Congregational society of Bradford, Vt., which was made to him first last July, when he declined, and again last week, and that he felt it would be a sacrifice of principle to refuse again.

Bradford is a smaller town than Fairhaven, but the Congregational church is the only one there, and serves as a community church. Mr. Lytle described the invitation as "urgent and appealing." He has been minister of the church in Fairhaven

Gladys Wyse, Lucy James, Virginia L. Carroll.



Graduate at N. Bedford High

CONGDON HAS BIG GRADUATING CLASS THIS YEAR



Chief Engineer of Steamer Uncatena Dies After Long Illness



Chief Engineer Richard Allyn.

Flags were at half-mast on the Vineyard boats today in tribute to Chief Engineer Richard Allyn of the steamer Uncatena, who died at the Massachusetts General hospital yesterday following an operation. Mr. Allyn had long been a sufferer from chronic throat trouble and it was in July that he was given leave of absence. He then went to the Marine hospital at Vineyard Haven for treatment, was later taken to the Marine hospital at Chelsea, and finally, last week, was operated upon at the Massachusetts General.

Mr. Allyn had been an employee of the steamboat company since July 27, 1912, coming at that time as assistant engineer to William B. Orswell on the Uncatena. On July 16, 1916, he succeeded the chief, having made a splendid record in the engine room.

He was born in 1881 and made his home at Edgartown. He married Anna Elizabeth Gifford, daughter of Abram Gifford of this city. The wife and two daughters are survivors of the deceased engineer.

PARKER STREET SCHOOL GRADUATING CLASS



Overseas Veteran Weds Miss Schnorr Tomorrow Morning

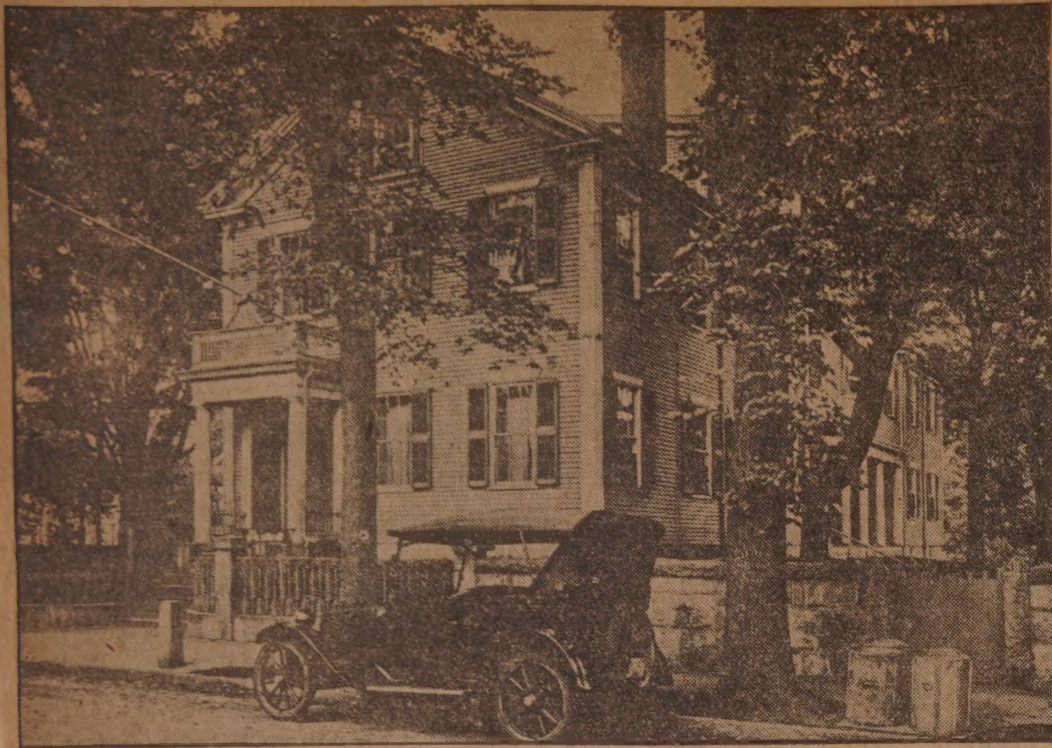


William F. Taber.

A wedding of considerable local interest is to take place tomorrow morning, when Miss Flora Beutrice Schnorr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Schnorr of Pitcher street, Marion, and William F. Taber, Marion road, Wareham, are to be married at Brockton. The ceremony will be simple. The couple will be attended by Mrs. Rose May Stringer and Bert Taber, sister and brother of the bridegroom. After a wedding trip they will make their home on Marion road, Wareham. Miss Schnorr is a graduate of Taunton academy at Marion and of Herrick's business school of this city. She is employed as bookkeeper at the Matlack Manufacturing company, Mattapoisett. Mr. Taber also attended Taunton academy. He is employed as a conductor on the New Bedford and Onset Street railway. During the

WHERE ROOSEVELT LUNCHES HERE TODAY

Sept. 16, 1920



THE DELANO HOME IN FAIRHAVEN, WHERE FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE VICE PRESIDENCY, TAKES LUNCH TODAY.

REACHES CITY FOR LUNCHEON

Franklin D. Roosevelt Gets Here in Time to Take Meal at Family Home in Fairhaven

SCHOOL



From left to right—Amelina Jennings, Mary Sylvia. Third row, left to right—Elizabeth Wilkinson, Helen Rogers, Joseph Donaghy, Francis Cairns, and Francis Quinn.

Admitted to the Bar, Oscar U. Dionne Will Practice in This City

Sept. 25, 1920.



Oscar U. Dionne.

Recently Admitted to Massachusetts Bar.

Oscar U. Dionne, 1221 Acushnet avenue, was one of the four young men admitted to the bar at the opening session of the supreme judicial court in Boston yesterday. He is a graduate of Mt. St. Louis institute of Montreal and also of the Boston university law school. He made an enviable record at law school, holding many class offices throughout his term. He will practice in this city.

CANDIDATE'S COUSIN GIVES HIM WELCOME

Sept. 17, 1920



Franklin D. Roosevelt, arriving at the Delano home in Fairhaven yesterday noon. He is being welcomed by his cousin, Mrs. Alexander G. Grant. Mrs. Grant is the daughter of Mrs. Frederick Delano. On the left is Alexander G. Grant.

Six Holy Family High School

June 26 '20 Boys Receive Diplomas Sunday



Upper Row, Left to Right—Hugh Duggan, Felix McGrath, Everett McPeake. Lower Row, Left to Right—Edmund J. Doherty, Bernard Ryan, Francis Finn.

Miss Frances E. Mullen to Wed William J. Blackburn Tomorrow

July 4, 1920



The marriage of Miss Frances E. Mullen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Mullen of 206 Brook street, and William Joseph Blackburn of Acushnet will be solemnized at St. Killian's church tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. J. Brady.

The bride will be attended by Miss Anna Bernard and Miss Lena Belliveau, while her brother, Leo Mullen, will give her in marriage. Helen Beacha will be flower girl and Loretta Boudreau train carrier. A reception will be held at the home of the bride, following the ceremony at the church. The couple will make their home in Acushnet.

HERE ARE HOLY FAMILY SCHOOL GRADUATES

June 27 '20



Upper Row, Left to Right—Margaret Downey, Mary Jennings, Anna Durant, Sabina Flatley. Bottom Row, Left to Right—Theresa Malione, Ellen Sullivan, Agnes Sullivan, Wenona Mullaney.

Brockton Woman *Sept 2, 1920* Takes Up Duties with Y. W. C. A. Here



Miss Helen B. Kitchin.

Miss Helen B. Kitchin of Brockton has taken up her duties at the Y. W. C. A. as assistant physical director in the department of Y. W. C. A. activities conducted by Miss Margaret Gillingham.

A graduate of Sargent's, Miss Kitchin has been employed as assistant physical director at the Lewiston, Me., Y. and for a while did volunteer work at the Brockton association. More recently she has been physical director at Standish Manor, a private school in Halifax, Mass. The past summer, Miss Kitchin took Dr. Sargent's course in physical training at the Harvard Summer school.

A sister of Miss Kitchin, who worked with her in Lewiston as physical director, is now in China doing Y. W. C. A. work.

HOMES FOR WORKERS IN FAIRHAVEN MILLS

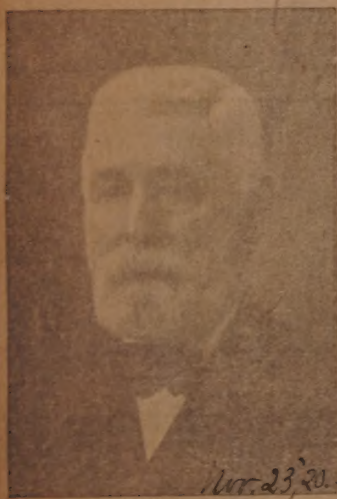
August 4, 1920



The picture shows two different sections of the housing project being developed in Oxford by the Fairhaven mills. The construction of most of the residences is now well on the way toward completion and not a few of the homes are ready for occupancy. All of the buildings have the same

interior floor plan, each containing two apartments of five rooms each, but the exteriors have been made very much different, one from the other, as shown in the pictures. The houses will be rented to employees of the Fairhaven mills on a basis comparable to prevailing rates for similar property similarly located.

Old Resident of South Dartmouth Died Yesterday

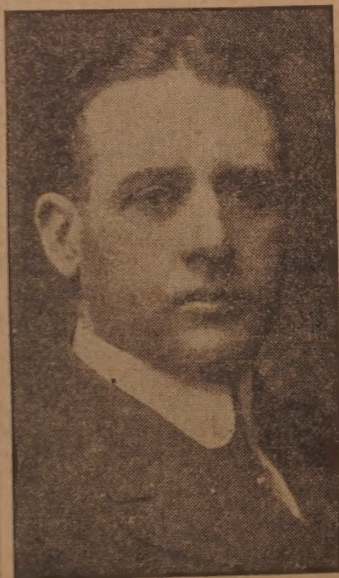


Daniel H. Howland.

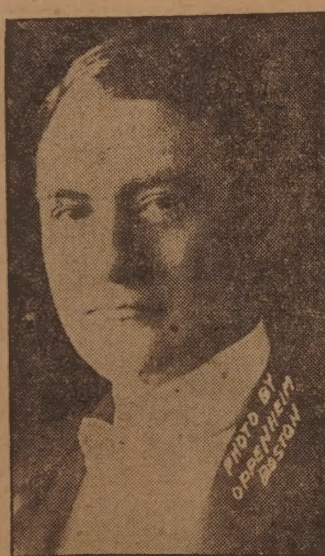
Daniel H. Howland, a life-long resident of South Dartmouth, where he owned a farm, died yesterday in Acushnet, aged 83 years. He had lived in the house in which he was born throughout his life.

Mr. Howland was the son of Daniel and Elizabeth Hathaway Howland. For 22 years he was a constable in the town of South Dartmouth. He was active most of his life in Republican politics, having served on the party committee from 1882 to 1907, with the exception of one year when he was defeated by Captain Joshua G. Baker. He served one term as postmaster.

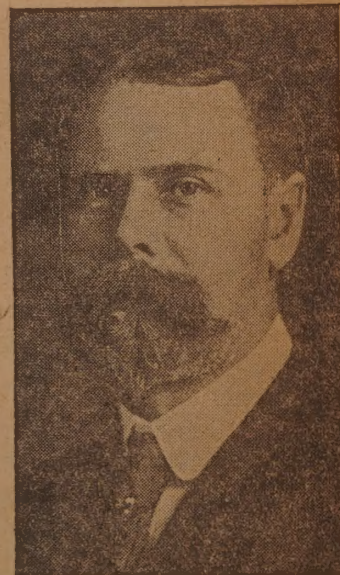
ACTIVE IN FORMING BROKERS' ASSOCIATION



Frank A. LeValley.



Aug. 29, 1920.
Miner W. Wilcox.



Frederick B. Macy.

The movement among the New Bedford cotton brokers to form a local cotton brokers' association is expected soon to come to fruition in the actual formation of the organization. At a preliminary meeting some weeks ago, the presiding officer, Francis Woodward, the dean of the New Bedford brokers, was authorized to name two committees, one to draw up a tentative set of by-laws and one to attend to the other matters preliminary to the general organization steps. Frederick B. Macy was named as chairman of the committee on by-laws, and Frank A. LeValley, R. W. Taber, Jr., C. O. Foster and W. S. Sagar were asked to serve on the committee with him. This committee, it is understood, is practically ready to report, and a general meeting of the brokers is to be called in the near future to bring the new organization into being. Miner W. Wilcox is chairman of the committee on general organization matters.

THIS NINE IS BEST CITY SCHOOLS PRODUCED



The baseball nine of the Middle Street grammar school claims the city school championship. They have won ten games and lost two, in their contests with every grammar school team in the city, including two wins over the Holy Family grammar school.

Front Row, Left to Right—Francis Michaels, c.; George Michaels, p.; Harry Ginsberg, s. s. and manager; Gordon Carew, 3b; Victor Ladetto, l. f. and captain. Back Row, Left to Right—Emile Stone, r. f.; Oscar Epstein, 2b; Antone Rogers, 1b; Alfred Harvey, c. f.



Today is the birthday of Dr. William A. Moncrieff, who was born in New Bedford, Sept. 13, 1890. He was graduated from Tufts Medical school with honors in 1913. In 1914 he took the position of house officer in the eye, ear and throat service in the Boston City hospital. He later established his office in this city. He served two years in the army with the rank of first lieutenant, having charge of the eye, ear and throat work of Evacuation Hospital No. 10. One year of his service was spent overseas.

AIRPLANE, FOLKS—BUT NO—IT IS ONLY ELLERY VOGHEL AND HIS CANOE-PLANE



OUT OF THE WATER ON THE WAGON—WHICH CARRIES IT FROM ONE BODY OF WATER TO ANOTHER.



STERN, SHOWING A "CLOSE-UP" OF THE ENGINE AND BLADES.



DOWN AT HORSE NECK.

Ellery Voghel, of the Merchants National bank in this city, is having considerable enjoyment and creating a mild sensation among the summer residents at Horse Neck Beach with his canoe-plane, which he sails here and there about the waters adjacent to that summer colony. Above the small engine at the stern of the canoe rises the frame to which is attached a regulation airplane propeller, measuring about five feet from tip to tip. The engine turns up 1,100 revolutions per minute and the propeller 750 R. P. M., the effect being gyroscopic and tending to steady the craft even in the roughest of water.

Mr. Voghel bought the outfit from Z. B. Davis last season. The boat had been constructed from specifications by Mr. Davis,

but was used but very little after completion. When Mr. Voghel acquired the craft, he substituted a regulation propeller purchased from an airplane company.

The new skipper finds that one advantage of being driven by a propeller in the air instead of in the water is the small depth of water required to float the boat. Recently, at Horse-neck, the craft was driven through three inches of water. An ordinary power boat would be stranded with such shallowness.

With himself alone in the boat, Mr. Voghel estimates the canoe turns up 12 miles an hour, while with a second passenger the speed would be about eight miles. Rudder lines extend along each side to the bow, so it is possible for the skipper to sit in any part of the boat.

Sept. 8, 1920

DIES IN FALL FROM TRUCK

Sept. 7, 1920

Eugene Pacheco, Jr., of This City Met Death at Swansea Yesterday

Was Member of Outing Party on Its Way to Rocky Point

Eugene Pacheco, Jr., 23, 476 South Orchard street, was killed almost instantly at 10:45 yesterday morning near Luther's Corner, in Swansea, just beyond East Providence, when he fell from a crowded automobile truck.



Eugene Pacheco, Jr.

striking on his head in the highway and fracturing his skull.

Pacheco was one of nearly sixty persons on the truck, which was one of six machines that made up an outing party from New Bedford to Rocky Point, which was being conducted by Pacheco, Antone Brando, his cousin, and Anthony Pacheco, a friend. When the accident occurred, he was standing on the running board that extends around the outside of the passenger conveyance with which the truck had been equipped. Other members of the party did not see him fall, but it is believed that his heel caught in one of the fastenings on the board, throwing him head downward. In addition to the fracture of the skull, his left ankle and heel were crushed when the truck passed over him.

The sister of the young man, Miss Mary Pacheco, was one of the members of the outing party. She was in the forward truck and did not learn of her brother's death until she reached Rocky Point.

The truck in which Pacheco was riding belonged to Hemingway Brothers, Edward Hemingway, 497 Bolton street, was the driver. Medical Examiner W. H. Blanchette of Fall River was notified by Deputy Sheriff Gardner, and permission was given to remove the body, which was taken to Fall River and brought to New Bedford yesterday afternoon.

The young man was employed as a spinner at the Passaic mill. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Pacheco, one brother and three sisters.

The funeral will be held tomorrow morning from the Mt. Carmel church. Interment will be at St. James cemetery.



Upper Left—Leaving the Banner Precinct—10; Right, "Our First Time," is what they are saying; Lower, Mrs. Bertha Pearson studying the ballot with her father, James Holden.

CITY'S DELEGATES TO LEGION CONVENTION

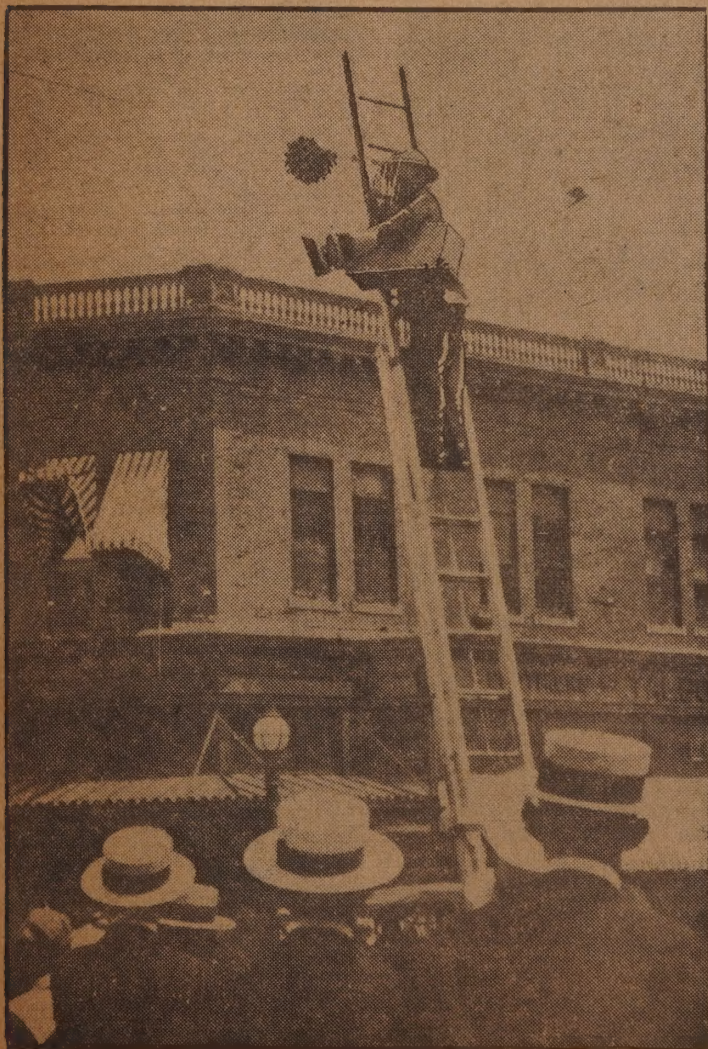
Aug. 27, 1920



New Bedford Post's delegation to the State Convention of the American Legion in Springfield photographed by The Standard just before their start. The delegates and alternates are: Delegates, T. Sidney Fay, Alfred Thackeray, Homer Parent, Charles E. Davis, Jr., William M. Conroy, Harold D. P. Ryan, Richard Hoyie, John A. Stitt, Dr. John J. Gibbons, Harold A. Gifford, Dr. William O'Connor, Patrick M. Doyle, John S. Silva, Frank Francis, John S. Hyland, Edward Macy, Thomas Brennan; alternates, Walter Almond, Ross Hersey, Clarence Butler, H. Leveault, Leo Bessette, William Farrell, Thomas Taffe.

Rescuing Bees that Settled on Wires Over City's Centre

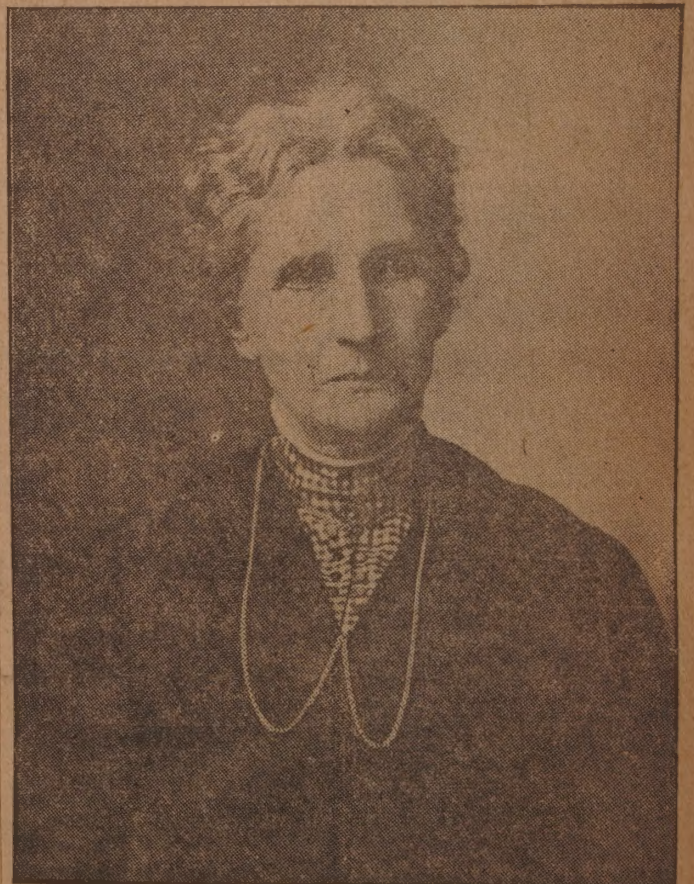
July 7.



The swarm of bees which settled on the cross wires at Purchase and William streets yesterday afternoon was captured by James H. Nelson, a blacksmith employed at Wood, Brightman company's. After remaining several hours in the gaze of crowds of people, no one showing any desire to meddle with them, the bees were given a dose of smoke and transferred to a box held by Mr. Nelson. Realizing the value of the swarm, he had secured his bee equipment, had placed a ladder against the wire, put a bee net over his head and then proceeded to do a circus stunt over the busiest spot in the city.

Mrs. Avery Is a Real Daughter of the American Revolution

July 25, '20



Mrs. Angeline L. Avery of 128 Summer street is a real daughter of the American Revolution. A real daughter of the Revolution is a woman whose father served in the Revolutionary war. There are probably not a half dozen daughters of the Revolution alive today. Mrs. Avery, who was born July 16, 1839, in the town of Lebanon, Connecticut, is the youngest child of any soldier of the Revolution. Her father, Solomon Loring, was born in Hingham, Mass., and volunteered from that town, joining the army before he was sixteen years old. He was honorably discharged after serving two and a half years under Captain Vose along the Hudson river, New York. Asirah Sawyer, her grandfather, was the first man to volunteer from Windham, Conn. He was captured and confined in a prison ship until two years after peace was declared. Mrs. Avery is a member of the Willimantic chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution.

\$8000 VIOLIN

A REAL STRAD

Date 3, 1920

Orcha Halprin, New Bedford's Boy Musician, Brings Famous Stringed Instrument to City

"This is a Stradivarius," said Orcha Halprin, New Bedford's boy violinist, lovingly passing his hand over the glistening varnished surface of the rare old instrument he held, and twanging the strings so they gave forth a sound so rich and melodious that one knew instinctively the violin



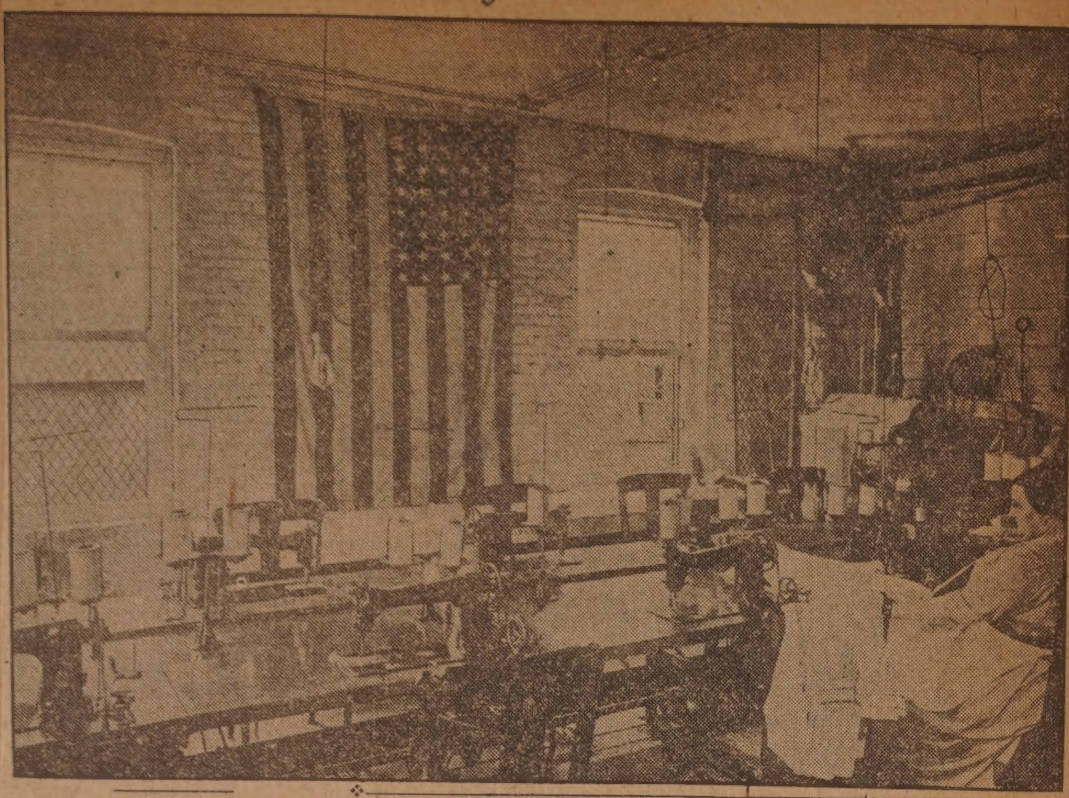
Real Stradivarius.

most indeed be the work of some grand old master.

The violin which Orcha Halprin carried was indeed a Stradivarius, worth \$8,000, the property of Maier Bang, assistant to Professor Auer, who is the young genius's teacher. The violin reposes in a case of genuine alligator skin, worth \$200, along with three affidavits from foreign connoisseurs testifying that the violin was the work of the great maker of violins. The bow with which the instrument is played is a vullume, worth \$400.

Young Halprin was on his way to visit John Coggeshall of Providence, the famous collector of violins, when he called into The Standard office. Miss Bang having asked him to take it to Mr. Coggeshall with a view to disposing of it. The instrument is insured for \$11,000. This violin is ranked among four of the greatest instruments of the world, the other three owned by Professor Auer, Thelma Gifford and Toscha Seidel.

Entirely made by hand, it is a handsome piece of work, glimmering and shading as the light shines upon it, an effect obtained by no other varnish than that of its maker, and producing a mellowness of tone not obtained in other makes.



The picture shows a view of one corner of the Wellington Shirt company's shop on Rodman street. This is New Bedford's newest industry, the shop having just been started this past week. It is planned not only to do an extensive custom shirt business, but also to turn out men's shirts in a commercial way, and already there have been a number of applications for the product of the establishment.

The concern is backed by William G. Welsh, proprietor of the New Bedford Public Warehouse and by Wellington A. Francis, of W. A. Francis & Co., wholesale dealers in cotton cloth and remnants.

The factory is located on the south side of Rodman street just east

of the old bank building at the foot of William street. It adjoins the offices and show rooms of W. A. Francis & Co., in the rear.

The equipment consists of eight single needle sewing machines, two two-needle machines, one closing machine, one button sewer, one button hole maker, one hemstitcher and one embroidery machine as well as a power cutter, with which it is possible to cut from 150 to 250 thicknesses of cloth at one time, depending, of course, on the thickness of the cloth. This last named machine is to be used for the commercial shirt work where there are a large number of identical patterns to be cut.

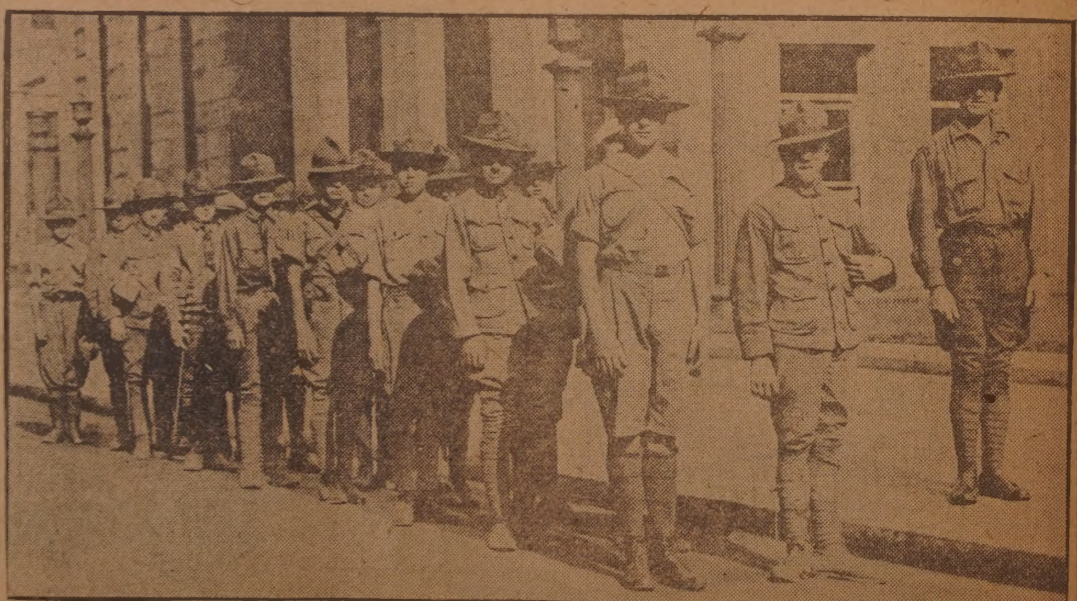
Anita M. Jennings, formerly in charge of similar work at the New

Bedford Vocational school for seven years, has been put in charge of all the custom work of the concern, while A. R. Smith, an experienced cutter who comes from one of the large shirt factories in Boston and has been in the shirt making business for 15 years, has been made general foreman of the establishment.

Within a few weeks it is expected that the working force will total at least 20—there were nine employed during the past week and half a dozen more are to be put on next week.

The plant is capable of turning out 600 shirts a day, and preliminary indications of the probable demand for the product have already raised the question of a possible doubling of the equipment in the near future.

July 21 '20 Boy Scouts Off on Fourteen-Mile Hike



One of the required tests for a first class Boy Scout is that the candidate for this class shall complete a 14-mile hike in one day. This morning 19 members of Troops 1 of Fairhaven, and 6, 10, 12, 15, 18 and 23 of New Bedford started in charge of Assistant Deputy Commissioner William Barrow on a hike to their summer camping grounds and will make the return trip this afternoon. This hike will give them a chance to pass off one more of their tests. They left the city by way of Allen street, from Allen street they went to the Tucker road and from there to the Rock O' Dundee road. The return route will be by way of Elias corner and Dartmouth street. Scoutmaster James W. Wilde will be in charge of the return trip. When they reach the city they will be taken to Bates & Kirby's for the end of a perfect day.

FORTY-SEVEN YEARS OF GENERAL *June 24 '20* PRACTICE HERE IN NEW BEDFORD



Left—Dr. Howland's latest picture. Upper Center—At the time of his graduation from medical school. Lower Center—At the age of 18 in California. Right—A good photograph of the doctor at the age of 32.

IT was on April 23rd, 1873, that the professional card of Dr. Barker Cushman Howland first appeared in The Evening Standard and this same little ad has held its place in the columns continuously since that date.

Many years have passed since Dr. Howland first began practice in New Bedford, but one can still find him on the job in a new location of course, but still the same genial, active surgeon who once had a modest little office on the corner of William street and Cheapside. This corner is now occupied by the Textile Trust Co.'s new bank. Doctor Howland is a physician of the old school and unlike most practicing physicians Doctor Howland does not stick to the usual business suit, but attires himself in a neat, white, starched coat. One is immediately struck by his "out-of-the-ordinariness" when he greets you pleasantly at his office door.

Comes of Old Puritan Stock.

Doctor Howland was born in Apponagansett in 1846 and comes of old Puritan stock. It was a Howland that chartered the Mayflower for her first voyage to this country. Some trouble arose and the progenitor of the American Howlands did not come to New England on the Pilgrim's vessel, but arrived on this side of the Atlantic later, in 1625. On his mother's side of the family he is a direct descendant from Mary Allerton, one of the original Mayflower Pilgrims. In the early days of the Massachusetts Bay colony his family suffered much persecution at the hands of the Puritan settlers for its Quaker tendencies.

In 1863 Barker C. Howland, as he was then known, heard the call of the west and went out to San Francisco. Here he entered the wholesale drug business of the firm of Crane and Brigham. Later Mr. Howland followed the same business as a traveling salesman. He remained on the west coast until 1871 when he returned to New Bedford. While in California Dr. Howland had the unique experience of locating a gold mine and should you ask him if it was a profitable one he will smile and say, "It is still there."

Begins Medical Study.

Having a thirst for knowledge of the theory of medicine he began to study that profession under the allopathic system. After a careful study, however, of homeopathy, he adopted that branch of medical science. After another prolonged stay in the west he returned to his home for the purpose of completing his studies.

In those days it was possible for a man to practice medicine without a license and Dr. Howland assisted in and at times handled the practice of Dr. E. R. Sisson, who was one of New Bedford's foremost physicians.

Desire to learn more about his life work led the young doctor to enter the New York Homeopathic college in October, 1871. He was graduated from there in 1873 and immediately began to practice here, opening an office at the corner of William street and Cheapside. It was at this time that the doctor's modest professional card appeared in The Standard for the first announcement of his practice.

Dr. Howland's offices have been located in various parts of the center. At one time he continued for twelve years at the old Stetson house which stood on the site of the present Municipal building. For more than nineteen years he kept his office at the Alexander Seabury estate and after a short stay at his Bliss Corner farm his office was removed to 81 School street. Several years later he transferred his rooms to the Cummings building where he remained until the fire a few years ago. His next address was 79 School street and recently he purchased the Elijah Lewis estate at the northeast corner of Orchard and Union streets. His black and gold sign now marks his office there.

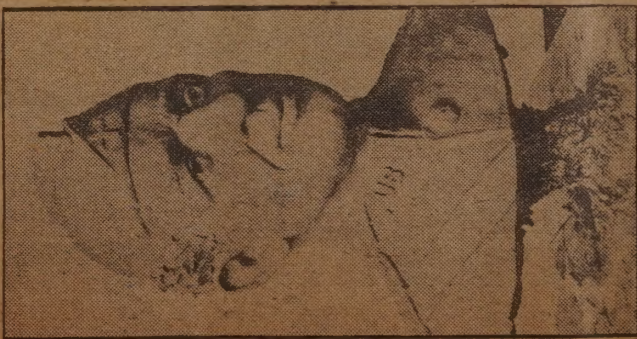
Mode of Travel Has Changed.

Doctor Howland now has a Ford to take him around on his professional calls, but in the old days his mode of travel was the less speedy but always reliable horse drawn vehicle. At one time the doctor had a stable of seven horses and he was always a fancier of good horse flesh although he never raced any of his animals. One of the most prized of his stable was the stallion Catalpa, by Daniel Boone, the sire of Rysdick's Hambleton X.

"It was a common thing in the old days," said the doctor, "for me to make as many as six calls between midnight and 6 in the morning on emergency cases. Perhaps I would just be returning from a long ride in the country only to find a call awaiting me to go to Smith Mills. That happened often," remarked Doctor Howland, with a reminiscent smile.

Doctor Howland's hobby now is his practice which he still maintains, and although he is one of New Bedford's oldest practicing physicians he is still heart and soul in his profession as his little professional card reading "Dr. Barker C. Howland, M. D., office hours, etc.," in The Standard proves.

Lifelike Bust of
 Father deValles
 from Photographs



Joseph Castagnoli has executed a fine likeness of Rev. John B. de Valles, reproducing the features of the Yankee division chaplain in clay, preparatory to having a plaster cast made to be presented to the John B. de Valles school at the dedication exercises tomorrow afternoon. Mr. Castagnoli received last Tuesday the commission for the bust, and in the short time intervening, working from numerous photographs of Father de Valles, Mr. Castagnoli has put in permanent form a striking likeness of the army chaplain.

Mr. Castagnoli had met Father de Valles only once, so that his whole work is based upon photographs. Numerous retouched photographs supplied the facial outline, but the character lines in the face Mr. Castagnoli found in an untouched picture made in France, several of which Father de Valles sent to friends in this country.

The bust shows the head and shoulders of the soldier priest, enough of the latter being shown to indicate the belt across the chest and shoulder and the collar insignia. The overseas hat shows the cross in front. Those friends of Father de Valles who have seen the bust at the Swain Free school have called it a striking likeness of him.

THREE WORKERS FOR NEW BEDFORD Y. W. C. A.

PASTOR KNOWN AS LECTURER

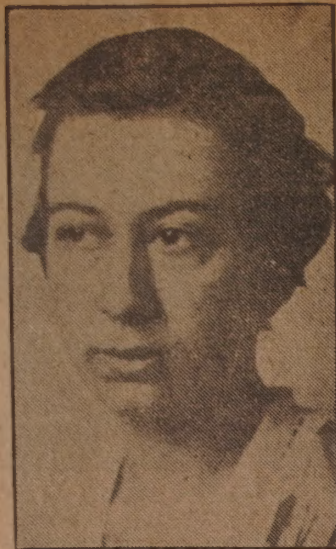
Dr. Williams of Auburn, Me.,
Biblical and Holy Land
Authority

Was Prominent College Ath-
lete Also—Expected to Be
Called Here

Auburn, Me., July 28.—The Rev. Henry B. Williams, who is expected to be called to the First Baptist church in New Bedford, Mass., has been a pastor in this city for nearly five years.

During the past year Dr. Williams has been lecturing at Bates college on the Holy Land and the lands of the Bible. He has traveled extensively in the Orient, Egypt, Asia and Europe. He possesses one of the most complete collections of Egyptian antiquities in the state. Dr. Williams has been also a contributor to various religious publications.

Dr. Williams was born in Central, Michigan. His parents moved when he was a small boy to California, where he was brought up until he came east to study for his life work, taking a 10-year course. He was graduated from Cook academy, Montclair Falls, N. Y., in 1888, from the University of Rochester in 1892, and from Newton Theological seminary, Newton Centre, Mass., in 1897.



Miss Nancy Durland.



Miss Doris Wilde.



Miss Edith C. Seamon.

Three new workers will be added to the Y. W. C. A. list this summer with the coming of Miss Edith C. Seamon, business secretary; Miss Nancy Durland, assistant industrial extension secretary, and Miss Doris Wilde, who will assist in the recreation work during the summer.

Miss Seamon has already begun her duties as business secretary of the

"Y" and has taken up her residence at the Business Women's Home. She is a native of Saugerties, N. Y., a graduate of Skidmore school of arts and obtained her secretarial training at Saratoga Springs.

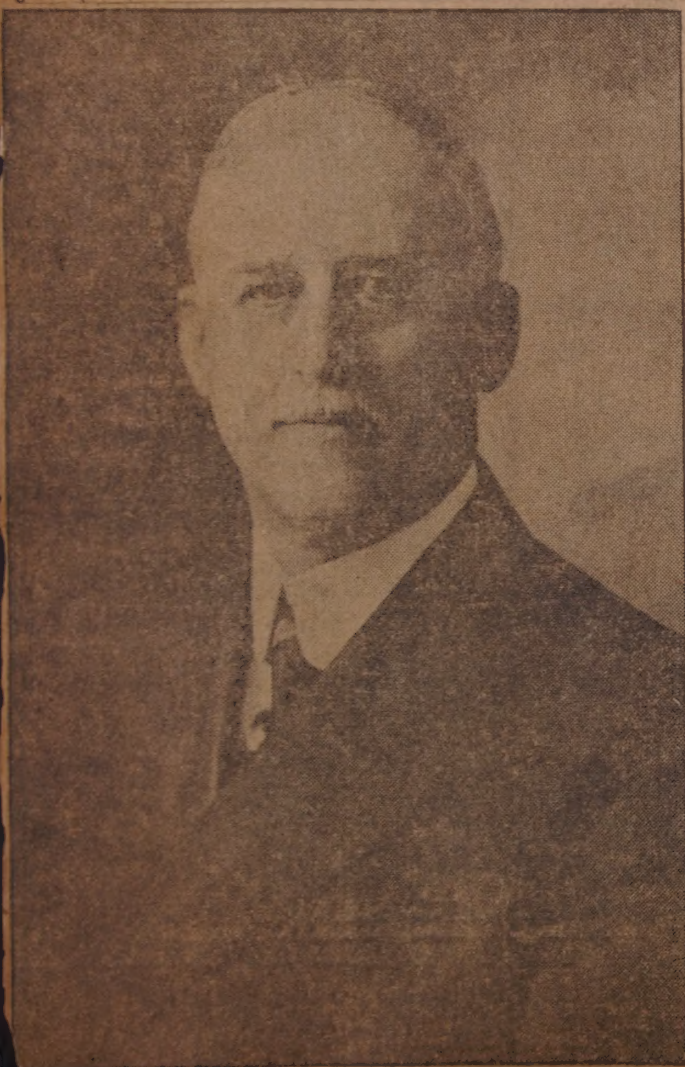
Miss Durland left New Bedford yesterday in company with Miss Helen W. Gifford and the Industrial delegation to Camp Makonkey. Miss Durland comes here from the foreign-

born department of the national headquarters. She is a graduate of Russell Sage College, Troy, N. Y., and is a native of Chester, N. Y.

Miss Wilde was graduated last Monday from Tufts College with the degree of Bachelor of Arts and will assist in Y. W. C. A. recreation work during the summer. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wilde of 15 North street, Fairhaven.

Maine Preacher Who May Take Pulpit of New Bedford Church

July 29, 1920



REV. HENRY B. WILLIAMS.

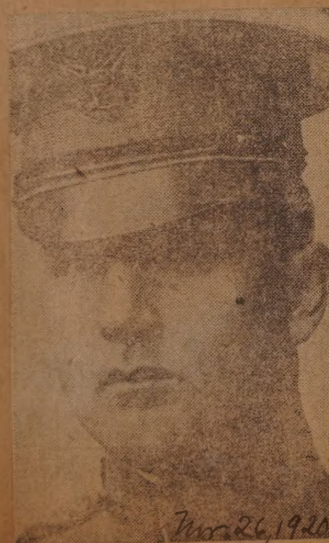
He has held two other pastorates since his graduation from Newton. He was at Fayetteville, N. Y., for six and one-half years, and pastor of the First Baptist church in Woburn, Mass., for more than 12 years.

He married Miss Lillian G. White of Newton Centre, daughter of D. A. White, a Boston business man. They have two children, Paul, 17 years old, and Ruth, 15 years old.

Dr. Williams was an excellent athlete while in college and was a member of varsity football, baseball and track teams. He was left end on the football team, played four years on the varsity baseball team as catcher and right fielder, and incidentally held the batting record for all four years. He won also many prizes in the short distance races, 100 yards, 220 and 440.

Dr. Williams is a member of the D. K. E. and T. N. E. fraternities.

He has held several important positions, including moderator of the Onondaga association, Boston East association and Androscoggin association. He has been president also of the Newton alumni, Boston Pastors' conference, and of the State Pastors' Conference of Maine.



Dr. Clarence E. Burt.

Well Known Hotel Man Dies After Lingering Illness



Edward McMann.

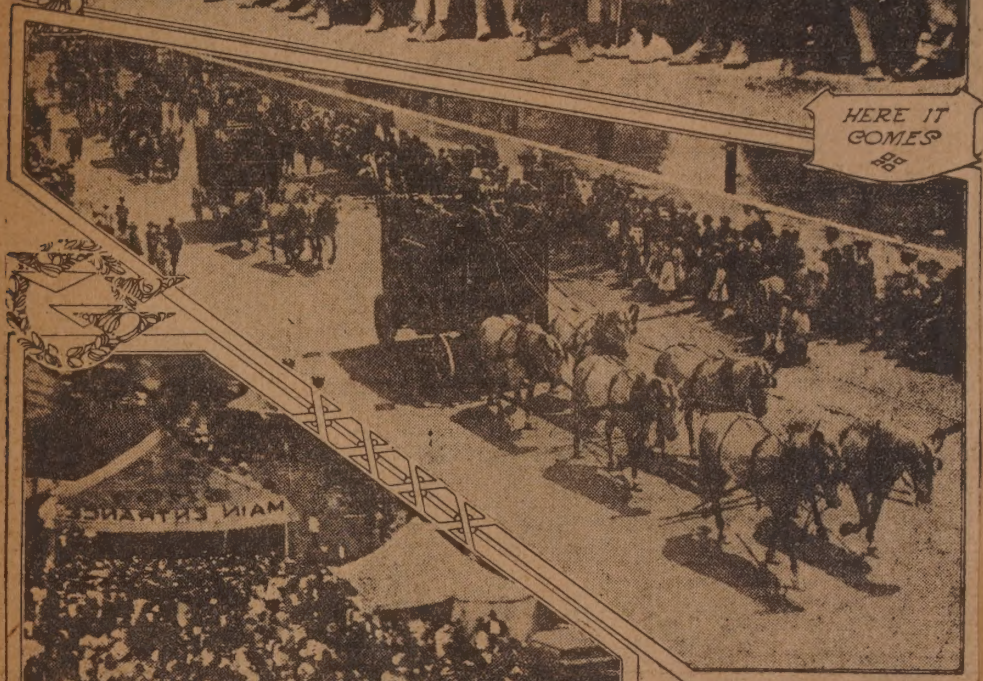
Edward McMann, well known hotel man of this city and Oak Bluffs, died at his home, 983 Pleasant street, at 11 o'clock yesterday morning following an illness that had lasted nearly two years. He was in his 63rd year.

Mr. McMann was at one time associated with Holder Brownell as clerk at the Parker House and was subsequently interested in the Sea View House at Cottage City, now Oak Bluffs. He spent his entire life in the hotel business and was well known at both the north and south ends of the city.

Besides his widow, Mrs. Annie McMann, he leaves one son, Edward C. McMann, and one daughter, Mrs. Blanche E. Thompson. The funeral will take place Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock in St. Lawrence church.

CIRCUS DAY—CROWDS ARE OUT TO ENJOY IT

June 23, 1920.



Officer Who Will
Direct R. O. T. C.
Sept. 1920 in New Bedford



Lieutenant Colonel Casteel.

Lieutenant Colonel D. T. E. Casteel, U. S. A., is the new instructor assigned by the war department to take charge of the Reserve Officers' Training corps at the High school. He has been in the service for more than 22 years. He is a graduate of the University of Maryland and holds an A. B. degree from that college. Until recently he was stationed at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, but when congress passed a law authorizing the establishment of the R. O. T. C. he was transferred to that branch of the service.

Mr. Riedell formerly director at the Swain school, in his summer school at Gloucester, and for two summers has been assistant to Asa S. Rendall of the Commonwealth Art colony at Boothbay Harbor, Maine. He will instruct at the latter school, this summer, where he will teach the theory of color and design, linoleum block printing, figure sketching and pencil rendering from nature.

Mr. Riedell is a native of Marion and a graduate of Tabor academy, taking a special six year course. He was student at the Swain school under Mr. Cousins. For four years he studied at the Harvard summer school under Dr. Herman W. Rose and took a course at the Columbia summer school under Arthur Dow and Victor Human.

Mr. Riedell has been an exhibitor at the New Bedford Art club's annual exhibition since its organization about 10 years ago, and has exhibited at the Providence Art club. He has also had a one-man exhibit at the Swain school, where 200 drawings attracted very favorable attention.

During the past three years he has been developing a new system of design, based on principles of Dr. Rose, whereby through a process of stenciling a single unit, has been found to yield at least 50 borders and more than 150 surface patterns. By invitation of Dr. C. W. Crawford of the bureau of natural history in New York, an exhibition of the work of Mr. Riedell's students in this course at the Swain school will be hung at the New York museum this summer.

He is now at work developing an original course in a new theory of color, which he has tried out in the Boothbay summer school, in which he aims to let the student show in thirty lessons of two hours each, the basis of every possible color combination. It is a course that reverses the usual procedure, working from color back to design. This system has been recognized by the art instructors, who have largely constituted the summer art colony, as being very distinct and helpful.

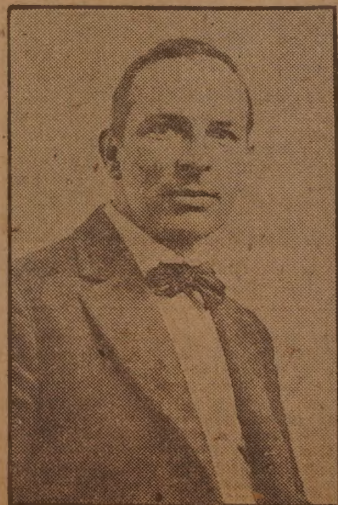
Smith college is especially valuing Mr. Riedell's art initiative and he will be left practically free to develop his own courses in the college.

IS GRADUATE OF SWAIN ALSO

June 22, 1920
Mr. Riedell, Who Goes to Smith College This Fall, Got Training in New Bedford

Clifford H. Riedell, assistant director of the Swain Free School of Design, who has been appointed assistant art professor of Smith college, is himself a graduate of the Swain school and has been assistant director for the past seven years and an instructor for 13 years. He will assume the professorship at Northampton next September.

Mr. Riedell's work in art instructorship has been of wide and varied range, but has chiefly centered in theory and expression of color and design. At the Swain school, in addition to courses in these subjects, he has taught drawing from the antique quick-action sketches from the



Clifford H. Riedell.

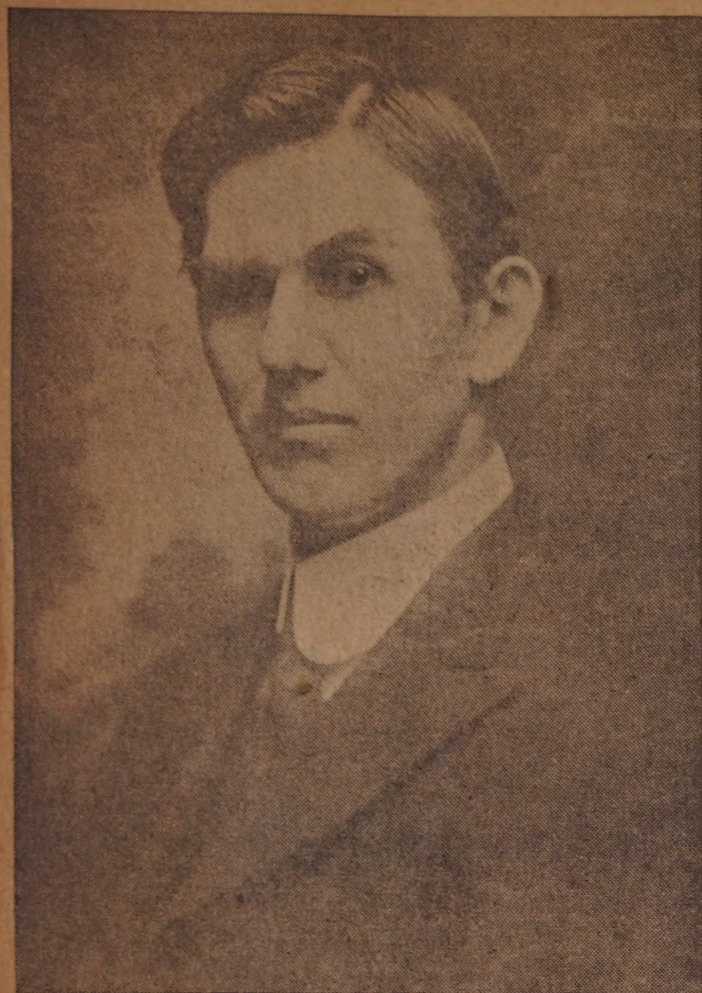
model, perspective and arts and crafts with reference to stenciling, book binding, gold leaf and carved frame work.

Besides teaching at the Swain school for four years he has been instructor at summer art colonies. For two years he was assistant to Eben F. Cousins



Benjamin Dawson.

Pastor of Unitarian Church Who *Sept. 13, 1920*
Delivered First Sermon Yesterday



REV. E. STANTON HODGIN.

FIRST SERMON AS NEW PASTOR

Rev. E. Stanton Hodgin Favorably Received by Large Congregation at Unitarian

Theme "The Challenge of Our Time to the Church" Shows Scholarly Preparation

ANDREWS BUYS WING HOUSE

Large Acushnet Avenue Property Returns to Family from Which Late Owner Purchased It in 1864

A transfer of more than ordinary interest is the sale of the Wing house at the northwest corner of Acushnet avenue and Walnut street to Frederick W. Andrews, and a fact of greatest interest is that Mr. Andrews thus obtains possession of the same property that his father, the late Christopher Andrews, sold to the late William R. Wing in the year 1864. In the interim of 56 years the property has remained in the Wing family, the home of the late William R. Wing until his death, and since then the home of his daughter, Miss Annie Wing, who

Noted Old Mansion Passes Into *June 21 '20* Hands of Son of Former Owner



passed away this last winter. The sale was made through the agency of Haskins & Gibson.

When Christopher Andrews resided in this section of the city, and later during many years of the residence of Mr. Wing and his family there, this was one of the aristocratic residential sections of the city, and the house today has all the earmarks of a house of that substantial period. The house was built by Mr. Andrews for his own residence and after he sold the property to Mr. Wing, Mr. Andrews moved to another corner of the same street. The original lot sold to Mr. Wing had a frontage of 110 feet on the avenue

and 60 feet on Walnut street, but later on Mr. Wing purchased from the abutter on the west a lot of land 40 x 110 feet, so that the lot as it now measures has a frontage of 140 feet on Walnut street and the original frontage of 110 feet on Acushnet avenue, making about forty square rods.

The first floor of the house has a large central hall and on the east of this, fronting on Acushnet avenue, is a large parlor extending to the north and south measurements of the house, a room large enough so that three ordinary rooms might easily be made from it. It may well be imagined that in the heyday of social

Galligan Buys Centre Store for Use as Auction Rooms

July 7, 1920



John H. Galligan, for more than twenty years engaged in the second hand business in this city, has purchased of Andrew F. Wilde, the bakeshop property on the north side of Mechanics lane, between Sixth and Eighth streets. He plans to fit it over as a place of business for carrying on merchandise auctions and as a storage place. The property included in the transfer is the bakeshop on the second floor, together with three tenements above. Mr. Galligan plans to completely remodel the front, putting in large windows and otherwise fitting it as a modern storage and merchandise auction room.

Mr. Galligan first started in business at the southwest corner of Purchase and Franklin streets, remaining there for a few years until he removed to his present place of business at the northwest corner of Purchase and Pope streets. He has there handled all kinds of second hand goods, and he will continue in the same line at his new place, adding a twice a week merchandise auction, besides doing a general real estate business. Mr. Galligan intends to be established in his new place of business about September 1.

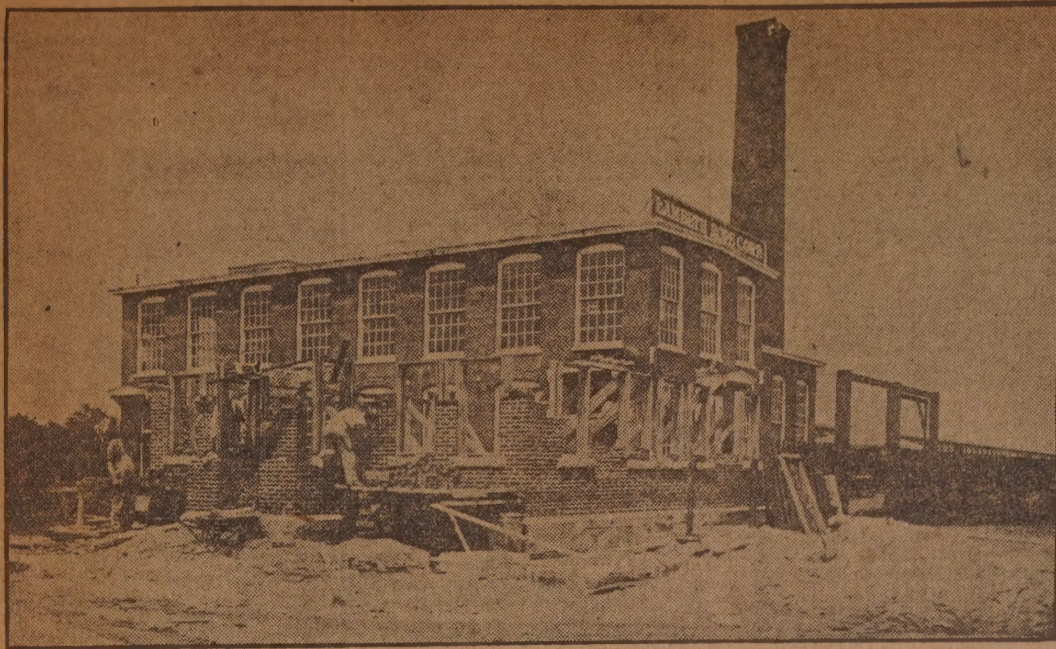
affairs in this section there gathered in that great parlor the elite of New Bedford of that period. On the west side of the hall are the parlor, dining room and kitchen. On the second floor there are seven large bedrooms with a bathroom and on the third floor are four more bedrooms.

It is interesting that Mr. Andrews should come into possession of the old family homestead, where lived his parents and grandparents. The house is much the same in its exterior appearance today as it was more than half a century ago. Mr. Wing added the present rather imposing piazza, but other than that there is little change.

Mr. Andrews does not intend to return to the old homestead to reside, but he will hold it rather as an investment. He has developed several central properties during recent years. He purchased several years ago the Haskell property at the northeast corner of Union and Cottage streets. The main house is now utilized as a boarding house, while the former Haskell stable he moved out to the street and made the building into a fine two-family house facing on Cottage street. He has very recently purchased the Dr. C. M. Atchison property to the north, at the corner of Court street. In previous years Mr. Andrews bought the Briggs house at the northeast corner of Union and Eighth streets, renovating this property and later building to the north the cement block house, both of which properties he has since sold. Mr. Andrews also developed what was formerly the Thornton property on the south side of Union street, opposite the New Bedford theatre. A short time ago he purchased the former residence of Dr. Charles R. Hunt at the southeast corner of County and Elm streets.

LAMBETH ROPE CORP. ERECTING NEW OFFICES

William E. J. Batty ^{10/17/20}
Is New Secretary of
Loomfixers' Union



The picture shows the new office building at the Lambeth Rope plant which is well on under way and is expected to be ready for occupancy before the end of the summer. The building, which is of brick, measures approximately 33 by 31 feet and will be one story in height, although provision has been made for future growth of the corporation's needs by

making the walls such that another story can be added at any time. The office building is well supplied with windows as can be seen by the picture, and the interior will be fitted with the latest sanitary and heating and ventilating equipment.

The steam for heating purposes will come from the central plant in the main mill.

The Lambeth, as its treasurer, A. L. O'Leary, is constantly called upon

to point out, is the only narrow fabric plant in New Bedford, since it turns out, in addition to its miles of high grade cordage, its mill banding and other similar work, a wide variety of webbing for every conceivable purpose. Machines for the latter were run to their capacity during the war and are still running at that gait. The manufacturing processes at the mill are under supervision of O. S. Lawton, superintendent.



W. E. G. Batty.

William E. G. Batty, recently chosen by the Loomfixers' Union to take care of its secretarial duties, has taken charge in the union office on Purchase street. Aside from being interested in the labor movement, Mr. Batty has also taken an active interest in the Salvation Army and now plays baritone in the band affiliated with that organization. He studied in the Army school in New York and was at one time an officer. He has shown considerable ability as a labor speaker.

POLES MAKE IMPRESSIVE SHOWING

Aug 18 '20



POLES MAKE IMPRESSIVE SHOWING
Above—Children in White, Who Made Largest Muster in Parade.
Below—Women Who Believe in U.S.

DID PORTUGUESE NAVIGATORS CUT SIGNS IN WORLD FAMOUS ROCK?

July 18/1920
Archeologist Asserts Symbols Graven Years Ago on Dighton Boulder May Have Been the Work of Early Adventurers from Portugal—Reads Date 511 on the Stone

Are some of the oldest of the signs and letters on the world-famous Dighton Rock those made by Portuguese explorers and navigators during the early part of the fifteenth century?

This is a theory, with some foundation to it, of very recent date, as set forth by Professor E. B. Delabarre, renowned archeologist and ethnologist, the publication of which has been made only within the past year. Up to the present, and dating from the year 1630, there have been proposed more than 20 distinct theories concerning the origin of the strange symbol-like drawings and letter-like marks that cover the face of the rock, but all of which traceries are

This is but an interesting possibility that the professor states he finds, though he lays no claim to say discovery of absolute value. Besides the figures 1511, which are strong the older of the markings and just discernible, though believed to have formed part of other figures to which have been given other interpretations for scores of years past—he claims also that he has been able to trace what appears to be a part of letters forming the words "Miguel Cortereal." All the letters are not there, only "Mig" but with space enough for the others—and "Corte" and with apparently faint traceries of the remainder of the proper name.

Cortereal, as is amply explained by Professor Delabarre, was a Portuguese navigator at that period, who, wandering away on the shore, was left behind by his crew, who believed that

Since 1839, the rock has been the property of the Old Colony Historical society, from a deed of gift of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries of Copenhagen. The rock was purchased in 1857 of Thomas T. Dean of Berkley, by Nett Arnzen of Fall River, who put it in the possession of the Copenhagen society, in the belief that the findings of the archeologist Ruff were proof positive that they were the markings of Danish explorers.

Twenty and more different translations of the hieroglyphics have been made: the theories are many and various. The leading one is that the traceries were originally those of the native red men of these shores. Others state that it was the work of nature. Professor Delabarre had an earlier criticism on the rock that the drawings might have been done by Egyptians, 2700 B. C. Others have stated their belief that the marks were those of Phenicians or Carthaginians, of Tyrians and Jews, of the lost tribes of the Hebrews, of Romans, of Scythians and Japanese, of Lybyans and of Chinese. It has been stated that the work was done by a Norse colony of Thorfinn, also that the marks were made by a Roman Catholic missionary about 1520. Some attribute the markings to early American colonists; others to casual visitors. Myth, legend, religion, ethnology, astronomy and geology all have been drawn into the celebrated discussion. Books, pamphlets and papers—a library in themselves—have been written upon the origin of the writings on Dighton Rock.



The Dighton Rock.

slowly becoming defaced by both time and tide.

Professor Delabarre, who was a recent visitor to the Old Colonial Historical society hall, and one feature of whose life work has been the compilation of three volumes from the publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts on the subject of the rock, is one of the leading authorities on the history of the various theories concerning the rock. His three volumes are those of the early interest in Dighton Rock, the middle period of Dighton Rock history, and recent history of the rock.

About the year 1915 this savant gave an address before a large audience at Historical hall, in which he made the statement that the writings and symbols were the work of native Indians. Meantime, he had made a profound study of all the other theories and there is no one living today who has a more complete knowledge of history of the relic and the literature that is connected herewith than he.

Since delivering his lecture Professor Delabarre has continued his study of the inscriptions, a study that cannot be undertaken by anyone seriously without the fundamentals of one years of research in such matters. As a result of this most recent striving to read an ancient message Professor Delabarre said:

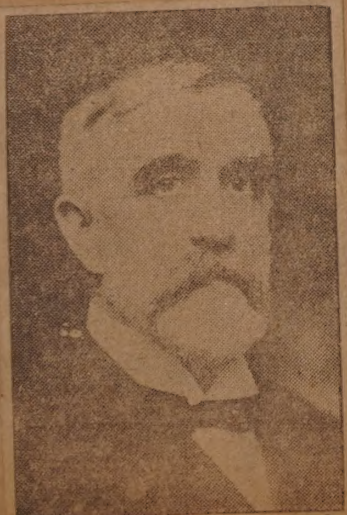
"It may well be imagined with what astonishment, on examining the photograph of the rock for the hundredth time, on December 2, 1919, I saw in it, clearly and unmistakably, the date 1511."

he had become lost, in Portugal at this land was at that period known as Cortereal. Is it probable, the archeologist inquires, that Cortereal himself may not have carved his name and date, 1511, on the face of the rock? The professor thinks also that these marks may be the clue to the first real writer on the Dighton Rock; yet he puts forth the proposition as an hypothesis, and no more than that.

"Of all our interpreters and theorizers thus far," says this savant, "only the advocates of Indian origin, or those who have cautiously refrained from forming any final opinion, have possessed a system of interpretative beliefs into which the date given by the drawings could fit in such a manner as to yield truth."

And yet even this, the latest interpretation, may be found to have but little basis. Further investigations by the professor, however, may bring to light other overlooked and pertinent markings which may bear out his theory and bring other interesting surprises.

There are few objects of the kind in this country that are of more world-wide interest, with the one exception of the Plymouth Rock itself. In the realms of ethnology, archeology, and chiology, this monument of great age has been visited and written about by savants of all nations, for well on to three centuries. Its strange traceries have been the subject of remarkable discussions and learned treatises.



George W. Edwards. 22/20

Funeral of Victim 10/1/1920 of Crash with Auto Was Held Today



The funeral of Alphonse Lapointe, who was killed at Middleboro Tuesday afternoon, when his motorcycle crashed into an automobile driven by Mrs. Morgan Rotch of this city, was held from the home, 16 Bentley street, this city, at 7:30 this morning. Solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated at St. Anthony's church at 8 o'clock. The Rev. Fr. Marchand officiated, and was assisted by Fr. Boucher, deacon, and Fr. Geoffriop, sub-deacon.

Interment was in the family lot at Sacred Heart cemetery. The pall bearers, who were former service men, were Albert Desrouchers, Clement Brodeur, Amedee Boudreau, Armand Arcouette, Henry Seseville and Arthur Souzi. Many beautiful tributes were received.

The deceased served with Company M of the 325th Infantry in France for two years. He was awarded the distinguished service cross and cited a second time for bravery. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lapointe and six sisters.

This Fellow Citizen 10/1/1920 Becomes an Oriental Mystic on the Stage



Jack Sellers of this city, at present being featured in the Thurman Show company as "Mystic Kirundu", returned to his home here this week and was honored by a farewell party before starting on a western trip. Monday the mystic leaves on an extended tour. In his acts he shows writing by a supposedly spirit hand and exhibits a Hindoo rug.

FIFTY YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE

New Bedford Couple Who Last Night
Celebrated Their Fiftieth Anniversary
July 20, 1920

Capt. Henry C. Hathaway and Mrs. Hathaway Re- ceived Friends at Their Home Last Evening

Captain Henry C. Hathaway and Mrs. Hathaway were married fifty years ago, and in observance of the event they received their friends at their home, 62 Campbell street, last evening, between six and ten o'clock. They received a number of presents, among them several pieces of gold, and the well wishes of large numbers of friends. Their two sons, Harry and Bradford, were present, as also were their two nephews, John and Braddock Hathaway.

Captain Hathaway and Mrs. Hathaway have spent their lives in New Bedford, save for the years when Captain Hathaway was at sea, first as a whaler and later in one of the popular packets plying between here and the Western Islands and Madeira. Captain Hathaway was an officer aboard the whaling ship *Gazelle* and assisted John Boyle O'Reilly in making his escape from an Australian prison and later saved him from recapture, incidents that have endeared Captain Hathaway to people of Irish ancestry.

Among the presents received was one from the Friends of Irish Freedom in this city, President John Regan making the presentation speech.

The following telegram was received from Mollie O'Reilly:

"Duxbury, Mass.,
July 19.

"Captain and Mrs. Hathaway:

"My dear old friends, had I known even yesterday of your golden wedding day, I should have come to New Bedford to embrace you both among your thousand friends. There can be none who send you more affectionate good wishes for the coming years, for it was Captain Harry's courage which made me your loving.

"Mollie O'Reilly."

Another congratulatory telegram was received by Captain and Mrs. Hathaway from Eamonn de Valera.

Ice cream and cake and punch were served to the guests of the evening.

Capt. Hathaway followed the sea for 40 years, starting at the age of 15, and had many thrilling experiences. The last five years of his career as a sailor he was commander of the bark *Veronica*, which plied as a packet between this port, the Azores and Madeira. The most interesting of his adventures took place when he was third officer of the whaling bark *Gazelle*, when he aided O'Reilly in gaining freedom and subsequently saved him from drowning.

O'Reilly had fled from the penal colony and was being hunted in the bush when the *Gazelle* put into Bunbury for water. Hathaway had never heard of O'Reilly until he was stopped by a priest in a street and asked if he would assist the noted Irishman to escape by taking him aboard the *Gazelle* and smuggling him out of Australia. Hathaway referred the priest to Capt. Gifford of the whaling bark, and the clergyman replied that he had already seen him and he was willing to aid.

"O'Reilly was in a bad way at the time," said Capt. Hathaway. "The ship that he had arranged to sail on had left without him and he had been out in an open boat for two days and two nights, waiting for the vessel to pick him up. He then hid in the bush.

"Father McCabe led me to O'Reilly's retreat, and I made arrangements to meet him at sea the next day and take him aboard. The plans were carried out, and another convict named Bowman was taken along with O'Reilly. The British governor came aboard at Roderique and took Bowman, but O'Reilly was passed off for a man named Soule who had been a member of the crew and committed suicide.

"Realizing that Bowman would tell that O'Reilly was on board, and that the governor would be back for him the next morning, we planned to 'get rid' of O'Reilly. He was to dump a grindstone overboard, toss his hat after it and crawl into a crockery locker under the steps in the cabin. I was then to screw the lid on the locker.

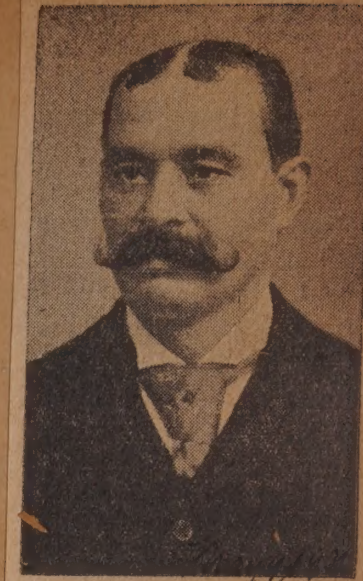
"There was a splash in the night and when I called the watch to ex-



Captain Henry C. Hathaway.



Mrs. Henry C. Hathaway.



Anthony Robinson.

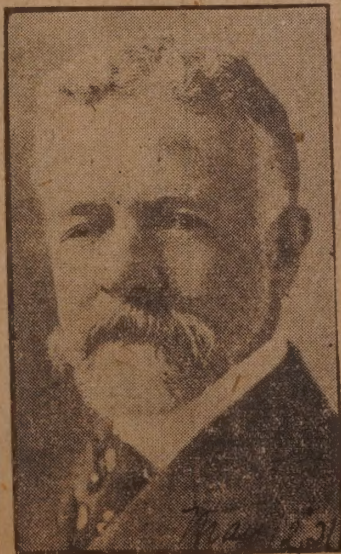
plain it he said he supposed it was O'Reilly, remarking that O'Reilly had told him he would not be taken alive. The boats were lowered and O'Reilly's hat was recovered. The flag was set at half mast, and the next day when the governor came the hat was exhibited and he was told that the fugitive had jumped over board during the night. The governor believed it."

During that cruise a boat that O'Reilly was in was stove in during pursuit of a whale. He was stunned by a blow and Hathaway, holding to a piece of the boat, clung to O'Reilly. The boat was smashed about 12 miles from the *Gazelle*, and nearly four hours passed before another boat picked up the two exhausted men.

One of O'Reilly's books, dedicated to Capt. Hathaway states that "but for the timely rescue of Capt. Hathaway, this book would never have been written." O'Reilly was transferred to Captain Jordan's care in the *Saphire*, off the Cape of Good Hope, and subsequently was placed on a ship which landed him in Philadelphia. He later lived and died in Boston.

Captain Hathaway frequently has been honored by Irish societies for the part he took in the rescue of O'Reilly. He has held many public offices in this city, including those of police chief, health commissioner, shipping commissioner and alderman.

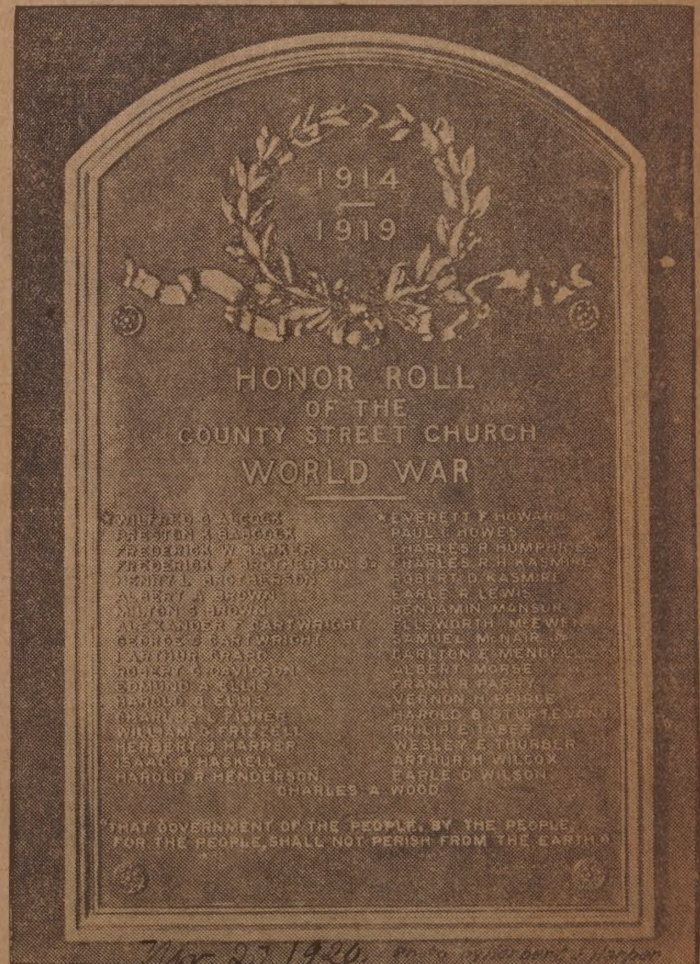
HE IS 71 TODAY



U. S. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

Boston, May 12.—Resolutions congratulating Senator Henry Cabot Lodge on his 71st birthday, which falls today, were adopted by both branches of the Legislature yesterday, on motion of Representative Coleman E. Kelley of Boston.

Will Dedicate War Memorial Given Church by Men Members



The memorial tablet to the World's War service men presented to the County Street Methodist Episcopal church by the men of the church will be dedicated with appropriate exercises at the regular morning service tomorrow at 10:30 o'clock. All ex-service men who left from County Street church have been invited to attend, together with all members of the Men's Forum, through whose efforts the tablet was secured.

There will be patriotic selections by the church quartet and addresses by the pastor, Rev. Robert S. Moore; L. H. Frost, secretary of the industrial branch of the Y. M. C. A., and Charles Mitchell, leader of the Men's Forum.

Thirty-seven names appear on the tablet, two being marked with a star to indicate death in the service. They are Wilfred Alcock and Everett F. Howard.

NEW BEDFORD COUPLE TAKE IN EUROPE'S SIGHTS

Aug 15, 1920



No Mal de Mer on This Trip. Mrs. Shockley at the right.



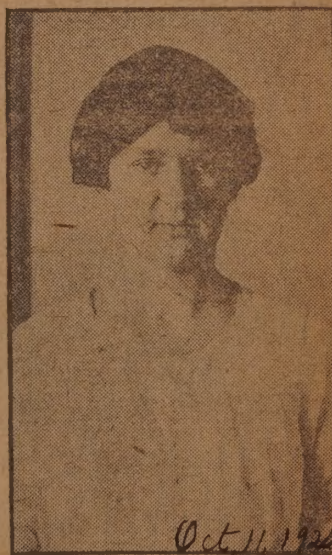
Dr. Shockley Feeding the Pigeons at St. Mark's.

SEEN AT THE WEAVER-POOLE FAMILY OUTING

Aug. 26, 1920.



Taunton Girl Is Latest Worker to Join Y. W. C. A. Here



Oct. 11, 1920

Miss Deborah Harrub.

A new worker at the Y. W. C. A. is Miss Deborah H. Harrub, who comes here from the National Board in New York, and will serve the local association as office secretary.

Miss Harrub, whose home is in Taunton, is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke and Simmons college. Following her school career she served as secretary to the president of Howard university in Washington.



Dr. and Mrs. Shockley at the Coliseum.

He Was Installed
One of Alpha Lodge's
Officers Last Night



Jan. 7, 1921.
Ernest C. Roberts,
Noble Grand.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CHOIR PROVES A REAL SUCCESS



Rear row, (left to right)—Cora Perry, Irene Vincent, Amy Heyliger, Florence Cook, Helen Peters, Elsie Worthington, Esther Worthington, Eleanor Robinson, Ruth Peters, Gertrude Heyliger, Isabel Morton, Florence Brooks. Second row from rear—Jessie Thomas, Hilda Vaughan, Margaret Achord, Naomi McGilton, Marion Morton, Howard King, organist, Myra Jones, Ruth Hamilton, Grace Peters, Gwendolyn Hughes, Arline Lewis. Third row from rear—Olive Morsey, Barbara Hughes, Grace Neville, Hazel Powell, May Peters, Charles E. Vaughan, choir master, Florence James, Hazel Cook, Frances Nickerson, Ruth Thomas, Florence Stratton, Grace Dupuis. Front row—Ralph Morton, Robert Vaughan, Milton Thomas, Theodore Heyliger, Donald Ross.

Although it has been in existence only since last May, the young people's choir of the Pleasant Street M. E. church has had remarkable success. Organized with 20 members, it now has forty-five and they are playing an important part in the activities of the church. Since Edwin N. C. Barnes, the former leader of the choir, severed his connection with it two years ago, the music committee of the church has experienced considerable difficulty in securing a choir master. Charles E. Vaughan finally agreed to conduct the music and has helped to build up the organization to its present efficiency. The officers of the choir are: president, Irene Vincent; vice president, Ruth Peters; secretary, Gertrude Heyliger; and treasurer, Isabel Morton.

Nov. 27, 1920.

OFFICERS PLAN BUSY SEASON FOR WOMAN'S CLUB

September 19, 1920



Mrs. JOHN HORSEFIELD
RECORDING SECRETARY



Mrs. A.H. ANDREWS
PRESIDENT



Mrs. JOHN GIBSON
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

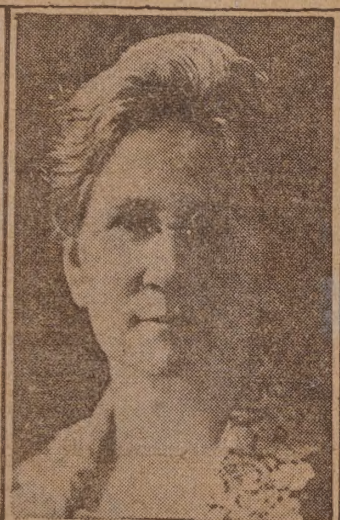
PHOTOS BY
J.M. OPPENHEIM BOSTON



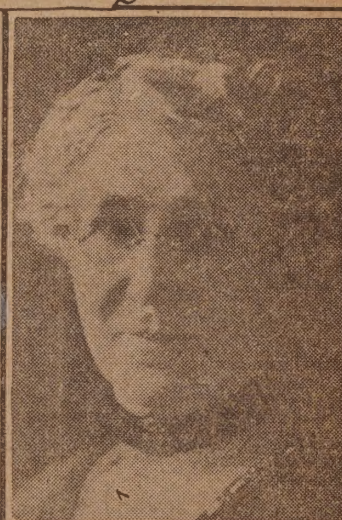
Mrs. CHAS. P. FORTIN
COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN



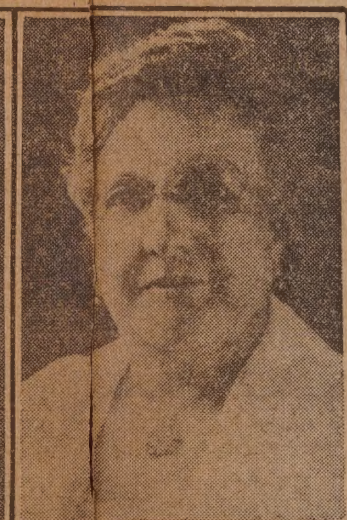
Miss SUSANE TERRY
AUDITOR



Mrs. THOS. FAIRCHILD
COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

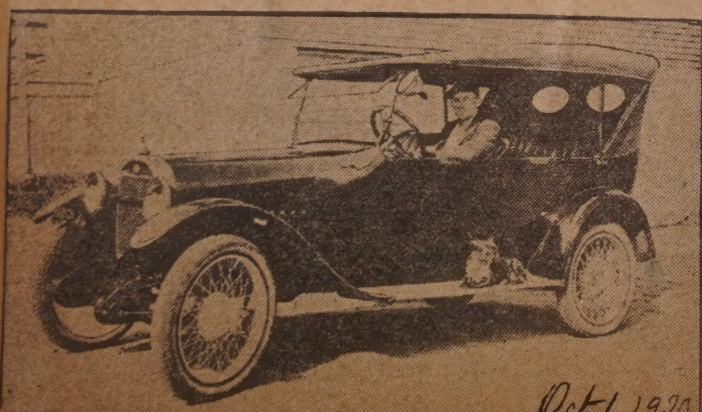


Mrs. JOHN NEILD
COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN



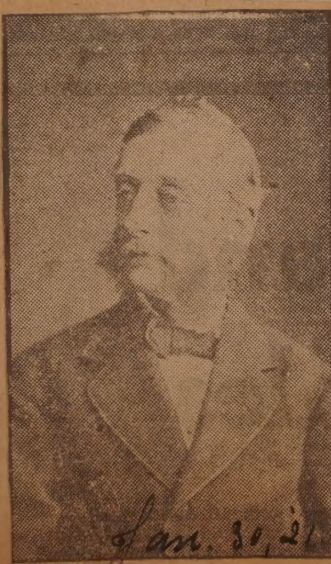
Mrs. H.P. WILLIS
COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

Cross Country Tour to Los Angeles Lies Ahead of This Auto and Man



Oct. 6, 1920

Thomas Kenyon, 171 Frederick Street, Started This Week for Los Angeles by Way of Connecticut and the Lincoln Highway in His New Touring Car.



William Bradford.



Mrs. Bradford.



Rev. Frederick A. Wilmot.

LINER MORMUGAO AT STATE PIER

August 11, 1920



Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Jacob Fraga
244 Rivet St., New Bedford.
Captain Carlos P. Vindinha and Mr. Guilherme M. Luiz, Agent.



BUSY SCENES ON BOARD.
THE MORMUGAO DOCKED.

PREACHER-BASEBALL MANAGER SAYS GAME DEVELOPS CLEAN MANHOOD

BETTER have a young man playing a good clean sport like baseball, than shooting dice down in an alley, or engaged in some other and worse form of amusement," says George E. D. Ransom, manager of the Atlas Tack baseball team and minister of the gospel at the Union Gospel Mission, Fairhaven.

"But I don't mean by that that baseball, on its own merits, isn't entirely all right and desirable. For it is, and I love the sport. A clean, strong body is necessary for a clean, strong mind, and baseball entirely fills the bill as a giver of that, besides being the best sport on earth," he continued.

Mr. Ransom, who although not a regularly ordained pastor, has held a preacher's license and has all the rights of a minister, such as the power to marry, has been a baseball player and fan all his life. He believes people are placed in the world to do all the good they can, and promoting baseball is only one of the ways in which Mr. Ransom is trying to aid Fairhaven youth.

Faith, faith unlimited, 17 cents and Mr. Ransom were the founders of the Union Mission in Fairhaven more than six years ago.

"I felt the urge of God to found a mission in this town," he said. He was at that time clerk of the Advent Christian church in Fairhaven, a deacon in the church and superintendent of the Sunday school.

So He Had Faith.

"When the inspiration came I had only 17 cents, but the Good Book says have faith, and I had faith, so I went ahead with my plans," he said in telling the remarkable story of the mission truly built "on courage in the Lord."

"I hired the building at the corner of Ferry and Middle street, offering at first to give half the collections as rent. And they were very small at first.

"The benches and other fittings came also with my faith.



George E. D. Ransom, Preacher and Ball Player.

for I had little trouble in getting them from other churches in the town, when I told my story. And the Lord has been good to me, for now the mission numbers 82 members. Last year we gave out many Christmas dinners to the poor, and we have done numerous good works. At one time we had a medical clinic established.

"So great has been the immediate future when we will no longer have to pay rent," he added with a smile.

Pity and open-hearted generosity are other attributes of the baseball manager. On his salary as for the finishing department of the Atlas Tack company he hires a big, two tenement house at 12 Union Street, Fairhaven, where he makes his home and where he has taken in unfortunate girls. He has allowed them to stay there during their time of great need, providing food and a real home for them as long as they wished.

He and his wife are now bringing up as their child, a little Portuguese boy, who came into the world there a year and a half ago. As Mr. Ransom talked with The Standard reporter his arms, and showed that his affection for the waif was great and that it would not miss the love its parents denied it. Others who have felt the lash of poverty and misfortune have found a haven in his home at various times.

Another interest in which Mr. Ransom is engaged is in the American Rescue Workers. He is adjutant and divisional officer, having charge of the district of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

Family Has Served God.

He comes of a family who have spent their lives in furthering the cause of Christ. His mother, Mrs. Mary S. Ransom, 234 Kempton street, New Bedford, is an ordained Advent minister. His grandfather, Rev. William T. Faunce, was for many years pastor of the Christian church of Mattapoisett.

Abiding, unshakable faith has been always the mainstay of Mr. Ransom, taught by his mother. He was born in Mattapoisett, and when he was four years old his mother became widowed.



FAVORS GOOD CLEAN SPORT LIKE BASEBALL
AS AGAINST DICE DOWN THE ALLEY

"This may sound like a miracle," said Mr. Ransom in telling why his faith in the ultimate right outcome of things is so great, "but it is true. I distinctly remember at least twice, when my mother in her faith has placed nothing on the table but bare plates, and she and I have sat down to eat.

"Each time a neighbor has brought in a basket of food and said, for some unknown reason he could not eat until he had shared his meal. Do you wonder I have faith? I could tell of many such apparent miracles."

A doctrine of his to which he strictly holds is to keep the body awake. "We must keep out of that lazy feeling, which settles on the best of us if we don't keep busy," he said.

His baseball record as well as his works for religion proves he lives up to that motto. When at Duxbury, where his mother moved when he was still a youth, he was one of the stars of the Duxbury High school team. Later, for several years, he was a player on the Brookline town team, a top-notch amateur aggregation.

Allows No Betting.

From there he returned to this vicinity and was for years manager of the old Casket Factory team of New Bedford. Now he gives much of his time to making the Atlas Tack nine the speedy team it is.

Clean baseball, and baseball for baseball's sake is his belief. Betting on games he is strictly against, and will not permit it among his players. Aside from the moral wrong he believes it pollutes the sport.

In some games in Fairhaven this year Mr. Ransom has announced before the playing that bets on the game would not be permitted, and the law against betting would be strictly enforced. And his mandate would hold weight, as in Fairhaven he has the authority to arrest. For this man of myriad activities for good has yet another mode of keeping his fellowmen from the ways of evil, as he is a special police officer of Fairhaven.

MEDAL GOES TO HAWAIIAN YOUTH

Robert F. K. Lock Wins Manufacturers' Award at Textile School

President Hatch at Graduation Says Most Successful Year Has Just Closed

The graduation exercises of the New Bedford State Textile school were held last evening when the hall in the school was fairly well filled with relatives and friends of the graduates. The Olympia Studio orchestra furnished music, the opening address was made by William E. Hatch, president of the board of trustees, Frank W. Wright, deputy commissioner of education of Massachusetts made an address, the presentation of diplomas and certificates to the graduates of the day and evening classes was made by President Hatch, and James Thomson, vice president of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers, presented the Manufacturers' bronze medal to the student in the school winning the highest honors in the general course.



—Photo by Brown Studio.
Robert F. K. Lock,
Winner of the Thomson Medal.
June 16, 1920
The medal this year goes to Robert F. K. Lock of Hawaii, who not only stood the highest in the course, but for the three years he has been at the school has never been tardy or absent a single session.

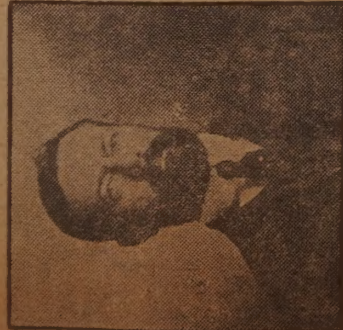
NEW BEDFORD HIGH SCHOOL UNIT R. O. T. C. AT DEVENS



Left to Right, Upper Row—William Oothout, Joseph Koluch, Crawford Bolton, Richard Janson, Richard Margeson, Edward Foster, Roland Donaghy, Everett Tunnel, Francis McDevitt, Milton Silvia, Fred McDevitt, John Sullivan, John Buckley, Milton Handford, Gordon Ferguson, Paul Hayden, Charles McKenzie, Clarence Geddis, Henry Martin. Kneeling in Front Row—Henry Viera, Israel Levine, Paul Senft, Courtland Palmer, Ralphus Sweatus, Milton Merchant.

SAMUEL T. REX
PASSES AWAY
Was Long an Active Worker in Old People's Party

Five Times a City Councilman—An Active Odd Fellow



Samuel T. Rex.

ing at his home, 183 Allen street, following a long period of illness.

Mr. Rex was born in Strood, Kent County, England, December 16, 1855, the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Rex. In early manhood he came to the United States with his parents, living first in Westerly, R. I., and later in Quincy, Mass. Coming to New Bedford in 1884, Mr. Rex purchased the Swifthin Brothers business. On that site he founded the Rex monumental works, introducing a new business into the city, the making of monuments instead of importing them, and a great deal of the most artistic and most beautiful work in the cemeteries stands as a permanent memorial to him.

An active worker in the old people's party, Mr. Rex served in the Common Council on the party in 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908 and 1910 and the same sterling integrity which characterized all his business dealings marked his period of service to the city, earning for him the enviable title of the "honest politician."

A member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Mr. Rex manifested a deep interest in the order, serving as noble grand, district deputy, grand master, and grand patriarch of the Grand Central lodge, No. 1, of the city.

He was married to Mrs. Harriet E. Rex, nee Brown, and they had a son, Mr. Rexford F. Chase, and a daughter, Mrs. Mary W. Chase. Mr. Rex was a member of the First Baptist church, and a brother of John Rex of New Bedford. The funeral will be held from his home Thursday afternoon at 2.30.

New Bedford Doctor Returns Home After Course in New York
Sept. 23, 1920



Dr. Rousseau.

Dr. Wilfred J. Rousseau, formerly an interne at St. Luke's hospital, has completed his post graduate course at the Polytechnic hospital in New York city and has arrived home in this city, where he will open an office for practice.

Dr. Rousseau is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Odell Rousseau of New Bedford. His father is president of the supreme council of Sharpshooters here. Dr. Rousseau began his education at the St. Hyacinth parochial school. Later, he entered the College of the Assumption at Worcester, pursuing a classical course subsequently at the Valleyfield college, P. Q. He graduated from the Tufts medical college in 1919, then taking a post graduate course in the New York hospital. He is a member of the Phi Chi Medical Fraternity of Boston, and the Louis Pasteur club of Boston.

SEEN FROM BRIDGE, FAIRHAVEN'S TOWERS

LOOM ABOVE FOREST OF LIVING GREEN

July 25, 1920



sketch by Bailey - 1920
View of Fair Haven - Mass.

Leaves City After July 5 '20 Nine Years Spent in Public Health Work



Mrs. Jessie M. Smith.

Mrs. Jessie M. Smith, who will engage in Red Cross public health work in the great northwest. Mrs. Smith leaves New Bedford after nine years and a half as superintendent of the Instructive Nursing association.

Above a bank of living green,
The steeples of Fairhaven rise
And thrust their red-tiled turret tops
Against the blue of summer skies;
While, mirrored in the restless tides,
That wash the wharves, all weather—grey,
They cheer the hearts of sailor-men,
A-headin' on the homeward way.

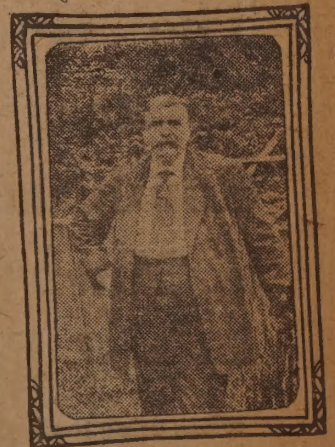
—BILL HAWKINS.

Z. W. Pease's New Fairhaven Home Sept 13, 1920 Is Almost Ready for Occupancy



Z. W. Pease's new home on Fort street, Fairhaven, is one of the most attractive in design and location of the many new building projects the town across the river.

Drops Dead While Working Aug. 5, 1920 at His Forge



John N. Mercer, an employee of the Morse Twist Drill & Machine company, dropped dead while at work yesterday afternoon about 2 o'clock. He worked at the forge in the blacksmith shop, and was apparently in his usual health, eating dinner as usual and a few minutes before he was talking and laughing with his fellow employees. Mr. Mercer had worked for the Morse Twist Drill & Machine company several years, and lived at 121 Rodney street.

Very shortly after Mr. Mercer's death, his widow was presented with a check for \$1000 under a group insurance held by the company and protecting its employees' families in amounts based on the term of service of the employee.

July 25, 20



Upper left—Chairman William P. Covell and George H. Cushing, of the Park Board, and Supt. Everett B. Sherman. Upper right—Jack Whiteside testing out the new green. In centre—Committee in charge of the games. Lower picture—Match game in progress between ardent followers of the "Jack".

MAYOR WINS AT BOWLING

City Executive Attends Public Opening of Green and Captures Game

North Enders Beat South End Men at Revival of Ancient Sport

Bowling on the green sward in true old English fashion again became firmly established in New Bedford, when the new public bowling green at Hazelwood park was officially opened

by Mayor Ashley and other city and state officials yesterday afternoon. Mayor Ashley proved himself readily adaptable to bowling and in the opening game won four of the six ends played with John Whiteside, chairman of the committee on arrangements.

Among those who attended the official opening and witnessed Mayor Ashley's triumph were Senator John Halliwell, Representative E. H. Howland and Councilman Samuel Higginbottom. Everett B. Sherman, superintendent of parks, who has been instrumental in obtaining the public green, and the members of the park board were present also. Edward G. Davis, who has had direct charge of constructing the green received high praise from both the officials and the players.

The green, situated in the north-eastern corner of the park, was in ideal condition for the day's bowling, the smooth, closely cut grass forming an excellent lawn for gauging the play. The limits of the green were

decorated for the opening with American and British flags.

Richard Woodacre won the special game, featuring the afternoon play, from Walter Briggs. The north end bowler took 15 ends to the south end contender's 11.

The north end bowlers won in the total scoring in the games between the two districts by a score of 67 to 61. The north end men scored heavily in the singles, taking all four events, while the south end players won the two games of doubles.

The individual scoring follows:

Singles.

North End.	South End.
Baines 11	J. Pye 10
Counsel 11	J. Grundy 6
F. Roberts 11	W. Grundy 2
J. Woodward 11	J. Robinson 2

Doubles.

T. Cross, R. Wilson 7	L. Yates, J. Whitehead 15
J. Roberts, C. Haworth 1	L. Kenyon, J. Whittaker 15

After the games that had been arranged for as part of the day's program were finished, the green was thrown open to the public. It met with a ready response from a large number of bowlers. Throughout the remainder of the afternoon the green was crowded, at times there having been eight games in progress.

Although bowling is primarily a game for the participants, there was a good attendance of spectators. The crowd remained after the opening and seemed to enjoy the impetus given bowling by the establishment of a public green.

President of Merchants National Bank Rounds Out Half Century with Institution

Aug 22, 1920



Henry Carroll Wright Mosher, president of the Merchants National bank, today completes half a century's service with that institution. He has held the position of president for 21 of his 50 years in the bank's employ, being elected to that office by the board of directors in 1899, following the death of President Gilbert Allen. He is the bank's fifth president.

Mr. Mosher was born in New Bedford Aug. 12, 1845, the youngest son and tenth child of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Mosher. After spending seven years in this city, he was taken by his parents to their farm. He was educated in the Fairhaven public schools, finishing with graduation from High school. Later he pursued courses of study in Comer's Commercial college in Boston. He began his business career as a clerk with Wood, Brightman & Co., tin-smiths, remaining with that firm for six years, 1864-1870. He became a clerk in the employ of the Merchants National bank in August, 1870.

After three years in the clerical position, he was advanced to the post of teller, remaining at that desk 12 years. In 1885, he became assistant cashier with Peleg C. Howland, who had been cashier for 27 years. One month later, Mr. Howland died, and Mr. Mosher was made cashier. He continued in that position for about

14 years until early in the year 1899, when the death of the president, Gilbert Allen, created a vacancy in the executive office which was filled by Mr. Mosher's election.

Mr. Mosher's rise from clerk to president was rapid and in its course, he held every position upon merit and rose to a higher one upon natural selection. In addition to his bank responsibilities, he is a director of the Kilburn and Grinnell mills in this city, the Borden City mill of Fall River, and the New Bedford and Agawam Finishing company of East Wareham. He is a member of Star in the East lodge, A. F. & A. M.; Adoniram Chapter, Royal Arch Masons; New Bedford Council, Royal and Select Masters, and Sutton Commandery, Knights Templar.

On July 17, 1869, Mr. Mosher married Evelyn E. Gerrish of Fairhaven. He has one daughter and one son, Grace Matilda and Harry Gerrish.

Mr. Mosher's term as executive covers a period of 21 years of the bank's greatest expansion and prosperity, marked by its removal to the handsome building at the corner of William and Purchase streets, which is the bank's fourth and present home. As head of this old and substantial institution, he occupies a position of importance in the financial world which he has proved himself worthy to fill and under his guiding hand the best standards of banking law and customs are fully maintained.

City's New Insect Sprayer Shoots Into the Highest of Trees

July 7, 1920



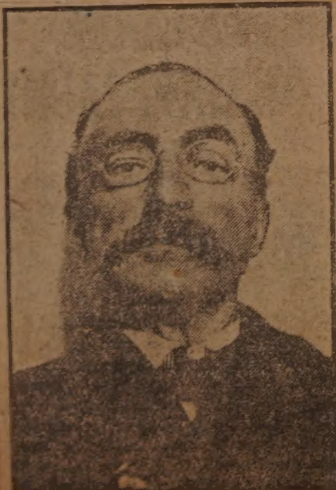
City foresters are now busy spraying trees to kill insect pests. They are aided this year by a new and more powerful sprayer which forces the solution over the highest city tree. It is pictured here at work on County street, near Elm.

VAS VETERAN 10/11/20 OF CIVIL WAR

Edward F. Jennings Died at Soldiers' Home—Was First Driver of Patrol Wagon in This City

Edward F. Jennings, a veteran of the Civil war and of the New Bedford police department, died Saturday in the Old Soldiers Home at Chelsea, Mass. He was in his 81st year. A week ago he suffered a shock and has declined rapidly.

Mr. Jennings, for 15 years, drove the police patrol, when it was a horse-drawn vehicle, his service as driver



Edward F. Jennings.

of the "hurry-up" beginning when the city purchased a vehicle of this type. A good part of his service was on night duty, when the riding to the station house was heaviest, and he kept up the work until February, 1906, when he resigned from the department.

Mr. Jennings was a native of this city, and was educated in the public schools here. At the outbreak of the Civil war, Mr. Jennings enlisted in Company D, 22d Massachusetts Infantry, under Captain Samuel C. Hart. On December 1, 1863, he was honorably discharged, and immediately re-enlisted, serving until June 17, 1865, when he was mustered out at Worcester.

He then returned to this city, where he engaged at his occupation of teamer. In 1887, he was appointed to the police force, by Mayor Alanson Borden, serving as patrolman on the force for five and a half years. Of this time, all but one year was spent on

the depot beat. Under Mayor Wilson, Mr. Jennings resigned from the department again going into the teaming business, working for himself, for a little over a year, and then entering the employment of the street department, where he remained for eight years.

In 1891, during Mayor Charles S. Ashley's second term in office, Mr. Jennings was appointed to the police barn, where he remained until 1906, when he retired from active service. He was employed before there was any horse or patrol wagon in the barn, but became driver of the wagon when it was first secured.

In addition to his service as a policeman, Mr. Jennings was in 1884 and '85, a call man on the fire department, as a member of Ladder 1. He was a member of the New Bedford Police association.

A daughter, Mrs. Frank J. Dufrane, 30 Liberty street, survives. The funeral will be held at her home at 3:30 o'clock Wednesday. Burial will be in Peckham West cemetery.

MANSION HOUSE CHANGED OVER

Aug 22, 1920

Lower Front to Be Ripped Out and Three Stores to Be Brought Out to Prop- erty Line

Extensive changes are to be made in the old Mansion House, once termed the oldest hotel in New Bedford, but in recent years turned into a boarding house. The property has been acquired by Roger T. Fay and the new owner is making changes to utilize this desirable location in a more advantageous way. The lower portion of the Union street front is to be ripped out and there are to be three stores brought out to the property line on Union street. This will do away with the present piazza stretching along the front of the house and also the present Union street entrance to the second floor. There will be a new entrance on Second street, just north of the corner store. Each of the new stores is to have an eighteen foot frontage and the depth will be forty feet, the depth made possible by the addition of fifteen feet on the south side of the building. There will be some exterior changes on the first floor front to make it more accessible. The new stores will have plate glass fronts with prism glass over the plate glass. Labrode & Bullard furnished the plans for the changes.

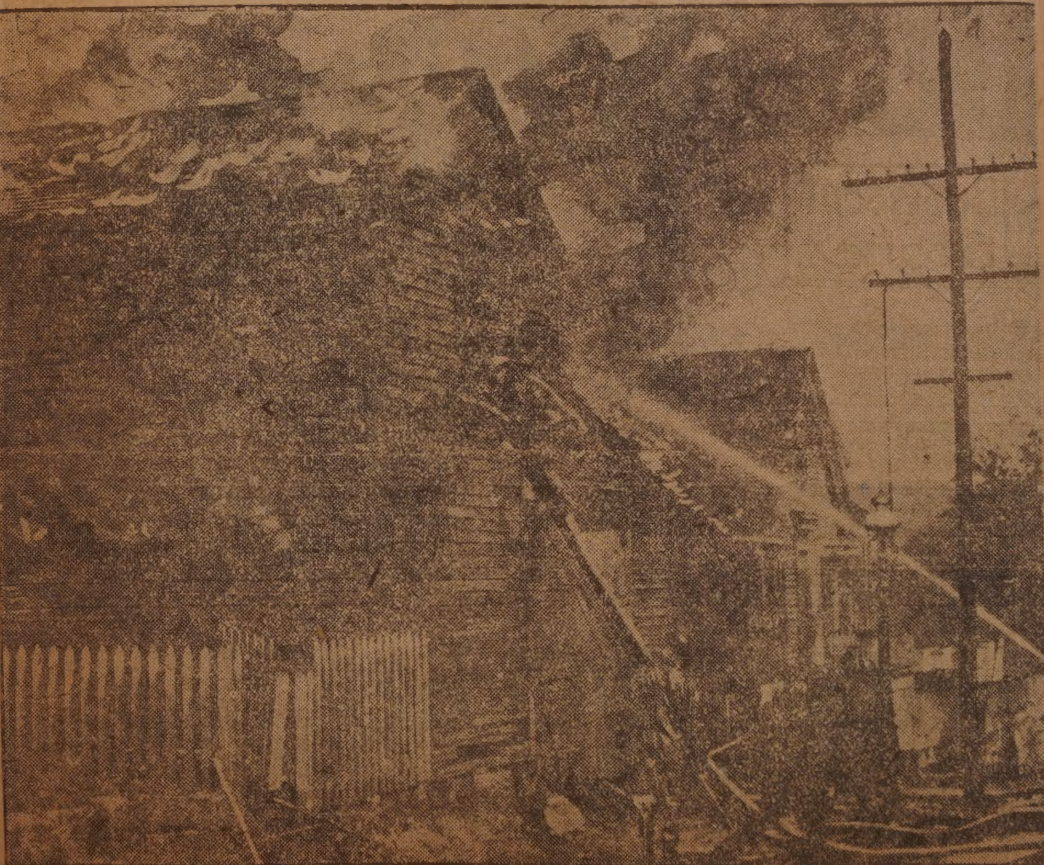
In the rear of the Mansion House, on a portion of the property acquired by Mr. Fay, the work will be completed in about three weeks in the construction of a two story garage and storehouse which Mr. Fay has leased to the New England Telephone & Telegraph company for a period of years. The garage and storehouse entrances will be on Bethel street.

REMODELING FRONT OF OLD MANSION HOUSE



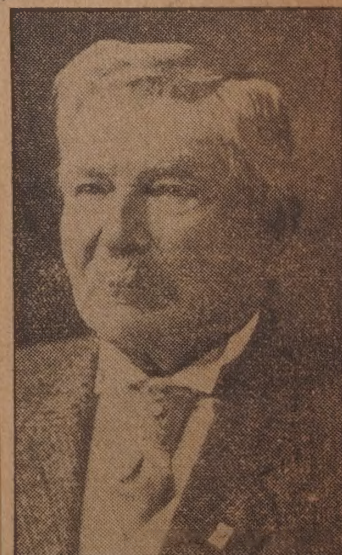
BARN WHERE HOT BLAZE STARTED YESTERDAY

Oct. 20, 1920



Firemen fighting fire which started in a barn on High street, near Second, yesterday afternoon, destroying two horses; spreading to a neighborhood dwelling, and at its height threatening the whole neighborhood.

Marine Artist Who Celebrated Golden Wedding



Mr. Charles S. Raleigh. 1920.

Charles S. Raleigh, widely-known marine artist, and Mrs. Raleigh celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at their home in Bourne Wednesday evening. Many friends were present to partake of the open hospitality of the couple, a general invitation having been extended. Although 90 years old, Mr. Raleigh is in excellent health.

ST. JAMES' BURNS ITS MORTGAGE

Great Rejoicing at Father Noon's Parish—July 4th Celebration

Addresses by Mgr. Cassidy, Congressman Walsh and Others

Fitting indeed that on the anniversary of the very day of the birth of the document that declared this country's independence, the debt that held St. James Roman Catholic church in bondage was wiped out with the burning of the mortgage.

Rejoicing was universal and unrestrained as the large group of parishioners who filled the convent grounds Sunday, witnessed the exercises of which the mortgage burning was an important and impressive part. As Father Henry J. Noon, pastor of the church, stood in front of the speaker's stand and touched a match to the mortgage and notes in an urn, Joseph P. Kennedy, the presiding officer called:

"Three cheers for Father Noon and the mortgage we are bidding goodbye to!" And cheer they did, heartily and sincerely, everybody; then the band played the Star Spangled Banner.

The program of exercises included a band concert, congratulatory speeches by Rt. Rev. Monsignor James E. Cassidy, vicar general of the diocese; Congressman Joseph Walsh, and others; and a finely-executed drill by the degree team of Hyacinth Circle No. 7, Daughters of Isabella, under command of Miss Nellie Quinn.

Gray's band gave a half-hour concert, beginning at 2:30; and at 3 o'clock Father Noon called the hearing to order, and introduced Joseph P. Kennedy as the presiding officer.

"There are so many good speakers scheduled for this afternoon," said Mr. Kennedy, "that I know you do not want to listen to me. I have, however, some very interesting figures to give you. In this drive Father Noon has raised \$40,288; and the number of contributors is 1216. Since he has been our pastor, between six and seven years, he has raised over \$226,000. He has paid off \$87,000 indebtedness on the parish property, and paid in interest over \$16,000; beside which he has spent for new work and improvements over \$71,000. I know that you will agree with me that one of the first things that ought to be done in the future is to make the house in which he and his curates live comparable with the rest of the church property."

After eulogizing Father Noon and his curates, Mr. Kennedy continued: "I should be untrue to you if I did not say that one of the greatest bulwarks of our church has been the parochial school conducted by our most worthy nuns. We cannot do too much for the faithful sisters."

The Daughters of Isabella degree team, 25 in number, then gave their exhibition of drilling, being frequently applauded for the precision with which they executed the complicated marching movements.

The young women who took part were: Miss Nellie Quinn, Miss Bride Shortell, Miss Anna Riley, Miss Catherine Dorgan, Miss Eleanor Hoye, Miss Alice Ryan, Miss Mary Gleason, Miss Elizabeth Foster, Miss Helen Hughes, Miss Alice Martin, Miss Claire Sullivan, Miss Mary Leonard, Miss Mary Corey, Miss Alice Sheerin, Miss Rose Payne, Miss Teresa Sullivan, Miss Irene Sullivan, Miss Margaret McQuade, Miss Helen Fredette, Miss Kathrine Burke, Miss Helen Meade, Miss Mollie Flanagan, Miss Catherine Savage, Miss Mary Hoyle, Miss Gertrude Winsper.

The girls were nattily uniformed in white suits with middie blouses, black velvet caps and black ties.

Monsignor Cassidy, who was introduced as the last speaker of the afternoon, said, when introduced: "I feel like a race horse that comes in last. You are always able to sum up his ability. I hope that the Lord, on Judgment Day, will support all the good things that have been said about these gentlemen and myself."

"I wonder, since the census was reported, why you wanted anybody

When St. James's Burned Its Mortgage



Top Row, Left to Right—John Hannigan, one of the speakers; Rt. Rev. Monsignor James E. Cassidy; Congressman Joseph Walsh. Bottom Row—Rev. Henry J. Noon placing the mortgage in the urn, Father Cassidy standing at his side and Andrew P. Doyle in the rear. At Right—Joseph P. Kennedy, who presided at the exercises.

from Fall River here. I am here primarily as representing the bishop of this diocese, to congratulate the people of this parish upon their wonderful parochial work; and I am also here truly as a good friend of your better pastor, to rejoice with you upon this glad day.

"I remember well the first time I came to St. James, on a cold, stormy night, to address the Holy Name society. At that time there was only a church basement, covered over, awaiting the church's completion. Now it is my good fortune, in a comparatively few years, to view this beautiful church, and to rejoice with you at its completion and the payment of the debt upon it.

"In accomplishing this work, you have measured up to the task set for every good Catholic. Religion is worth what it costs, and if it costs you nothing, it is worth nothing. Many of the large works in this country are creating a spirit of pauperism. Where we are paying for our religion with our hard-earned dollars, it is worth a great deal.

"Today we are celebrating the great national holiday, and we look with pride upon the Stars and Stripes, which were carried victoriously over the seas. We know the price that was paid for the victory won, and that men did not hesitate to lay down their lives for love of that flag. A high price has been paid for it, in '76, in 1812, in the 40's, in the 50's, in the 90's, and in the recent war. Men and women thought it worth while to pay a price for its upholding.

"So it will be the churches, both Catholic and Protestant. When they begin to regret the price they pay for the cross of Christ, their love will

begin to dwindle.

"This great country cannot live without religion and morality. We have heard of great destruction wrought upon the churches of the Old World during the war; but there has been an overturn in civil life compared to which the damage to the churches is immaterial. We have our troubles in this country also, and they will never be settled except upon the principle laid down by God in His Commandments. The League of the Nations with the heart of God—that is what you are supporting in your work here."

In conclusion, Monsignor Cassidy expressed the wish that the parish would proceed onward to higher and better things.

Congressman Walsh said there were few more important days in the history of a parish than the day when the people and their pastor could realize that all the debt upon the parish property had been cleared. "What a wonderful thing it is to hand these young men and women," he said, "this wonderful edifice and the surrounding property; and for them to know that all the debts of a worldly character have been paid."

"You are entitled to great credit. But above all, the greatest credit belongs to our beloved pastor and his corps of assistants, for so guiding you in a spiritual way that you realize your religion is more than a passing incident in your life. How fitting that you should celebrate upon this great day the wiping out of a burden of debt that has been resting upon the parish for many years! I know that you will be inspired to rise to better and nobler things, when the occasion demands."

"Every one of us is richer for having donated toward wiping out the church debt," declared Thomas P. Payne. "A few months ago, it looked like a big task; but our pastor made that \$30,000 look like thirty cents."

"We are pleased," said John Hannigan, "to see our pastor, in all his glory, about to burn the mortgages. It was a dear legacy left to him by our never-to-be-forgotten Father Clark, and we have dedicated this beautiful edifice in memory of our dead pastor."

"July 4th is the day upon which we were given our freedom as a nation. But today it means more to us. This is the day upon which we become independent of the banks, the day we dedicate this church, free from all bonds, as a tribute to God. I hope that Father Noon will live long enough to enjoy the fruits of his labor, and that his noble assistants will stay with him and give him the same assistance they have in the past."

"I was honored by being allowed to attend St. Mary's school," said James A. Adams, "and anything have done or tried to do, I can attribute to the training I received there. It is one of the greatest privileges of my life to see this day."

Samuel F. Winsper, the next speaker, spoke in humorous vein, averring that he had prepared an address which would require three hours for its delivery, but that Father Noon had insisted that he could have in three minutes, and that thirty seconds would be preferable.

"I believe we are all proud that we are members of St. James' parish," said Representative Andrew P. Doyle.

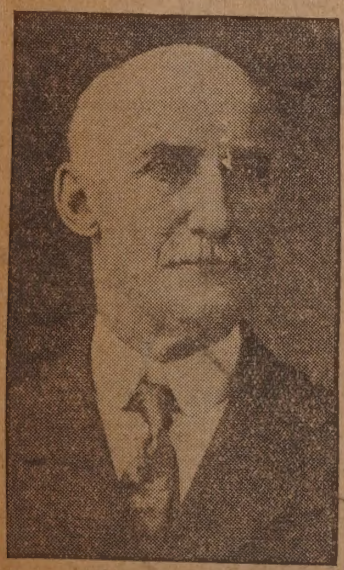
are still prouder that we have
a magnificent, saintly man as
Father Noon for our pastor. We are
prouder of him and his work
than of the work we have accom-
plished in clearing this parish of debt.
"Our pastor has some other pro-
jects that are dear to his heart, in
the accomplishment of which we will
stand behind him. We trust that the
decoration of the interior of the
church, a parish hall such as he
wants, and the purpose for which he
bought the land on the corner, will
become accomplished facts."
Miss Gertrude Delaney, who was
called upon to speak in behalf of
the women workers, spoke in eulogy
of the leadership of Father Noon, de-
claring that it was his Christian
vision that enabled the people of the
parish to experience such a day of
rejoicing.
In addition to the speakers, Mr.
Kennedy made especial mention of
the efficient services of John Camp-
bell, Henry Kerwin, Dennis Welch and
Aloysius Westby, during the drive for
the fund.

H. C. DENISON DIES AT 79

Had Been Long Conspicuous
in Business Life of
City

As Alderman Figured in Fa-
mous All Night Session
Oct 18, of 1897 1920.

Henry C. Denison died Sunday af-
ternoon at his residence, 160 Cottage
street, following a period of ill health
of nearly a year. During that time,
until a few weeks ago, he had been
able to go driving. He was 79 years
of age. For many years he was one



Henry C. Denison.

of the most active men in the busi-
ness life of the city.

Born in Vermont.

Henry Clay Denison was born in
Hartland, Vt., May 18, 1841, the son
of Daniel and Pamela Lathrop
(Head) Denison. An older brother,
the late John H. Denison, was the first
to come to this city, coming to New
Bedford in 1852 to enter the employ
of Shaw & Whitridge, in the grain busi-
ness. In 1858 the late John H. Deni-
son established a flourish mill at
the corner of School and South Water
streets, conducting it with success. In
1864 there entered the business as
partners Henry C. Denison and Bur-

MASONS BECOME YACHTSMEN ON CRUISE

June 27 '20



—Photo by A. F. Packard.

Above—Masonic excursionists on the upper deck of the Frances. Centre—The outing committee, left to right, Lyman C. Bauldry, Fred W. Steele, John C. Shaw, Jr., John G. Nickerson, Miner W. Wilcox, Fred R. Fish, Channing Wilde. Below—Off for Cuttyhunk.

CAPTAIN SYLVIA ROUNDS OUT QUARTER CENTURY ON FORCE

Veteran Officer in Police Department Tells of Old-Time Crooks and Crimes and Tough Resorts in New Bedford in By-gone Days

Captain Frank W. Sylvia of the New Bedford police department tomorrow rounds out 25 years of service on the force—a quarter of a century of activity in ferreting out crime and criminals that has brought him in touch with practically all of the "bad men" of this city and many of those throughout the country. Yet his 25 years of almost constant association with the sordid and the seamy side of life has failed to take from him an inherent belief in the elemental spark of good that may be found somewhere in the worst of crooks, and he stands today as he did when he joined the force a quarter of a century ago, a staunch advocate of the policy of helping men to do better in the future rather than of punishing them for wrong done in the past.

Captain Sylvia was located by a Sunday Standard reporter while in a reminiscent mood and as he chewed his mental cud in retrospect of the 25 years drawing to a close, he went over the many "big cases" in which he has played a part. After telling of the 13 murder cases he has records of in his police diary; after enumerating his many close calls from death during the performance of his duty; after citing incident after incident of how the cunning of master crooks was matched with the cunning of the police officers; after dwelling, in short, for more than an hour upon crimes of every sort and description that have made up his thrilling and varied experience as a guardian of the safety of a city; after all that and more, Captain Sylvia concluded the interview with the remark: "But crime is most certainly diminishing every year—in New Bedford at least, and I think throughout the country. There isn't anywhere near as much doing in the way of law-breaking today as there was when I first joined the force. Crime has diminished a great deal in the last 25 years. We don't have the same number of crooks to deal with that we used to have in the old days and it is seldom indeed that we come across a criminal of the type that was only too common in this city a couple of decades ago. Many of the old rendezvous of crime have disappeared, and while there are yet many criminal resorts, The Gunboat, the Scratch House, The Gut, and many other similar places known to the police of years ago have gone for good. Yes, things have quieted down considerably."

Was Born in New Bedford.

Captain Sylvia is 54 years old, having been born in New Bedford March 18, 1868. "From cigar maker to police captain" might make a good heading for the story of his life, as the captain admits that should the day ever come when folks will all be so good that further need of a police force will be eliminated and it should become necessary for him to seek a livelihood in other fields, he would take up his old trade of cigar maker, and he believes that in that he would never be out of work. He was educated in the local public schools and was a pupil at the old Griffin street primary school, torn down many years ago and now almost forgotten. Upon finishing grammar school—which in those days was the equivalent of a high school education today—he went to work in the Fairpoint, where he remained several years. Then he learned the cigar makers' trade and worked at that some time, later opening a grocery store on Howland street.

Captain Sylvia was appointed to the police force by Mayor David L. Parker July 5, 1895, assuming his duties July 7. During his first six months, he controlled what was then known as the "Marsh" beat, along the water front from Cannon to Potomaska streets. Later he was transferred to the centre, where he has remained ever since. He is now attached to police headquarters in charge of the first night relief. He was appointed inspector Feb. 5, 1907, and captain, Feb. 26, 1916.

Francis M. Sylvia, the captain's father, was also a member of the police department, serving with the night watch in the city back in

the days before uniforms and brass buttons came into vogue. His name appears on the records of the old night watch during the years 1874 and 1875. In 1876, the date which appears on all the brass buttons now worn by patrolmen in this city, Mr. Sylvia, Sr., donned the blue coat for one year, losing his position on the force in 1877 when a change of municipal administration under the "spoils" system deprived him of his job.

Father Served in Same Station.

Captain Sylvia's father served in the same old station to which his son later became attached, even the town watch being located in the building on Second street that housed police headquarters up to two years ago. There were only nineteen men on duty days when the captain joined the force. There are more than 250 on the payroll today. Seventeen men joined the force at the same time he did, many of them have died or left the service. Of those still on duty who were on the force then are included Deputy Chief John C. Parker, Captain Harry D. Stow, Captain Daniel Deneen, Lieutenant Thomas Fay, Lieutenant Joseph B. Wing, Lieutenant William E. Roscoe, Lieutenant Frank L. Remington, Lieutenant Willis C. Underwood, Patrolman Jeremiah M. Taber, and Chief Inspector Walter Almond, who was on the force in 1893. Captain Stow completed his 25 years January first of this year. Besides these men, Lieutenant William Fowler, Lieutenant Samuel D. McLeod, Lieutenant Edward P. Doherty, Lieutenant Jeremiah McCarthy and Lieutenant James W. Savage were all together with Captain Sylvia on the central beat back in the days when he first joined the force.

"What was the closest call you ever had in the performance of duty?" the officer was asked.

"Well, they are all pretty close calls when you are required to defend yourself against a desperate crook who is fighting for his liberty," he replied.

"Were you ever injured?"

"Yes. The worst year I have seen in my service with the department was 1904. That is, as far as I was concerned. I got mixed up with some tough ones that year and I have any year since or had before. One night—I was a patrolman then—Sergeant Stow, now a captain, was after a fellow who had broken into three or four places in the west end. It was in March, I think. There was snow on the ground, just enough for the sergeant to track his man all the way down. He was blowing his whistle and I responded. The thief got into a house on Sixth street, jumped from a window and came down Walnut street. Stow fired at him, but missed. He then gained entrance into a house on First street. Stow went around one way and I the other to bottle him up. As I was making my way around, the fellow jumped from a second story window, landing on me as I was going by the fence. We went down together and as soon as we struck the ground I pulled my gun on him and told him if he moved a muscle I'd shoot.

Both Broke Bones.

"Put up your gun," he said, "I won't move, I've broken my leg." The force of his fall in throwing me to the ground had also broken my ankle and we lay there together until Stow came around and carried us both to the wagon he had summoned. He went to the hospital and they took me to the station house. I was laid up in bed five weeks that time, the only occasion when I was so hurt in line of duty that I couldn't report the next day.

"I remember the fellow's name was Joseph Monteiro. He got from five to seven years when arraigned. After he got out, he broke into another place and Stow and I got him once more—that was in 1909 after he had served his five years. He was subsequently nailed again in Taunton and as far as I know, Joe is in state's prison now. He was a tough one.

"I had just gotten out of bed and was going around on a cane when I located a murderer wanted in Provi-

Captain Frank Sylvia When He
Joined Force and as He Is Today

July 4, 1920



Captain Frank Sylvia. Small Oval—Captain Sylvia as Patrolman 25 Years Ago.

dence in the town hall at Russell's Mills.

"It was the same year that I got my nose split with a shoemaker's knife in the hands of a colored bad actor named William Witherspoon. I still carry the scar," and the captain pointed to a long, deep scar on the side of his nose. "A little bit more," and he would have gouged out my eye, which I have reason to believe he was aiming at. Witherspoon and two other colored fellows were fighting with knives about 11.30 o'clock at night. I had just got back from a raid at the head of the river. The rim of my helmet was cut off during the tussle we had obtaining our men. But we got them, all three.

"I was also given a pretty good wallop in the head once with a flying brick that came my way during a wedding one night down in The Gut."

"Hold on a minute, captain. What is this 'Gut' you talk about?"

Worst Section of City.

"That's the name that attached itself to what was once the worst section in the city, between Spring and Union street on First street. The affair was what might be called a "liquid wedding" and the refreshments were so plentiful that under their influence, a free-for-all fight soon got underway. Of course, an officer expects things of that sort some time or other during his existence, particularly when patrolling a bad beat, and I've never been so badly damaged that I couldn't be back on duty the next day, except the time I broke my ankle."

Asked what was the most amusing incident in his quarter century of police work, the captain said that the first one that came to his mind had to do with what he considered two of the biggest feet in the world. He said that one night while on duty at the central station with Lieutenant McLeod, who is still on the same shift with him, word came in that somebody was being murdered down in The Gut.

"We used to hear similar reports nearly every night when that district was in full bloom, but when we hurried

down and found a man with his ear practically severed from his head with an axe. We called Dr. Dwight, and I held a dim little light while he bandaged up the injured member. The fellow's name was John Phillips and he said that his son-in-law, Bill Otheman, was the man who had swung the axe at his head, missing by the merest fraction. Well, we knew Bill of old, and feeling sure that he couldn't have gone far, we instituted a search for him. We looked everywhere without success until we struck the bedroom. The first thing I saw by the feeble light was a pair of great big feet sticking out from under the bed. McLeod grabbed one and I the other and we pulled the other end of the feet to light and discovered big Bill Otheman. We locked him up and as I remember it, he got six months for the assault."

"My first bad assault case wasn't the pleasantest experience I've had, by a long ways. It was in September after I had joined the force. Out in the west end, Arthur Girtman had cut a woman's throat, Ellen Greenwood, I think her name was. We had quite a job getting him. I believe John I. Bryant finally landed him over in Fairhaven."

A Crook's Hangout.

"The worst resort in the whole city back in those days of my early police experience was the old Scratch House. That place was known to bums and crooks throughout the country. Hoboes from Arizona and Utah used to drift into the city and we found maps and plans of the house on them, describing how they could reach the place after coming to this city. It stood on the southwest corner of Water and School streets and was formerly the old Howland mansion, once occupied by the richest woman in the world, Hetty Green. We got a fellow named McLean there once, wanted for burglaries all over the east and middle west. He was seen stooping down in front of a saloon door and prying his way in with a jimmy. He jumped and ran when discovered and made his way in safety to the Scratch House, where we had to club him

pretty solidly to secure him. He got from three to five years. He was working with two pals.

"The nearest I guess I ever came to being killed was one night down in The Gut when four men attracted my attention. They dared me to follow them, openly declaring that they were aching for trouble. Well, I did, and when we got to a convenient dark spot they suddenly turned and rushed me. I didn't have time to draw my gun, so quick was their attack, in spite of the fact that I had been momentarily expecting it for some minutes, and I had to back up to a wall and swing my club and one fist as best I could against the four of them. They had me winded and bruised and I couldn't have held out much longer, when Lieutenant Jones arrived on the scene in the nick of time. He shot at them and with the aid of a couple of passersby we landed the quartet in cells, all much the worse for wear and tear.

"Another thrilling experience was in the old house known to the underworld as The Gunboat. That was another bad place, situated on First street, between School and Walnut. There were 18 men and one woman in the house, all drunk to the limit. About 11 o'clock I heard someone was being murdered there and away I went. I drew my gun on the gang and held the 19 of them up. One man started for the table to upset the lamp and I cracked his head with my club, still keeping my revolver on the others. The wagon and assistance soon arrived and we gathered in the whole gang.

Saves Children from Burning.

"Lieutenant McLeod and I saved three youngsters from the cabin of a burning vessel down at Merrill's wharf one bitter, cold night in the dead of winter. I remember that experience as clearly as any in my life. The bark caught fire while the three children, who were alone on board, were asleep in bed. He throw the blazing mattress out of the window and hauled the little ones to safety. I have fished four or five bodies out of the river at different times, one I recall in particular being that of a burly Negro down back of the gas works."

The captain's duties at various times have called him to many parts of New England and New York and as far south as Norfolk, Va. There are few cities or towns in New England and eastern New York that he hasn't visited from time to time.

Of his 13 murder cases, the William C. Howard one was his first in plain clothes. Others were that of Cleophas Blanchard, 52 years old, who murdered his wife at the north end in November, 1914, the Matroni barge murder, and the Faria, Broadbent, Amaral, Boisvert, Conte, Manchester, Fuller and Pina cases. He was on the case of William T. Albert, who murdered his wife, Catherine, Dec. 15, 1910. He arrested Manuel Ramos Montelro with Inspector Gendron, now deceased, in Taunton, July, 1909, for the attempted murder of Senna Cosmos Lopes and her daughter, his sweetheart, Matilda. About 6:15 o'clock in the morning of July 7, 1909, Montelro shot Mrs. Lopes in the ear, her daughter in the head and then ran up Beetle lane and attempted suicide. He failed and got to Taunton, being apprehended by Sylvia and Gendron the same day. He got from eight to twelve years in state prison.

The captain also had the distinction of once arresting Louis St. Ours, known as the human frog, when he got drunk while visiting this city with a circus.

Arrests Would Fill Book.

The arrests made by the captain at various times during his long term of service would make a book of intensely interesting reading. Almost every known crime in the calendar is included in the list. He has made arrests for the larceny of about everything from a few pounds of linguica, a horse and buggy, trolley wheels, quahog rakes, a typewriter, and a piano, to bundles of clapboards, bundles of shingles, bundles of rubbers, three whale teeth from the New Bedford Historical society, and a graphophone. Among the articles are clothing of every kind, jewelry of all sorts, cash, Turkish rugs, meat, revolvers, household furnishings, cigar case, brass pipe, valves, corks, tobacco, grapplings, camera, milk bottle, automobiles, one hen and 11 chickens, bicycles by the score, a boat, candy, rifles and cartridges, rubber tires, tools and so on through a multitudinous and heterogeneous collection.

There are also many rather odd and interesting arrests included in his diary of activities as patrolman and inspector. Besides the everyday ones such as drunkenness, disturbing the peace, larceny and assault and battery, there are those such as smuggling

and selling aguardiente, violating the postal law, concealing a graphophone and records, abandonment, passing forged checks and forgery, illegal practice of medicine and surgery, enticing to marriage, faking deaf and dumb, polygamy on complaint of third wife, assault on officer with knife, trying to pass opium concealed in figs to prison at house of correction, policy running, slaughtering cattle without a license, begging on the street, fugitive from justice, white slavery, overdriving a horse, perjury, trespass, having lottery tickets in possession and promoting a lottery, shoplifting, passing and having in possession counterfeit money, conspiring to steal, and fraudulently obtaining a signature to a written instrument. These are but a few of the interesting cases included in Captain Sylvia's diary.

Father a Forty-niner.

Captain Sylvia's father was a forty-niner and an early settler of the city. He has the distinction of having established the first bowling alleys in New Bedford. The captain is still as active and agile as in his earlier days. When Chief of Police Henry W. Mason introduced revolver target shooting for police officers, the captain rated as one of the best shots at a moving target in the department. He occupies today one of the most responsible positions on the force.

In closing, to comment on the captain's faithful service in the department, basing it on facts other than those he himself related in going over the high lights of his varied career as a police officer, he will always be remembered for his prominence in closing up The Gut as one of the worst dives in this city or elsewhere. His efforts were mainly responsible for the wiping out of that black eye to the community, for it was there that his activities as a patrolman were confined for the most part. Bad man after bad man who were making The Gut their stronghold were sent away after battles with him. Several of the worst offenders had openly boasted that they never tackled Sylvia that one of them didn't draw blood. Solidly built, the officer was a match for the best of them and if his quarter century of service has brought to the city that employed him no other result than the cleaning out of The Gut, that service was not in vain. He also put a damper on the Scratch House before his promotion, and played a big part in wiping out the Gunboat. Of course, other officers did their bit, but Captain Sylvia's record shows clash after clash with bad men in those places.

Tomorrow he starts his 26th year as a police officer with the respect and confidence of every officer who works with him and under him, and the respect and confidence of the community he serves.

Lieutenant Roscoe was born in Foxboro, but came to this city at the age of five. As a young man, he learned the glass cutting trade at the Mount Washington Glass Works which was later affiliated with the Fairpoint corporation. After serving his apprenticeship, Mr. Roscoe went to New York city and several small towns in Pennsylvania, working at the glass cutting business. Upon his return to this city he passed the civil service examinations for appointment to the police force. He was for 10 years connected with the City Guards, Co. E, M. V. M.

When he was in Pennsylvania, he enlisted in a local company of the National Guard and visited the battlefield at Gettysburg. When he joined the police department, there was little or no settlement above Weld square and Sawyer street was out in the country. He is survived by a daughter, sister and brother.

Lieutenant Roscoe was to have been on the reception committee at the Police Ball this evening.

LIEUT. ROSCOE SERVED 30 YEARS

Death of Local Policeman Who Retired Last July After Many Years of Service

Lieutenant William E. Roscoe, who retired from the local police force last July, after 30 years of service, died at his home, 691 Cottage street, late last evening at the age of 57 years, 2 months, following a long illness.

He was appointed to the police force April 11, 1890, during the regime of



Lieut. W. E. Roscoe.

Mayor Walter Clifford, was promoted sergeant in 1897 and raised to the rank of lieutenant in 1912. He was detailed to north end work during nearly the entire period of his long service.

HIGH SCHOOL HAD BIG YEAR

Landed Championship of Bristol County Inter-Scholastic Series—Team Won Nine Games and Lost Five

Winning nine games and losing five, the High School baseball nine has just ended one of the most successful seasons in the history of the school. The most important event of the year was the winning of the Bristol County Interscholastic Baseball league cup for the first time. Other teams who have won the cup are Durfee, once; and Taunton, twice.

The team also won from Holy Family High in the big game of the year by a 4 to 3 score. In this contest the County street team outplayed the Summer street nine and it was generally conceded that the better team had won. The locals split even with Attleboro and Taunton, defeated North Attleboro, Durfee and Middleboro twice, Holy Family once, and lost one game to Brockton, Textile School and Hingham.

HIGH SCHOOL HUSKIES ARE COUNTY CHAMPIONS

June 27/20



WHALING CAPTAINS ENTERTAIN ON BOARD SHIP



Oct 24, 1924

This is a photograph of a number of those who sat down Friday night to a clambake on board the whaling bark Wanderer. Seated here and there around the table are the three Edwards brothers, whaling masters; Captain Avery fifth from the left, Captain Marquand, Captain Cleveland, J. T. Coakley, Captain Tilton and Captain Harry Mandley at the extreme right. Harry Neyland, Swain School director is at the extreme left of the picture, smoking a cigar. Most of those at the rear are not whaling captains but from the mere fact that they have been aboard a whaler, have qualified for the title of "captain." Lack of clamshells is explained by the fact that most of them have been thrown overboard, or carried below by the roaches.

I. O. O. F. LODGE INSTALLATION

Pride of New Bedford M. U.
Makes Joseph Lewis
Noble Grand-



Jan. 16, 1921.
Noble Grand Joseph Lewis.

"HOME MADE" APPARATUS PRIDE OF STATION 8



Nov. 23, 1920.

ODD FELLOWS OFF FOR BOSTON AND BIG DAY

September 29, 20



New Bedford Odd Fellows parade to station to entrain for Boston and the order's great parade. Arod B. Holloway, chief marshal of the New Bedford men, is seen in the lower picture leading the way.



Comes Here as Head of Branch Office of Americanization



Arthur W. Turner.

Arthur W. Turner, branch secretary of the state department of education, division of immigration and Americanization, received his appointment Monday to assume charge of the local branch office. Mr. Turner arrived in this city this morning and will take up his new duties at once.

Since his release from the service, where Mr. Turner served on a destroyer overseas, he has been in active charge of the Red Cross work in the Charlestown navy yard. He left that work to accept the appointment to the New Bedford office.

Mr. Turner has carefully gone over the work here and compared it with results obtained in other cities and is of the opinion that New Bedford stands high on the list. No radical changes in the administration of the work here are planned by the state's new secretary. He said: "I am very much impressed with the work the two men now in charge of the office are doing and it is my intention to carry on the work along the lines which they have followed."

The new appointee seems especially well fitted for the work he is about to take up and feels that New Bedford offers a fine field for the work of the division of immigration and Americanization.

ODD FELLOWS OFF TO BOSTON

New Bedford Lodges Participate in 96th Annual Session of Their Order—Holloway Is Marshal

Headed by Chief Marshal Arod B. Holloway and the New Bedford band, members of the Vesta, Pacific and Acushnet lodges of Odd Fellows marched through the center of the city this morning on their way to the depot. Here they boarded special cars attached to the regular 8 24 express and were borne to Boston where they will take part in a monster parade which will be part of the 96th annual session of the Grand lodge, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

The marchers wore natty white caps and white shoulder sashes bearing the inscription "New Bedford Odd Fellows" and strung out in two long files behind the band. Through some misunderstanding the Canton uniform rank did not parade as a unit in full regalia, but several members were in line this morning, wearing the white cap and shoulder sash. Others left for Boston last night in the company of many other local Odd Fellows to see a degree worked and will parade today.

Governor Coolidge and high officials of the Odd Fellows will review the

WAS VETERAN OF CIVIL WAR

Daniel W. Howland Died Yesterday at Acushnet, Aged 83 Years

Served as Cabin Boy Aboard Hunchback in Blackwater Engagement

Nov. 22, 1920

Daniel W. Howland, one of the last survivors of the crew of the gunboat Hunchback, on which he served as cabin boy and steward for Captain Edmund R. Calhoun, during the historic Blackwater engagement,



Daniel W. Howland.

died at Acushnet yesterday. His home was in South Dartmouth. He was 83 years of age.

Mr. Howland was born in 1838, in Coleraine, N. C. As a free Negro, he served his apprenticeship as a tailor in Edenton, N. C. and followed this trade until recent years. Before Fort Sumter's guns were silenced and the Union forces realized the seriousness of the struggle, a Confederate unit was drilled in front of the shop where Mr. Howland worked. The young tailor was set to work making uniforms for the soldiers. Later he was turned over to the captain of a small schooner, laden with salt. This vessel was captured by the gunboat Whitehead, and Mr. Howland served the remainder of the war with the Union forces.

His most important service was on the Hunchback. It was a transformed New York "double ender" ferryboat.

The blackwater battle, which took place shortly after Mr. Howland entered the Union service in October, 1862, brought seven gunboats into action. The objective of the Union forces was to destroy the railroad bridge over the Blackwater, a tributary of the Chocoma. The Hunchback, with the Whitehead and the Barney led the attack.

When the fleet reached the hilly country along the river, Confederate forces in the hills attacked. The hills were high and the river narrow and the Confederate shots swept over the decks of all the vessels. The advantage lay so much with the attacking forces that soon the deck was cleared of Union men.

The late Thomas W. Cook of New Bedford was also a member of the crew on the Hunchback. When the two boatswains were killed Mr. Cook crawled on his stomach to the wheel house, and lying down he steered the boat safely through the volleys of the Confederates. Along with the others Mr. Howland took shelter where it could be found. Before they escaped, the Hunchback ran into the mud, and only the quick work of the crew released the boat before a Confederate detachment rushed down on them.

At the close of the Civil war, Mr. Howland came to New Bedford. He has made his home in this section since that time, and has been one of the most prominent of the Negro pop-

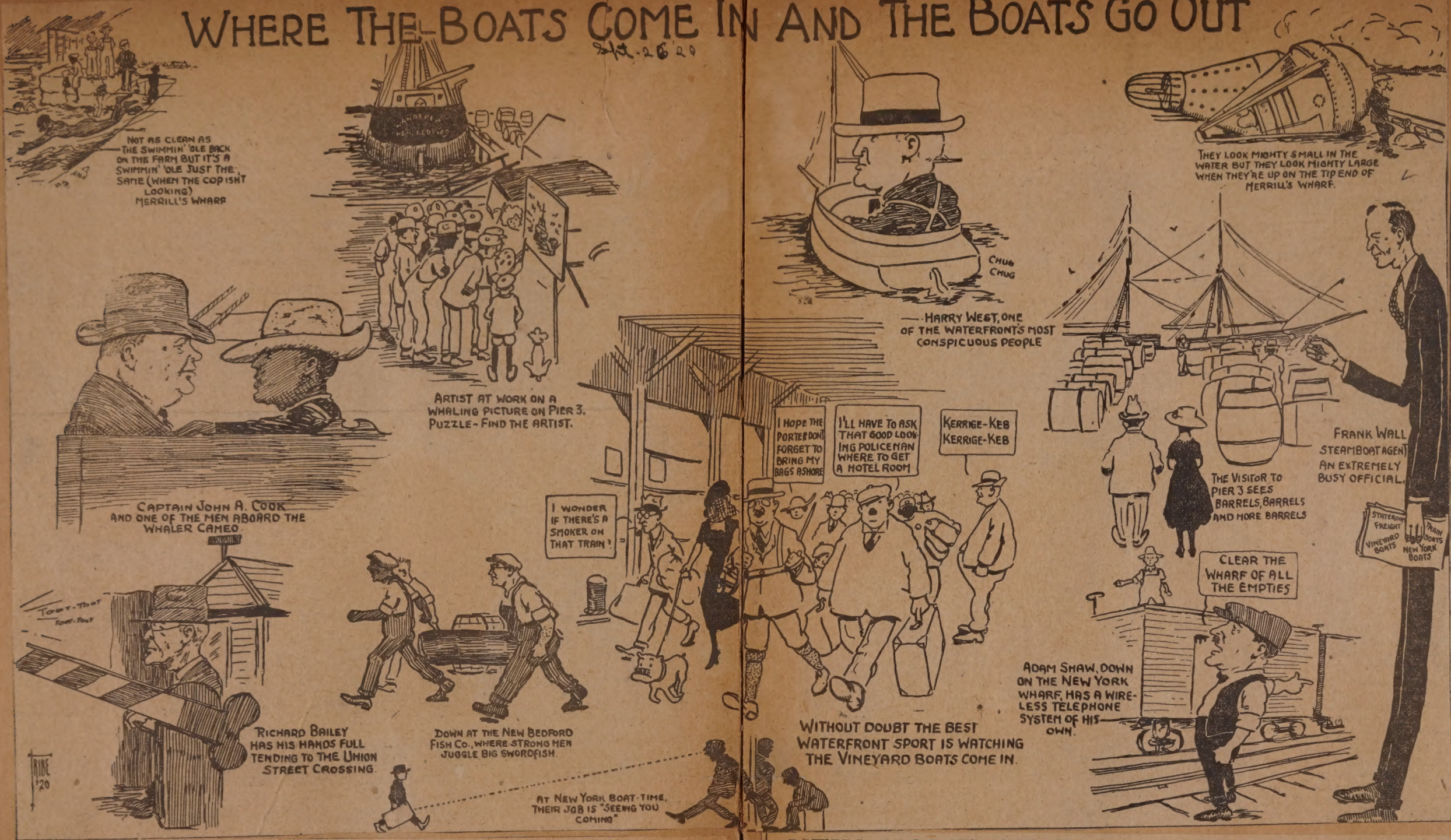
PARIS PRICES GET HIM



Barney Zeltz.

who writes home from Paris that he is being robbed by "amiable experts."

WHERE THE BOATS COME IN AND THE BOATS GO OUT



Howard W. Fowler.

A CHALLENGE TO THE YOUNG WOMEN OF AMERICA



Miss A. Louise Howland.



Group of Nurses at St. Luke's Hospital.

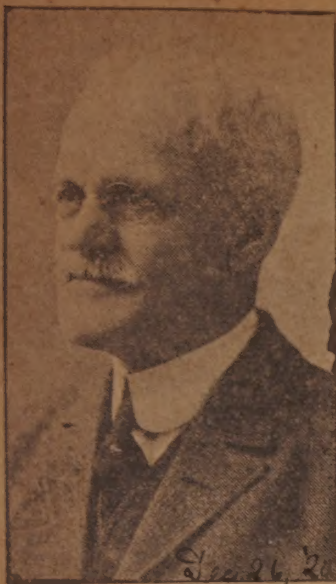
NEW HOME OF FAIRHAVEN FIRE DEPARTMENT



Under a five-year contract the Fairhaven fire department has assumed use of the new central fire house erected by E. G. Spooner, Jr., at Rotch and Washington streets. It is an all-cement structure, with a 40-foot frontage and 32 feet in depth, with three doors for apparatus. It comprises room for three pieces of apparatus, quarters for the night man and a separate room for the fire alarm system, with switches and storage batteries. Under the new arrangement the whole alarm system is located there, where previously it was partly in the Protective Society building. The alarm operates four schoolhouse bells throughout the town and a whistle at the Atlas Tack corporation factory. The apparatus there consists of chemical engine No. 1, and hook-and-ladder truck with tractor. The other equipment of the town is located at the North Fairhaven and Oxford stations. A place is also provided for meetings of Chemical company No. 1 and the hook-and-ladder company, which have ten men each. The contract under which the house was built and leased calls for yearly payments of \$5,500 to Mr. Spooner for five years, after which it is open to renewal. By the terms he is to keep the apparatus cleaned and in repair, and is to furnish a driver both day and night. Oct 24, 1920.

42 Careers Began in Same Firm,
Both Die on Christmas Day

This Picture Was Taken on
Their Golden Wedding Day



Daniel T. Devoll.



Eliot D. Stetson.

Eliot D. Stetson, who began his law practice in the office of Stetson & Greene in 1885. Daniel T. Devoll, whose first work as a member of the bar was in the office of Stetson & Greene in 1879. Both men died yesterday.

**D. T. DEVOLL
DIES AT 64**

New Bedford Lawyer Was
Active in Many Fields
of Life

Was Chairman of Acushnet
School Committee, Active
Democrat and Moose

**ELIOT STETSON
DIES OF SHOCK**

New Bedford Lawyer Did Not
Rally from Stroke Friday
Night

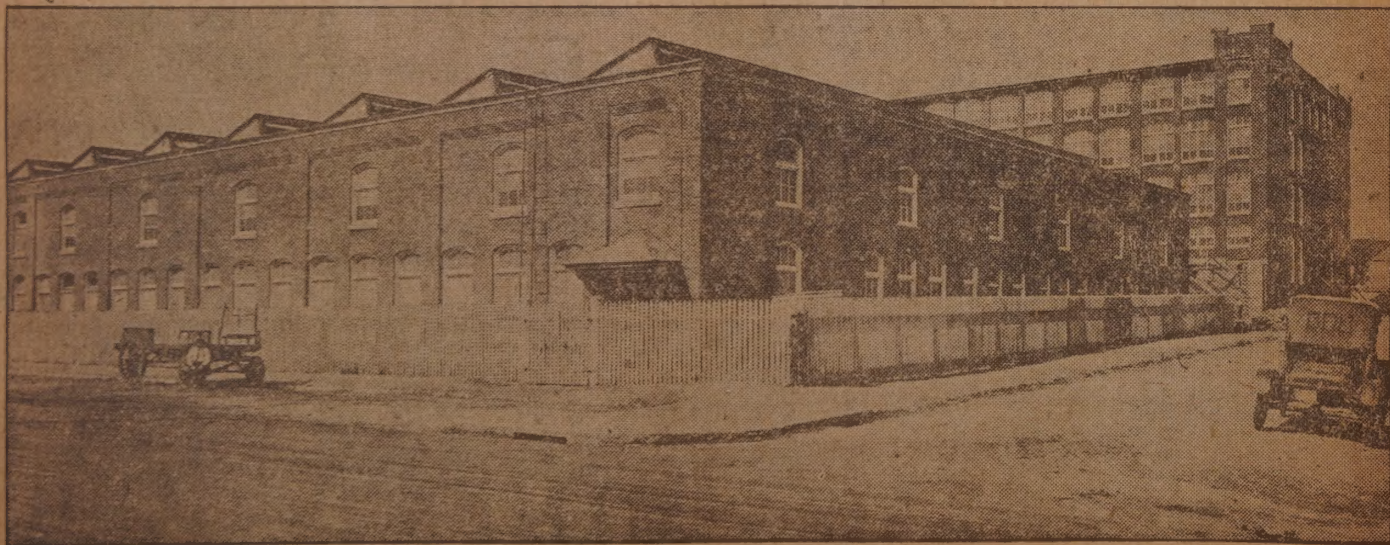
End Came Early Christmas
Morning--Had Many
Activities



Married in North Rochester, Mr. and Mrs. Obed A. Gifford of Quaker lane in that town celebrated their golden wedding anniversary November 23, having spent practically the whole half century of their married life in the vicinity of North Rochester. Mrs. Gifford was before marriage Miss Sarah C. Perkins of Rochester. Many relatives and friends attended the celebration Tuesday.

Another golden wedding was observed in Fall River this week, when on Nov. 25, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Donovan of 80 Quarry street passed the fiftieth milestone of their married life. The celebration embraced both the anniversary and Thanksgiving day.

NASHAWENA'S NEW \$1,000,000 ADDITION



The picture shows a portion of the Nashawena mill's new addition, which will materially increase the capacity of the plant. The weave shed on the Belleville avenue side of the plant has been extended slightly over 300 feet to the north, being approximately 200 feet wide and one story high. The spinning mill, which is shown in the distance, has also been extended somewhat over 300 feet, and is 100 feet wide and four stories high.

The machinery has been installed and is already in operation in the weave shed, and is rapidly being installed in the spinning mill.

A new waste house of brick and concrete is now under construction west of the spinning mill. It will be approximately 150 feet by 100 feet, four stories high, and of absolutely fireproof construction, being built of brick and concrete.

Th J. W. Bishop company is the contractor, while C. R. Makepeace of Providence is the architect.

August 9, 1920



Top, at Left—Three apartment house of Joseph Dion at the northeast corner of Glennon and Arlington streets. Right—Large cement stucco residence for Miss Ella F. Ivers at the southwest corner of Orchard and Clinton streets. Lower Left—Thirteen-room house for H. N. Quintin at the northeast corner of Mt. Pleasant and Penniman streets. Right—Residence of Daniel W. Baker at the southeast corner of County and Franklin streets.

FINE RESIDENCES ARE COMPLETED

**Some of the Newer Houses in
the North and Northwest
Part of City—More Than
Ordinarily Attractive**

The two sections of the city in which residential building has predominated this year have been the west and northwest districts, and there are a number of houses of more than ordinary attractiveness in them. Among the number is one that, while it is not a new house, has everything about it to make it a modern residence. This is the house just completed by Daniel W. Baker at the southeast corner of County and Franklin streets. Mr. Baker purchased the old Bourne house last September, one of the substantial houses in that section of the city, and during the months since then the house has been greatly altered, both inside and out, to make it an unusually attractive colonial residence. The house sets in a large lot of ground, a tract having a County street frontage of 180 feet and 260 feet on Franklin street, the lot containing 120 rods. The exterior changes include the building of dormer windows into the roof and other minor alterations, while the inside has been all done over. There were originally 12 rooms, but one of these was taken for a bathroom, of which there are now two in the house.

A new west end residence is that of Miss Ella F. Ivers, at the southwest corner of Orchard and Clinton streets. This house of cement stucco occupies one of the most desirable sites on the block, where was formerly located the brick homestead of the late Jonathan Bourne. The old brick house faced Orchard street, well back in the lot bounded by Orchard, Clinton, Maple and Cottage streets, only at that time Maple street was not cut through to Orchard street. Since that time a number of residences have been built on the square, and that of Miss Ivers is the last one. It is also the first of the number on the east half of the square. The residence of Miss Ivers faces on Clinton street to the north, and she has a large lot of ground extending to the south, so that she is utilizing a part of the old iron fence that runs along the east line of the square.

One of the new residences in the northwest part of the city is that of H. N. Quintin on the northeast corner of Mt. Pleasant and Penniman streets. This is a large white house in colonial style containing thirteen rooms with all modern conveniences. It stands on a lot that has a Mt. Pleasant frontage of 64 feet and a frontage of 53 feet on Penniman street. The house has all hardwood floors, has oak finish throughout and with numerous fireplaces both on the first and second floors. The house was planned and built by Louis Poulette. Opposite the residence of Mr. Quintin, on the northwest corner of the same streets, there is a handsome new residence building for Abraham Mendelson.

In the north end one of the new residences of unusual type is that of Joseph Dion, at the northeast corner of Glennon and Arlington streets. Plans for this house were drawn by Oscar Crapo, and it was built by Nazaire Chainay. The house has three apartments, one of eight rooms on the first floor which Mr. Dion is occupying and two tenements of four rooms each on the second floor. The house is 54x30 feet.

At 84 This Young Man Took for His Bride a Lady of 66



This is Gilbert Chassey, who the other day, at 84, took for his bride Mrs. Mary Hathaway Bliss, 66. The couple now make their home at 1005 Kempton street. The Rev. Florus Streeter, of the Howard M. E. church, performed the ceremony.

Dec. 26/1920

COUNT MAGRI DIES AT 71

Famous Dwarf, Second Husband of Mrs. Tom Thumb, Came from Italy in 1878—Planned to Return to Italy

Middleboro, Nov. 1.—Count Primo Magri, second husband of the late Mrs. Tom Thumb, and himself a famous dwarf, died at the hospital here last evening after an illness of two weeks. He was 71 years old. Two weeks ago Count Magri held an auction sale of the late Tom Thumb's effects and those of his wife.



Count Magri and "Jack" Frasier. With the proceeds he planned to return to Italy, the land of his birth, upon the advice of his physicians. Magri was 37 inches tall and weighed 55 pounds. He first appeared on an Italian stage in 1865. His success was so marked that four years later he received the title from Pope Pius IX, with an annual pension. Primo and his brother Ernest, who was 38½ inches tall came to the United States in 1878, and soon after joined the famous Barnum troupe with which they travelled for years, their



Count Magri and His Dog.

WHO CARES?—A STORY TOLD IN PICTURES

Oct. 24, 1920.



Who Cares? is the question the posters appealing for funds for the Community Welfare Fund will be asking this week. The answer will be found in the service the organizations which benefit from this fund render. These pictures suggest this service. Above (left to right) are, two nurses of the Instructive Nursing Association starting out on their rounds; a dietitian of the Family Welfare Association at work; a little patient of St. Luke's Hospital; centre, a youngster at the Day Nursery; below, left, St. Luke's; right, the City Mission.

specialty being fencing and boxing exhibitions. After Tom Thumb died in 1883 his wife continued to travel with the troupe, and two years later, while exhibiting in New York Count Primo and Thumb's widow were married, the ceremony taking place at Trinity church. Their exhibition took Count and Countess Magri to all parts of the world. They were presented to many royal heads in their travels. Among the count's performances were exhibitions before the Khedive of Egypt and the prince of Wales.

Count Magri boasted his connection with one of the oldest Italian families. He was born in Bologna. Since the death of his wife two years ago the count lived alone at his home here. So far as is known the only relative is a nephew in Boston. The funeral will be held Tuesday morning. Count Magri was a member of the Elks and the local lodge plans to take charge of the service.

Seeing How the Artist Does It

Aug. 29, 1920



Clifford W. Ashley Putting the Wanderer on Canvas.

When the whaler Wanderer, one of the best known of New Bedford's fleet of fast diminishing whaling vessels, came into port the past week and lay on the north side of City pier 3, with sails still unfurled, Clifford W. Ashley, the marine artist, lost no time setting up his easel and putting the trim vessel on canvas. Crowds along the waterfront likewise lost no time in gathering about him to watch the building of the vessel in oils. Mr. Ashley worked rapidly, lest the sails be taken down before he had completed his work.

He turned his attention from his work only when he had to ask some bystander to please move out of his range of vision of the vessel.

Mrs. Grinnell Will Succeed Mrs. Emery as Department Head



Mrs. Lawrence Grinnell.

Mrs. Lawrence Grinnell, who has served as vice chairman of the civilian relief committee, working in coordination with Mrs. Manning Emery who has resigned her chairmanship to leave the city in the fall, will succeed Mrs. Emery as head of this department of Red Cross work.

"We are all exceedingly regret Mrs. Emery's going," said Mrs. Grinnell, commenting upon the resignation of the organizer of the civilian relief here, "and I am sure we all feel that we are at loss to know just what we are going to do without her. Aside from those with whom she has worked directly in the execution of the business of the office, Mrs. Emery has made a host of friends among those whom conditions have prompted to come to her for relief, and who have found in her a sympathetic and understanding friend."

The committee has unanimously instructed the secretary to draft resolutions commending Mrs. Emery's serv-

BRIDAL PARTY AT KNOWLTON HOME IN MARION

August 22, 1920



Mr. and Mrs. James H. Lewis and the two flower girls, Miss Marlon Hutchinson at right and Miss Sylvia Knowlton at left.

MISS SYLVIA KNOWLTON WEDS JAMES A. LEWIS OF WOLLASTON

Pretty Outdoor Wedding Is Held at Marion Home, Uncle of Bride Performing Ceremony—Couple Will Make Their Home at Munson

The Marion home of Mrs. Sylvia B. Knowlton was the scene of a pretty outdoor wedding yesterday afternoon, when Miss Sylvia Prescott Knowlton, daughter of Mrs. Knowlton and the late Hosea M. Knowlton, and James H. Lewis of Wollaston, were married. The ceremony took place at 4 o'clock on the lawn between the house and the harbor, the minister standing in a background of fir trees while the wedding party faced the blue waters of the sunny harbor. It was an ideal day for an outdoor wedding and the guests scattered over the lawn made as pretty a picture as a bride might wish for. The officiating clergyman was Rev. John Clarence Lee, pastor of the Universalist church of Gloucester, an uncle of the bride.

The bride was given in marriage by her brother, Frank W. Knowlton, of Boston. She was attended by two flower girls, her nieces, Miss Sylvia Knowlton, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edward A. Knowlton of Holyoke, and Miss Marlon Hutchinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hutchinson.

The best man was Philip S. Barnes of Mount Vernon, N. Y.

The bride was gowned in flesh colored satin with panels of Venetian lace and she carried a bouquet of pale pink gladioli and white wild sweet peas. The flower girls wore white dresses and carried baskets of flowers.

Vassar Classmates Present.

The guests included many friends from New Bedford and Boston. Among those present were a group of young women classmates of the bride at Vassar. Among the number were Mrs.

James W. Fellows of Manchester, N. H., formerly Miss Marion Floyd, and a daughter of an ex-governor of New Hampshire; Mrs. W. W. Smith of Fouchkeepsie, N. Y., formerly Miss Olive Lancaster of Worcester; Mrs. Ernest Clary of Worcester, formerly Miss Marjorie Stewart of that city; Mrs. Robert Whittemore of Orange, N. J., formerly Miss Winifred Rogers of Cambridge, and the Misses Ruth and Katherine Burns of New York city.

There were present also the members of the immediate families of the bridal couple, this number including the bride's brother, Benjamin A. Knowlton, who came from Columbia, S. C., to be at the wedding; Dr. Edward A. Knowlton, another brother, and Mrs. Knowlton and their three children of Holyoke and Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Hutchinson of Newton. Members of the groom's family included his mother, Mrs. James H. Lewis of Wollaston; a brother, Carl Lewis of Wollaston; two sisters, Mrs. Marion Lewis Capon and Mrs. Raymond W. Reilly, both of Detroit, Mich., and Mrs. Helen A. Vaughan, also of Detroit, a cousin of the groom.

For the march from the house to the place where the marriage ceremony was performed the orchestra played the Bridal Chorus, and following the wedding came the reception and dancing for which music was furnished by the orchestra stationed on the piazza.

Mr. Lewis served as an ensign in the navy during the war. He is now connected with the Clinton Wright Wire company of Palmer. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis will make their home in Munson.

Leaves for Rome Shortly to Study for Priesthood



Georges Martineau.

Nov. 11, 1920.

Georges Martineau, the son of Louis J. and Christina (Riel) Martineau, of 39 Ingraham street, this city, is leaving the latter part of this month for Rome, where he is to continue his studies for the priesthood, in the school in Rome conducted by the Sacerdotal Fraternity. Mr. Martineau, now 22 years of age, has just completed a course of study of six years, at St. Joseph's seminary, at Trois Rivières, and he will spend the next seven years in Rome. Mr. Martineau is a native of Holyoke.

Speck on Tower of Fairhaven Town Hall Is Hardy Steeple Jack



Repairs to the steeple of the Fairhaven town hall have sent a steeple jack high in the air to thrill passers-by. He was caught by The Standard photographer at the peak of his job.

DR. S. W. HAYES IS DEAD AT 72

**Veteran New Bedford Physician Active in City's Life
-- Was Alderman and School Committeeman**

Dr. Stephen William Hayes died at his residence, 61 Orchard street, shortly after three o'clock yesterday afternoon. Dr. Hayes was taken with a serious heart attack about two weeks ago, since which time he had



Mr. S. Dr. S. W. Hayes, 1920.

fallen rapidly. He was 72 years of age.

Dr. Hayes had long enjoyed the esteem of being one of the leading physicians of New Bedford. He had been active in the practice of his profession for a period of fifty years.

He was born in county Cork, Ireland, July 24, 1848, the son of William and Mary Hayes. He came to this country when a child and grew up as an American citizen. He received his early education in the grade schools in New Bedford.

Later he was graduated from the High school and entered Harvard Medical school in 1867. He completed his course there in three years, being graduated in 1870, and in the same year beginning the practice of his profession in this city.

In 1871 he was named as assistant surgeon of the First regiment, Mass. National Guard, and surgeon of the Third battalion with the rank of major. While his practice was largely as a family physician he was called upon to serve in other capacities, and for many years he was one of the examining surgeons for the pension department. He became the physician in charge when St. Joseph's hospital was established in 1878, and in later years was a consulting surgeon at St. Luke's hospital. He had served as vice president of the American Medical association, as president of the South Bristol Medical society and was for long a member of the Massachusetts Medical society and of the New Bedford Medical society.

Dr. Hayes was a director in both the Pennett and the Columbia mills, now the Fairhaven mills. When the Bennett and Columbia corporations became involved in financial difficulties during the mill failures of 1897, Dr. Hayes became one of the receivers. Later in life he was a director in the Whitman mills, Fairhaven mills, Bristol Manufacturing Co., and had served as vice president and director of the Holmes Manufacturing Co.

Dr. Hayes served the community in three different offices to which he was elected by the people. He was for nine years a member of the school board. In 1872, 1873 and 1875 he was a member of the common council and during the years 1883 and 1884 he served as a member of the board of aldermen.

For many years Dr. Hayes had been interested in St. Lawrence's parish and had made many gifts to the church. It was he who presented the clock and chimies now in the tower of the church.

Dr. Hayes was twice married. He married first at Woonsocket, R. I., Sept. 16, 1882, Mary G. McCloskey. She died the following year, leaving an only child, Mary Stephanie Hayes, now the wife of Dr. Chrysostom J. Leary of this city. Dr. Hayes married again, June 6, 1917, Margaret A. Nolan. Mrs. Hayes survives her husband.

NGUA TSING JO VOTES FOR MAN

Aug 18 '20
New Bedford's Chinese Voter Has Characteristics of Missourian--He Wants to Be Shown Who's Best

Politicians who intend "delivering" the Chinese vote of New Bedford had best begin taking an inventory of their wares. For there is every indication that this part of the electorate is going to be hard to corral.

All this because Ngua Tsing Jo does not play the game in the truly accepted manner of the dyed-in-the-



Ngua Tsing Jo.

wool politicians. They have grown up with the belief that, outside of a few remarks about the freedom of the ballot a long time before election time, such and such a group would fall in line at the time of voting without so much as a second thought. Now this young cashier in a local Chinese restaurant throws a bomb shell into their peaceful camp.

And Jo has the Chinese vote of the city under his thumb. For he is the sum and substance of those of Chinese descent who will be able to take part in the fall elections here.

Jo's assertion that he is "going to vote for the man he thinks is the best" is disconcerting to the advocates of cut-and-dried political methods. He has yet to make the choice who "the best" will be. Meanwhile he is going to commit that arch heresy toward the ballot--he intends studying and thinking who is the person who will do the most good for the country.

For Jo is very insistent of his Americanization. In explanation of his ideas about his duties to vote for the one he thinks is the best man, Jo says his citizenship has not been acquired without enough effort to demonstrate his real desire for it. Jo was born in China, but his father was born in San Francisco. When the father was only a youngster his parents returned to China and took him with them. He grew up in China, married there, and raised a family of four children, one of whom was Ngua Tsing Jo. In order to retain his citizenship in the United States he was obliged to make a written report monthly and pay a personal visit to the office of the American consul in the nearest city every six months.

Jo was born in 1896 and he complied with every requirement until 1908 when he came to this country with his father.

Enrolled for Draft in China.

After spending eight years here, he returned in 1916 to China to visit his mother and brothers. While in China the war broke out, and being of military age, he enrolled for the draft through the American consul. The communication of instructions from Washington required a long time, but Jo at length received word to be available for military service at any time. It was while he was waiting for the final call to come that the armistice was signed.

He remained in China until April, 1919, when he joined his father who had meanwhile moved to New Bedford. Two of his brothers are now in this country, one in San Francisco and another in Chicago.

These varied experiences and travels have, however, been only a part of Jo's education. That is what makes the problem of the politician in dealing with the Chinese vote the more difficult. For Jo started studying in California when he first came to this country in a school run by the Congregational church. The habits of study he formed then have been continued and ever since he has devoted his time to learning all he could about the history of the United States, geography, and English.

Now his specialty is politics. He says he is going to keep his ears open wherever the discussion turns to the election and read everything bearing on the merits of various candidates that he can find.

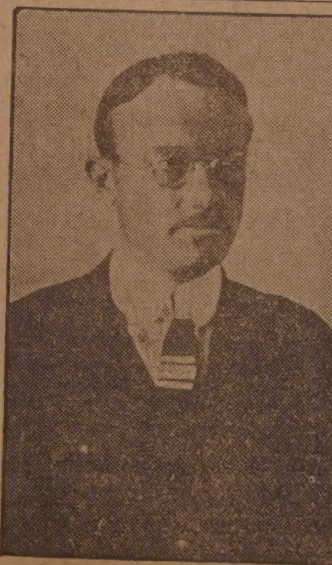
So this Chinese youth of the Missourian habit of mind stands on but one issue before the politicians, which is that they must show him reason why the Chinese vote should be cast for their candidate.

FRANCE RAPID IN RECOVERY

Aug 22 '20
Henry M. Plummer, Jr., Says Nation Is Quickly Restoring Devastated Areas

France is rapidly restoring her devastated areas but, even with the progress that has been shown in the past year, it will be a matter of several years yet before the scars of war are removed in the opinion of Henry M. Plummer, Jr., a South Dartmouth man who is at present the only American contractor employed by the French government in its reforestation work.

Mr. Plummer was in New Bedford



Henry M. Plummer, Jr.

last week on a flying visit home from France to which he returns this week.

At present he is located in the Forest of Sainte Gobain, Department of the Aisne, which was one of the largest of the French timber lands destroyed during the war.

France, according to Mr. Plummer, has taken hold of the work of reconstruction with a will and already has accomplished marvels. The labor is easy to get and does not command the high wages that are demanded in the United States. Specialized labor, however, is at a premium, particularly masons, stone-workers and carpenters. In non-specialized labor, in his own line, his workers represent 19 nationalities. In much of the work in the devastated areas the labor is not organized and the men are paid only for the actual time they work.

Wages in France Higher.
But wages in France are high, compared to before the war. In fact, Mr. Plummer said, wages have practically trebled. He pays his men about 16 francs a day, at present exchange rates about \$1.59.

His work in reforestation contracting consists of cutting down trees that have been splintered by shell fire or damaged by German occupation. All of this timber which is not merchantable for lumber is converted into firewood. The smaller trees, known as coppis, are cut level to the ground. The French reforestation system does not consist in cutting and replanting but by cutting the stumps level to the ground where the new sprouts immediately take to the soil.

Other work consists in filling in trenches in the forest and taking wood out of the dugouts. Mr. Plummer estimates the reforestation work will last five more years.

During the war Mr. Plummer served as a member of the Norton-Harjish Ambulance Service with the French army and later as a first lieutenant, Q. M. C. with the A. E. F.

As to other work of reconstruction Mr. Plummer said that the restoration of agricultural land has progressed rapidly. At the end of the war there were 21,000,000 acres of land that had been damaged. Today 14,000,000 acres have been restored. The remaining 7,000,000 will be ready for crops within a year. The soil is of chalk and the first crop does not amount to much but after the first

year it appears to bear as well as the rest of the soil.

Town reconstruction has not been as rapid as farm lands, but in the north of France some towns which were totally destroyed are now filled with new brick residences. In the agricultural districts the land was given the preference. Town reconstruction has just become the most important of the various activities in the devastated sections.

Comparison of Prices.

Prices on the whole, Mr. Plummer said, are lower than in the United States, men's clothing costing about 50 per cent of what is demanded for like articles in this country. Shoe and shirt prices are about the same. Food costs about half as much as it does in the United States. Transportation is difficult and materials are hard to obtain.

Mr. Plummer laid special emphasis on the way in which the air service has been developed along commercial lines in Europe and expressed sur-

prise that it had not developed to such an extent in the United States. He spoke of the various air stations for passengers from "Paris to London," "Paris to Nice," "Paris to Warsaw," etc.

He said also that the French people believe the Poles will successfully throw the Russians back and hold them. The French, he added, are of the opinion that Poland will emerge from her difficulties successfully within two years.

French Resent U. S. Boasters.

There is a bad feeling in France toward Americans at present, he said, due partly to the American tourists. These, he added, are visiting in France in great numbers and boasting everywhere that "America won the war." The French feel decidedly resentful at this arrogance.

"But to the American soldier the French stand ever ready to take off their hats. The American troops make a good impression on the people and as fighters they are admired."



Miss Lillie V. Hathaway, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Hathaway of 89 Campbell street, will sail for Paris next Wednesday from New York, on steamship La France. She will remain abroad for some time to continue her study of languages in foreign universities, reserving her vacations for travel and sightseeing.

Miss Hathaway was graduated from Vassar College in 1917 with the degree of B. A., her high standing in scholarship being shown by her election as a member of Phi Beta Kappa. Subsequently she took a post-graduate course at the University of Wisconsin, where she received the degree of M. A. in 1918. The following year was passed as teacher of languages at Chatham Episcopal Institute in Chatham, Virginia. Miss Hathaway was then elected to a fellowship at the University of Wisconsin, where she spent the collegiate year 1919-20 in the study of languages.

Deputy Sheriff Is Celebrating His 35th Birthday
August 20



John Parkinson.

Today is the birthday of Deputy Sheriff John Parkinson of 173 Penni-

THEY WON'T ACCEPT MILLION INHERITANCE



Nov. 26, 1920.

Here is the first picture of Charles Garland, who has refused his inheritance of a million, and his wife, who supports him in his stand.



Nov. 26, 1920.

man street, who is the court officer of third district court. Mr. Parkinson was born in Blackburn, Lancashire, England, Aug. 29, 1885. He came to the United States when 16 years old, making his home in this city, where he has since lived. For many years he conducted a barber shop at the north end, previous to his appointment as a reserve officer on the local police force. Mr. Parkinson did patrol duty from May 31, 1914, until his appointment as court officer by Judge Frank A. Miliken on Feb. 14, 1916. He took the examinations for the police force in 1908, was on the list of eligibles in 1909 and was appointed Dec. 24, 1913. His civil service rating of 84.3 percent placed him third on the list of

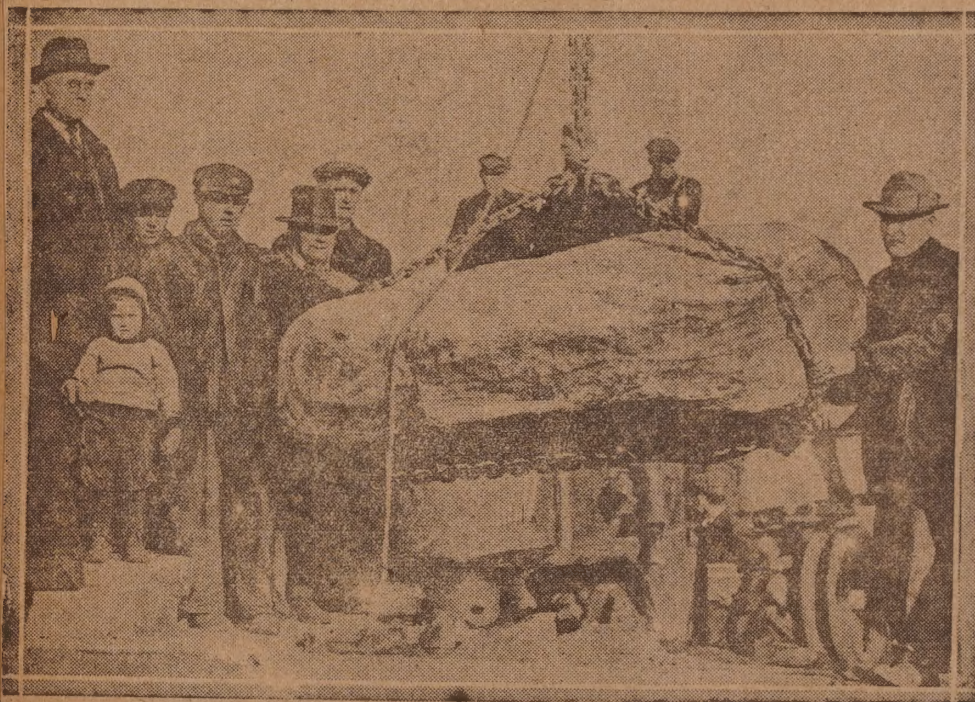
eligibles in 1912. At one time Mr. Parkinson was prominent in athletics, particularly at the north end of the city, where he was well known among the baseball and football enthusiasts. He served at one time as president of the City Soccer League and managed the old Shamrock and St. James semi-professional baseball organizations. Mr. Parkinson is a member of the Knights of Malta, Manchester Unity, I. O. O. F. and the Masons.



Above: Where James A. Garland, Jr., who accepted his share of his father's fortune lives at Bay End Farm in Buzzards Bay. Below, the home of Mrs. Marie Garland on the same estate where Charles Garland, who turned down a million, lives on his mother's bounty.

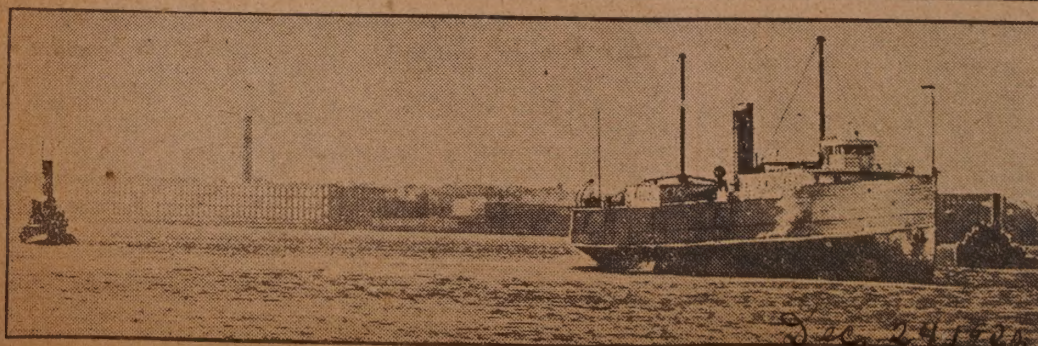
Nov. 26, 1920

SHOWING PLYMOUTH ROCK BEING MOVED



The famous Plymouth Rock being moved to a new foundation just before the opening celebration of the 300th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, at Plymouth, Mass. The little boy beside the rock is William S. Brewster, descendant in the ninth generation of Elder Brewster of Pilgrim fame. Dec. 27, 1920.

FREIGHTER GROUNDS IN FOG OFF FORT PHOENIX



Dec. 29, 1920
—Photo by A. F. Packard.

The New York-New Bedford freighter Pequonnock fast in the mud in the harbor here this morning with tugs trying to float her before the tide lowered.

DR. S. D. PERRY PASSES AWAY

Aug. 27, 1920

**Widely Known Dentist Had
Been Confined to House
for Nearly a Year---Former
Member of City Council**

Dr. Stephen D. Perry died at his residence, 62 Thomas street, last evening, following a long period of illness that had kept him confined to his home for nearly a year. He underwent an operation in March, 1917,



Dr. S. D. Perry.

and it was as result of complications following this that he had suffered.

Dr. Perry is survived by a widow, who was Miss Florence Pierce of this city, and one daughter, Ruth. He leaves also a brother, William B. Perry, of this city.

Deceased was well known through his activity in his profession as a dentist and also through his interest in city affairs. He was born in this city, Feb. 12, 1876, the son of Jabez W. and Sarah J. Perry, and had lived practically all of his life here. He attended the Maxfield street school, the Parker street school and spent two years in the High school, leaving there to go to Mosher's Preparatory school. For four years he was in a mill office in this city, leaving this employment to attend the dental school at Tufts college, graduating in 1900, since which time he had practiced his profession in this city.

Dr. Perry became interested in municipal politics and in 1906 served his first term as a member of the common council. Altogether he served four terms as a member of the lower branch of the city government. In 1918 Dr. Perry served as the president of the New Bedford Dental society, and during the last year he has been the secretary of the dental clinic, a work in which Dr. Perry was greatly interested.



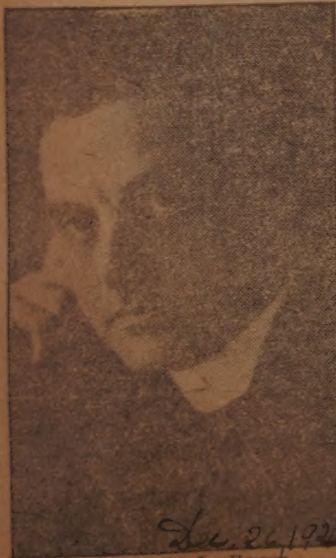
To the Voters of New Bedford: *Nov. 5, 1920.*

I have yielded to the importunities of many of our citizens and have decided to become a candidate for mayor of New Bedford.

The recent action of our present mayor in publicly announcing his absolute indifference to a candidacy and that all are at liberty to assume that he is not a candidate, has, much to my great surprise and gratification, directed a great deal of public attention toward me and I cannot help feeling that there has been a genuine and spontaneous call which I cannot ignore, for my candidacy.

My ten years connection and training with one of New Bedford's largest and most successful businesses justifies my belief, I hope, that I can successfully administer the affairs of our city in a business like and efficient manner.

New Bedford Man Accepts a Call to Church in Chicago



Dec. 26, 1920.
Rev. Harold L. Bowen.

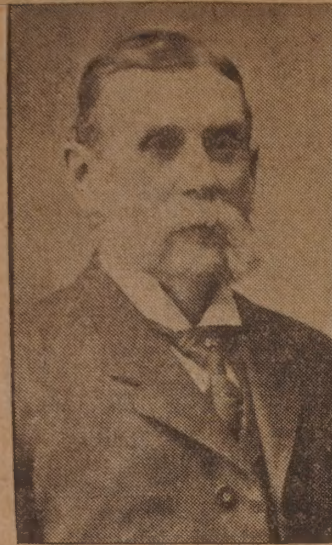
Word has just been received in this city that Rev. Harold Linwood Bowen, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Bowen of 205 Shawmut avenue, this city, for the past six years rector at the St. Paul's Episcopal church at Peoria, Ill., has accepted a call to the rectorate of St. Peter's Episcopal church in Chicago.

Rev. Mr. Bowen received his early education in New Bedford, completing the grammar school here and graduating with the class of 1904 at the New Bedford High school. Previous to his coming to the Peoria church, he held the pastorate for four years at Omaha, Neb.

St. Peter's church in Chicago is one of the four largest Episcopal churches west of the Alleghanies, having a communicant list of 1,600 members. Rev. Mr. Bowen will have two assistants in his new work, which he will assume in February.

John T. Burbank Has Attended North Christian Church for 52 Years

No. 2 in a Series of Saturday Articles About Veteran Church People.



John T. Burbank.

John T. Burbank has the record of being the oldest churchgoer among the men who attend the North Christian church, an active attendance that extends back over a period of 52 years. Mr. Burbank was born Dec. 14, 1840, and since 1855 he has been a resident of New Bedford. In 1868 Mr. Burbank was married by Rev. T. C. Moulton, then the pastor of the North Christian church, and ever since that time Mr. Burbank has continued actively connected with the church. He has been a member of the church for 20 years. Mr. Burbank is now the senior deacon of the church and is a member of the board of trustees.

While Mr. Burbank holds the record for the men attendants at this church, his record is exceeded by Mrs. Adeline A. Wordell. She is 93 years of age, and on the Sunday following her last birthday she attended church services three times. Her first membership in the denomination was during the period of activity of the Middle Street Christian society, and following that she transferred her connection to the North Christian church on Purchase street, later going back to the Middle street church when the North Christian society resumed its meetings there. Mrs. Wordell is active and about and frequently visits relatives and friends outside the city. *Oct. 16, 1920.*



Admiral Sir Allan Everett and S. C. Lowe at the War Veterans-Calcutta soccer match at Sargent field yesterday. *Dec. 9, 1920.*

For 41 Years She Has Been *Oct. 9, 1920.* Active Member of This Church

No. 1 in a series of Saturday articles about veteran church people.

One of the oldest members of the Second M. E. church in point of years is Mrs. Annie Ricketson, who became a member June 1, 1879. For 41 years she has continued her close connection with the society and work of the church.

John D. Elliot is another of the old members of the church in the number of years that he has been a loyal worker in the society. There are a number of comparatively younger people who have been members over a period of about a quarter of a century. Among these are included Joseph T. Timperley, Jr., A. Wesley Bosworth and Curtis H. Stiles.

This church counted among its members until recently Mrs. Cornelia Winslow, whose death brought to a close 79 years of continuous membership in the church.

The Second M. E. church, formerly the old Fourth Street church, stands at the head of the list in the New Bedford district of the New England Southern conference in the number of church members who are tithers, that is, those who are giving a tenth of their income toward carrying on the activities of the church.

This was the first of the existing Methodist Episcopal churches of New Bedford to come out of the old Elm street church, the forerunner of all the churches of this denomination in New Bedford. It was organized in 1831 and dedicated in 1832. While it has been a church of larger numbers than are now connected with it, the church has always held a prominent place in the extent of its activities.



Mrs. Annie Ricketson.



DRAWN
FROM OLD
PRINT.

Andrew J. Dam.
Oct. 31, 1920.

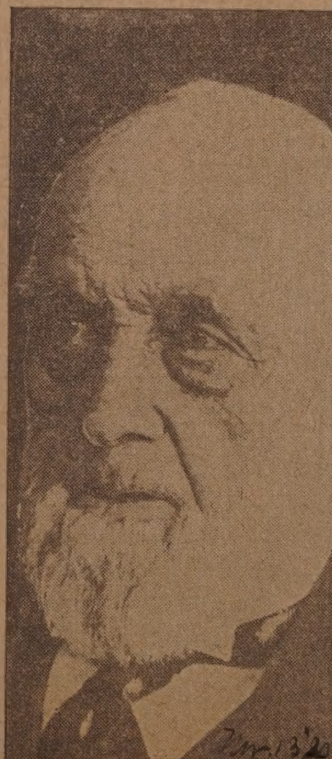
Venerable Couple Voted Together



Mr. and Mrs. William Addy of 156 Durfee street voted together at precinct eight. Mr. Addy is 79 years old. *Nov. 3, 1920.*

Once Youngest Deacon He Now Is Oldest in This Fairhaven Church

No. 6 in a Series of Saturday Articles About Veteran Church People.



Ebenezer G. Grinnell.

In 1794 the first Congregational church was established in Fairhaven. Still numbered among the members is one who attended that church when it met in the old Phoenix block at Main and Center streets. Deacon Ebenezer G. Grinnell, who was formerly the youngest deacon and is now the oldest, recalls when he was taken there by his parents. He also remembers when the church was split by dissension, with one group, in which he was included, erecting in 1841 the building which is now the Centre Methodist church. The other group four years later built the present First Congregational church of Fairhaven. The trouble grew from the fact that one group desired to retain the then pastor, Rev. William Gould, and the other desired to change to Rev. Jacob Roberts. Later the groups were reunited.

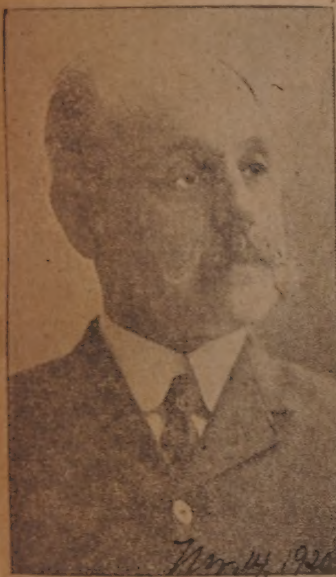
Although the oldest church member in point of years, he being 92 this month, Deacon Grinnell has only been a member since 1870, while Mrs. Cella Taber joined the church in 1865. She still is a fairly regular attendant and takes an active interest in affairs. Mr. Grinnell has been forced to forego regular attendance by his health. "Church attendance was much more regular years ago," Mr. Grinnell says. "Although I wasn't a member until I was about 40 years old, I always attended. Men who had not professed religion in those days attended every Sabbath just as regularly as members. They didn't spend Sundays eating lunches on the rocks at Fort Phoenix and automobile riding."

POST OFFICE "VETS" RETIRE

Wilson and Frasier Honored by Fellows at End of Long Service in This City

Two veterans of the New Bedford post office quit work yesterday after many years of service. Last night the two of them, William D. Wilson and John W. Frasier, both former carriers and more recently clerks in the office, were the guests of the post office clerks' association at Eagle hall. There was a presentation of gifts in remembrance of the occasion, a word of congratulation for the men now retiring and words of thanks from Mr. Wilson and Mr. Frasier. There were about 75 clerks and carriers present. At the close of the evening there was a collation.

Both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Frasier date their records of service back to

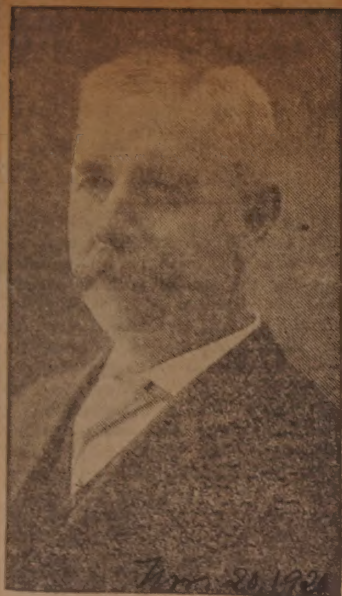


William D. Wilson.

the time when New Bedford was a much smaller city than it is today. Mr. Wilson has a record of 45 years. He first secured a clerkship under the postmastership of Edmund Anthony. He was made a carrier in 1878, and continued a familiar figure about the city for forty years.

Mr. Frasier began his service back in 1888, when he was appointed a letter carrier during the administration of A. H. W. Carpenter. Later, during the time that Postmaster Gifford was in charge of the New Bedford office, Mr. Frasier received an appointment as clerk to take charge of the foreign mail. Ever since he has continued on inside duty.

Both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Frasier were presented gold emblem pins by the clerks. The presentation in each case was made by William J. Frawley, who in his remarks told of the esteem in which the men had been held by their younger colleagues and congratulating them on their long period of service and their well earned retirement. There was also the presentation of a pipe to Mr. Frasier by



John W. Frasier.

Dennis A. Shea in behalf of the Carriers' Association. Both men replied and told the audience how much they appreciated the thoughtfulness of the men on the occasion that was a mixture of both pride and regret. There were also remarks by George Chambers, another of the veteran carriers. He entertained the men with a story of early days as a carrier. Mr. Chambers will go on the retired list in a short time. There were songs by the carriers' quartet, Alfred Mellor, William Taylor, Fred Raymond and Frank Francis, with Raymond Langdon at the piano. Mr. Mellor also furnished a solo, with David Ward at the piano. The committee in charge of the arrangements for the evening included Frank E. Johnson, Frank Manning, William J. Frawley, Arthur Mellor and Thomas McAuliffe.

The retirement of these veterans of the service following the recent retirement of Arthur D. Swift, J. H. Smead and Thomas E. Robbins is a reminder of the threads that bind the New Bedford of today with the city just blossoming as an industrial community from the whaling days of an earlier period. When Mr. Wilson became an employee of the department the carriers were James F. Tripp, Arthur D. Swift, Alexander H. Hillman, William H. Carney, William G. Dunham, C. D. L. Paine and James R. Denham, collector, while in the office there were Thomas Coggeshall, assistant postmaster; Alfred Wilson, Charles H. Loddell, Silas S. Taber and Miss Ella Nye, stamp clerk.

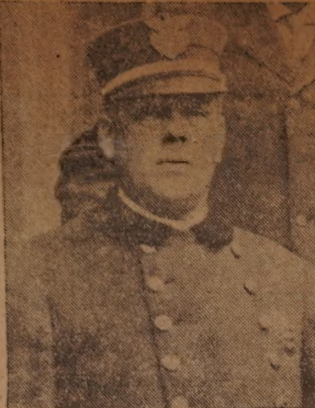
DEATH FOLLOWS BRIEF ILLNESS

Lieutenant William Fowler
Was Member of Police
for Nearly 25 Years

Ill for Less Than One Week,
Officer Died Yesterday
Afternoon

Police Lieutenant William Fowler died at his home, 55 Foster street, Sunday afternoon, following a brief illness. Lieutenant Fowler was on duty last Monday, but during the day he had a hemorrhage of the nose and had to go to his home. On Saturday his condition was reported as improved. Yesterday afternoon he complained of pains in his chest and back, and he died shortly after 5 o'clock. Lieutenant Fowler's wife died less than a month ago.

Lieutenant Fowler was a native of Preston, England, and when he first came to New Bedford, he was em-



Lieut. William Fowler.

ployed as second hand and overseer in local mills, being in the Hathaway mill at the time of his appointment as patrolman, Dec. 14, 1896, by the late David L. Parker, who was then mayor. He was promoted to the rank of sergeant Feb. 1, 1906, and became lieutenant April 1, 1913. As lieutenant, he was in charge of the north end district, but for the last few years, he has been in charge at headquarters days.

He was a Mason and a member of the New Bedford Police association, of which he had been a director, and of the local branch of the Massachusetts Police association.

He is survived by two sons, Harry Fowler, who is a patrolman, and William Fowler, Jr., who is a lawyer, connected with the United States Public Health department in Washington, D. C., and was formerly organist and choir leader at the Trinitarian church.

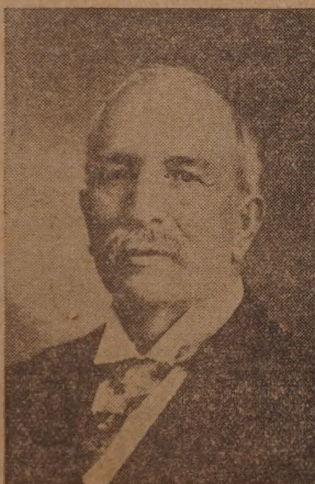
OUTFITTER OF WHALERS DIES

Antone F. Sylvia for Many
Years Prominent Figure
Here

At One Time Was Part Owner
in Many Vessels Sail-

ing from Here 1920.

Antone L. Sylvia died at his home, 89 South Sixth street, at 3:15 o'clock this morning at the age of 80 years. Mr. Sylvia had been out as late as last Thursday and he was not confined to his bed until Saturday. Old age was the cause of death. Four times within the last two years he had recovered from severe attacks of pneumonia, and had continued active in the direction of his various business interests up to last April. Even since



Antone L. Sylvia.

then he had been out driving almost daily and was frequently an evening visitor at the Plymouth club.

It is a fact of interest that Mr. Sylvia passed away on the 65th anniversary of his coming to this city from his home in the Azores, a boy of 15. It was on Nov. 17, 1855, that Mr. Sylvia came to New Bedford, and since then has held a prominent place in the community.

When a man goes out of life at the age of 80, after a career of very unusual business activity, leaving the thought, "a sweet and kindly man" as the first expression in his summing up, there is no question of his quality and his character.

They Won Honors for Class of 1921 at the High School



Here is Miss Emily Josephine Monahan, valedictorian of the February, 1921, class at the New Bedford High school, and Clarence Rexford Geddis, one of the honor pupils.

Sept. 25, 1920

CHURCH SOCIETY IS SETTLED IN NEW HOME



Miss Helen R. Stearns,
Church Secretary.

OLD CHURCH'S NEW METHODS

Miss Stearns Is Secretary and Director of Religious Edu- cation at North Christian Church

While the North Christian church is not the first religious organization in New Bedford to have a paid woman worker in connection with its parish work, it is the first to employ a woman assistant to devote her whole time as church secretary and director of religious education. Miss Helen R. Stearns has been engaged for this work. She has already assumed her duties, taking up her work following her completion of a training course in the secretarial and religious education departments of Boston university.

Miss Stearns comes to carry on the work in one of the older churches of the city, the North Christian church society dating back to 1807, in which year it was formed. The following year the present home of worship on Middle street was erected, remaining as the single place of worship of the society until the large building, later known as the White Church, was erected at the corner of Purchase and Middle streets. During the many years when the North Christian society had its home at the latter church the Middle street building was variously occupied by other religious organizations, until in recent years it had ceased to be used. Then came the sale of the Purchase street church property and then followed the rehabilitation of the Middle street church, the renovations having in view the needs of a modern church.



Above—Interior of the new North Christian church.
Below—The remodelled exterior.

church. Miss Stearns comes to her work here after having had considerable experience. She is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke college. Following her college graduation she taught in the Haverhill High school, later taking up courses at Boston university.

Miss Stearns's work will include the charge of the church files and the direction of the work of the young people's organizations. She has worked out on a map of the city the constituency of the parish, with a view to keeping in touch with all those associated in any way with the church. Miss Stearns will also keep in touch with all of the church activities, particularly with a view to while the facilities are fairly adequate, the society is hopeful of sometime having an even more efficient plant.

The employment of a paid church worker is to develop the latent energies in a church. While Miss Stearns will work with the minister, her work is not to take over what he has been accustomed to do. It is rather to do what is not generally done, to develop religious education, especially among the young people of the placing the younger people where they best fit church activities, particularly with a view to placing the younger people where they best fit.

With the employment of Miss Stearns, the church organization has been placed on a business basis with regular office hours for the minister, Rev. Herbert M. Hainer, and Miss Stearns. The former will be at the church office every week day except Monday from 11.30 to 12.30, while Miss Stearns will have her office hours every week day except Monday from 9 to 12.30 o'clock.



Manuel C. Silva.

Finds Former New Bedford Girl Has Super-Intelligence



Dec 16, 1920
Miss Ruth Stevens.

Miss Ruth Stevens, a New Bedford High School graduate and now a government clerk at Washington, has been declared by President Raaper of Research University of that city, to be one of two students of apparently super-intelligence who have been discovered after many psychological tests held at the university. A Miss Vandewater shares these honors with Miss Stevens.

On the Thurston psychological examination, issued by the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Miss Stevens obtained the unusually high score of 145 and Miss Vandewater a score of 135. Dr. Raaper stated that probably not one-tenth of one per cent of the adult population of the city of Washington could obtain more than 120 on this test. Both of the young women have been granted full scholarships in the university because of their rank in these and other similar tests.

Miss Stevens was graduated from the New Bedford High in 1916 and took a post-graduate course. Leaving school in June, 1917, she went to

Washington a month later as a government clerk and has since been employed in several of the departments. She attends school three nights a week.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Stevens, formerly of New Bedford but now of Gastonia, N. C.

FORMER ALLEN RESIDENCE CHANGES HANDS



Dec 7, 1920
The important real estate sale of last week was the transfer of the large brick residence at the southeast corner of Sixth and Walnut streets to Barnard A. Russotto. This was formerly the home of the late Frederick S. Allen, and it was later purchased by Edgar W. Russell. It was then sold to the late Manning Emery, and Mrs. Emery now sells the property to Mr. Russotto. The latter buys for his own occupancy.



Bringing Home the Yule Log in New Bedford.

High School Student Pictures Salvation Army's Good Work



Dec 26, 1920
This cartoon portraying the gratitude of New Bedford's poor for the ministrations of the Salvation Army was drawn by Norman Abbott, a High school student.



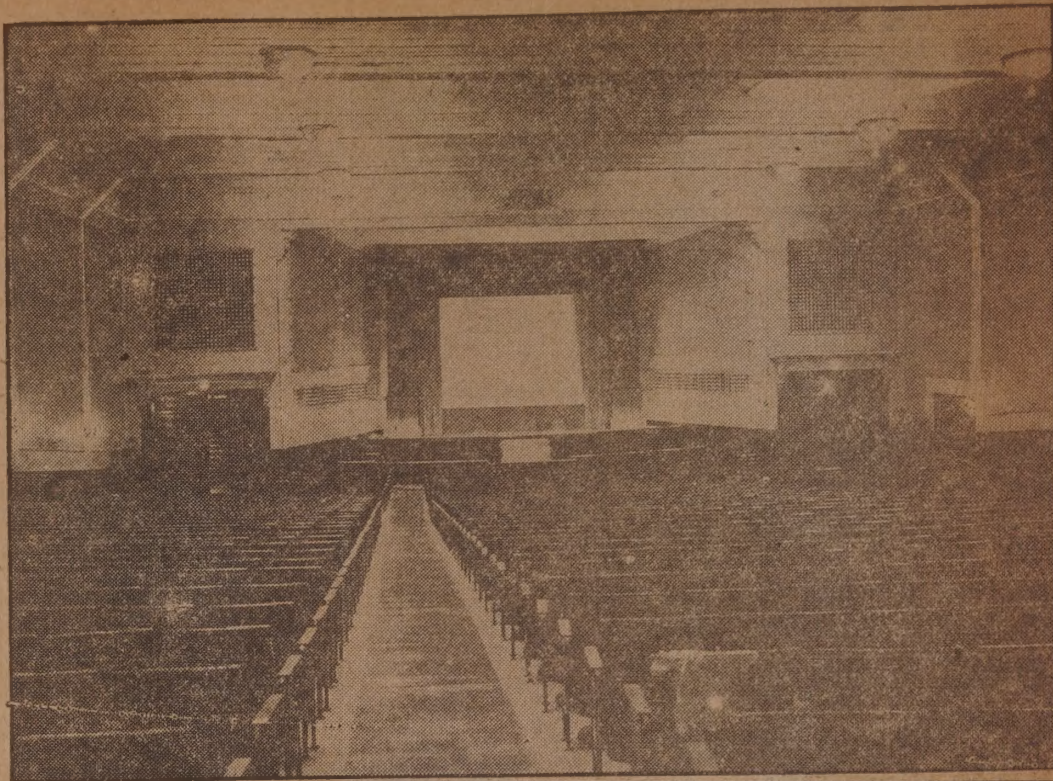
Fisher Abramson.

Among the number of New Bedford young men who recently successfully passed the examinations for admittance to the Massachusetts bar is Fisher Abramson, son of Isaac Abramson, 293 Hawthorn street.

Mr. Abramson was graduated from New Bedford High school with honor in 1917, and from Boston university with honor last June, being vice president of his class at college. He was a member of the Woolsack honor society at Boston university and belongs to the Tau Epsilon Phi fraternity.

He will practice law with Lawrence D. Sullivan in this city.

HERE'S HOW NEW CAPITOL THEATRE LOOKS



Outside Brick Work on New Hotel Now Reaches Up to Seventh Floor



Mar 7, 1920.

Work on the new hotel has progressed to the point where the outside brick work is up to the seventh floor, and this last week was started in pouring the concrete covering of the roof. Plaster work is in progress on some of the lower floors, and at the same time the electrical, plumbing and heating equipment are going into place. All outside work will be done before extreme cold weather so that inside work can be carried on all winter.



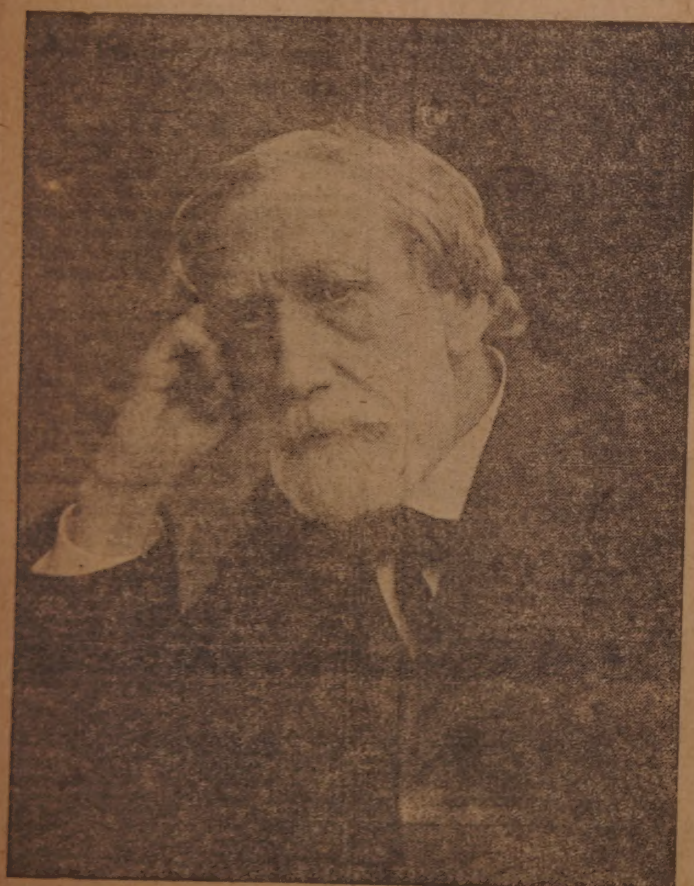
Mar 14, 1920.

Above—View of Interior. Below—Entrance to Lobby.



HEARD WEBSTER IN COURT ✓

William W. Crapo's Personal Recollections of the
Great Lawyer.



William W. Crapo.

Copyright by Frommelt.

Feb. 22, 1920.



The H. M. S. Calcutta in New Bedford Harbor and a Close-Up Showing
Her Colors.



Miss Mildred P. Carpenter.

Jan 18. 1920



Everett L. Marchant.

May 22, 21

BRITANNIA DAY GROUP AT COUNTRY CLUB



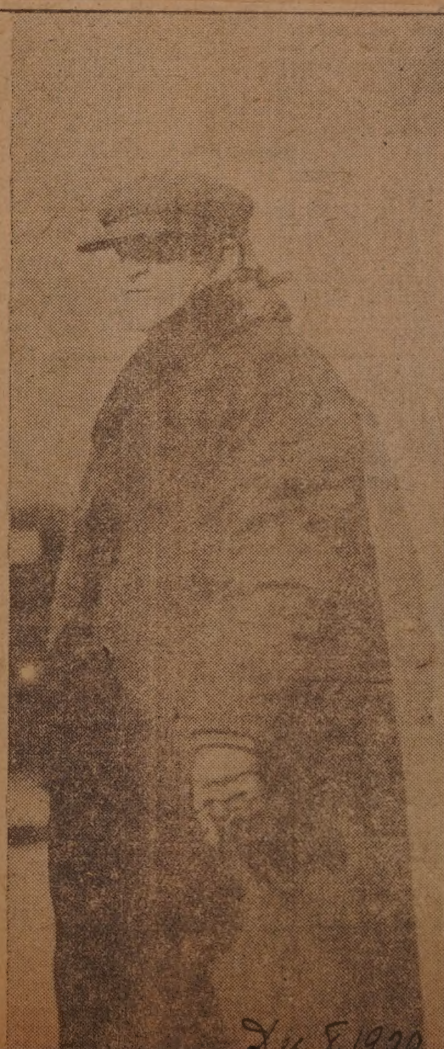
PHOTO BY
A. K. PACKARD

Dec. 8, 1920.

Rear Admiral Everett, Honorary President Walter H. Langshaw of the New Bedford committee, officers of the Calcutta, members of the committee, and guests at the Britannia Day gathering at the New Bedford Country club yesterday noon.



Dec. 8, 1920.



Dec. 8, 1920.

A woman voter, George Dragon, an ardent labor worker.

New Bedford Man Is Given Ship Office July 25th Post in Virginia



Captain Harold A. Burns, son of Beecher Burns, 260 Chestnut St., has been placed in charge of the steamship office of the Victor S. Fox company at Norfolk, Va. The Fox company is a New York concern, owning about 30 ships, and doing a general agency and brokerage business, both foreign and domestic.

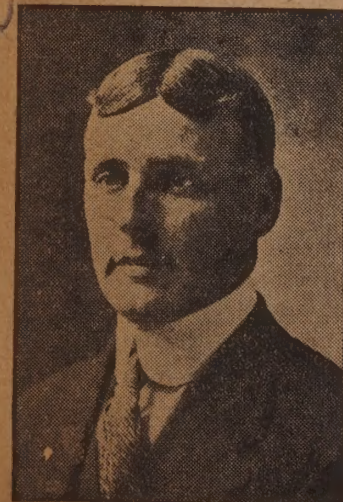
Captain Burns, who is 25 years old, left here in 1910 to take a two-year course on the Massachusetts nautical ship Ranger. After the completion of his course, he entered the shipping business.

When war was declared he was commissioned in the navy and was called to active service in July 1917. He entered upon his naval service as a junior lieutenant and was discharged as a lieutenant commander.

PAST"

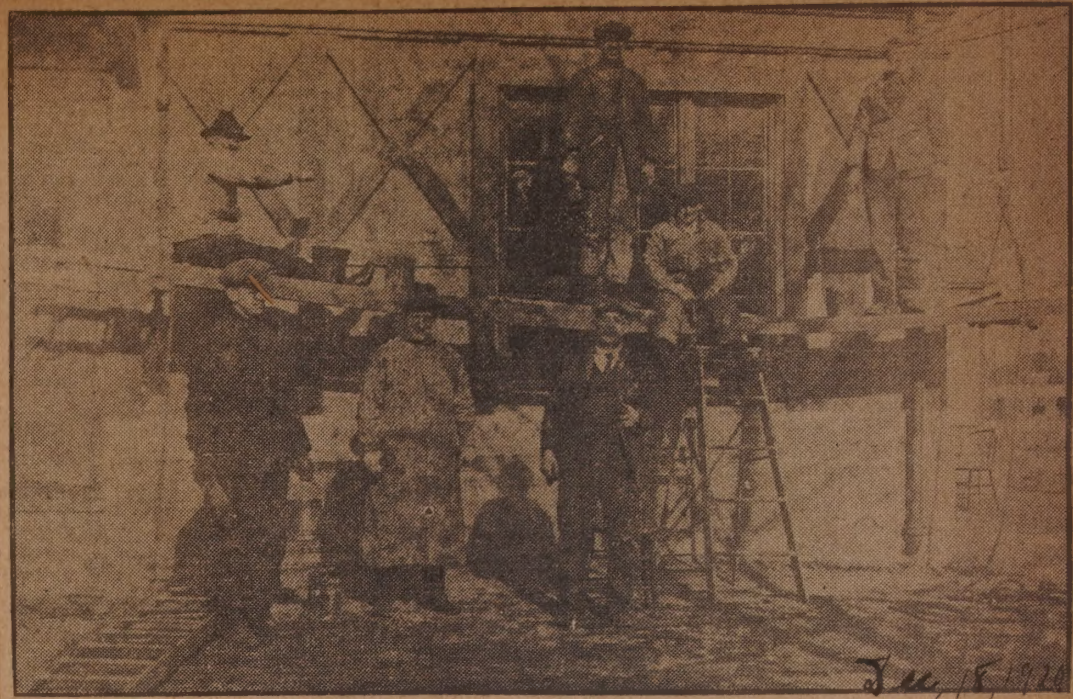


ing, Miss Mary Campbell, and
Dec. 12, 1920.



Sept. 3, Frederick D. Sowle, 1920.
The Winner in the Repub-
lican Representative Contest in
the 8th Bristol District.

PREACHER AND PARISHIONERS PAINTING CHURCH



On the staging: Thomas Seddon, Jr., Ernest Hall, Harry Dreison, John Rumney. Standing below: John Parkinson, Rev. F. Taylor Well, pastor; Herbert Roscoe.

Ran Away to War at Fifteen, He Is Just Back from Army



A British war veteran with three years service to his credit is Albert Williams, although he is now only 19 years old. The young man, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Williams of 273 County street, has just reached home following his discharge from the army in England. When he joined the British forces in 1917, he had not reached his sixteenth birthday. To avoid the possibility of a parental veto to his plan, young Williams left for England without so much as informing any one of his intentions. Once in England, he had no difficulty in convincing the British recruiting officers that he was old enough to enlist.

Since then he has seen active service in various parts of the world. Previous to the signing of the armistice, he was attached to the Allied forces in the Near East. Much of the time he has been in Palestine. Then when the great numbers were demobilized, he was selected to remain because he was young and unmarried.

A reception was given him Tuesday evening by friends in honor of his return home. He was presented with a gold watch and chain by his parents and a purse of gold by his brothers and sisters.

They Are Mighty Glad to Be Walking New Bedford Streets



Above—The Rescued Crew. Below—The Adonis's Captain and His Mate.

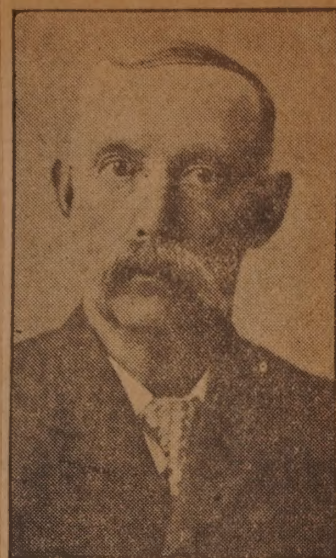
Remodelling Rejuvenates Old Beetle Home

Oct. 31, 1920



The residence for Mark E. Sullivan at the northeast corner of County and Franklin streets is nearly completed, the addition of another fine residence in this section of fine homes. The house was formerly the homestead of Charles Beetle, but the house and grounds in recent years had been allowed to run down. Plans for remodeling the house, the grounds and the building of a garage in the rear were prepared by Nat. Smith and the work of construction has been carried out by the J. W. Bishop company. The present house bears little resemblance to the old Beetle house. Practically all that was retained was some of the outside walls. The interior was completely changed and the grounds were laid out to make the large open space in the rear a feature of the house.

Funeral Services Held Today for Old Whaling Captain



Captain Hiram Nye.

Funeral services for Captain Hiram Nye were held this afternoon at the Congregational chapel, Marion. Rev. Mr. Buckey, pastor of the Middleboro Congregational church was the officiating clergyman. Interment was at Evergreen cemetery, where Mrs. Nye is buried. Captain Nye died just four months to a day after Mrs. Nye. The bearers this afternoon were Roland Luce, Charles Chadwick, Fred Borden, David Bowman.

NEW BEDFORD POLICE HEADQUARTERS STAFF

Oct. 31, 1920.



The headquarters staff of the New Bedford police department, from captain to patrolman, is pictured above, the first photograph of the staff as a unit ever taken. In the front row appear, reading from left to right, Captain Harry D. Stow, first relief; Captain Dahiel Deneen, third relief; and Captain Frank W. Sylvia, second relief; Lieutenant Samuel D. McLeod, second relief; Lieutenant Willis C. Underwood, third relief; and Lieutenant William Fowler, first relief. In the second row are Sergeant Arod B. Holloway, Sergeant William Welsh and Sergeant Harry Ellis.

Mother, the Medal She Receives and Her Son Who Died Fighting



This photograph shows Mrs. Alexina Lizotte of 3 Bowditch street, and the medal she recently received from the Canadian government in memory of her son, Fabien, who was killed in action June 19, 1916, while serving with the famous French-Canadian 22nd battalion in France.

Fabien, on the right in the picture, left his home here in 1914 to enlist in the Canadian forces and went overseas in 1915, going to the firing lines after a short training period in England. The family received official notification of his death in September and the following year, in a communication which stated that he had been killed on the field of battle.

The memorial cross is a simple, yet beautiful silver casting with Private Lizotte's name and army number engraved on the reverse side. It is suspended on a long purple silk ribbon to be worn around the neck.

With the medal came the following: "This cross is presented to you in memory of one who, in the Great War, died for King and Country."

Here's Original "Shavings" Who Now ^{10/1/1920} Outranks Chairman of Selectmen



Albert W. Edwards of Chatham and His Little Shop. Edwards Is the Original of Shavings.

We were told that Joe Lincoln was not popular on the cape because he has introduced some of the peculiarities of some of the people in his novels, and the prototypes objected. A summer sojourner said his unpopularity was because he had left out some who had thrust themselves into his notice, and not said enough about them. Some people had rather be laughed at than be unnoticed. Albert W. Edwards, the original, to some extent, of Shavings (so the story goes), at first pretended to be much offended but soon got bravely over it, for it was a first class free advertisement for him. He became one of the lions of the town, of more notoriety than the chairman of the board of selectmen or even the pound-keeper. He quickly sold all his toys and has orders ahead to keep him busy till the middle of next winter. Not single vanes and whirl-i-gigs, but dozens of each kind to go all over the northern states, and he can't find any one capable to help him. Only a genius, he says, can do such work as his. He takes his fame as a matter of course and "bears his blushing honors thick upon him." When we proposed to take a picture of his shop he even offered

to stand in the doorway with a wind mill in his arms, just as he once posed for a "real photographer." (I suppose we were phantoms). If we were getting up an account of him for the papers he didn't care what we said as long as we told no lies. One chap said he had been to sea most all his life. That was not so; he had never been a sailor a day in his life. He is a carpenter, and has done some house-painting.

"I am," he said, "the inventor of Cape Cod vanes and toy wind-mills," which we doubted; having seen those wooden sailor boys twirling Indian clubs fifty years ago. This black codfish may have been his invention; but when we were young and riding out into the country, we saw a whale on a vane about once in every two miles; that would be hard on to sixty years ago. Mr. Edwards claims he is the first man to put ball bearings in his toys. We can't deny that for we don't know.

—Edward Denham.

LONG TIME MEMBERS OF HISTORIC CHURCH

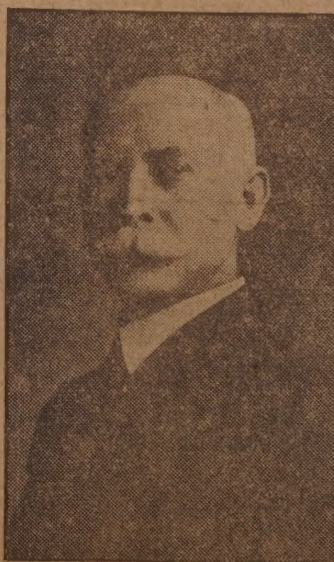
10/23/1920

No. 3 in a Series of Saturday Articles About Veteran Church People.



Mrs. Ruth Davis.

The Pleasant Street M. E. church counts a group of men and women who have been loyal members of that church for a great many years. The Pleasant Street church drew out of the old Elm Street M. E. church, the forerunner of the County Street, M. E. church, organizing in 1844. One of those now living connected with the church for the longest number of years is George W. Paine, but because of ill health Mr. Paine is not now active. Next of the men of the church in point of years of continued activity is B. Frank Penney, who has been in connection with the church for 47 years. Mr. Penney began his association with the church when he was 12 years old and at 59 he is still active in the affairs of the church. Mr. Penney was a member of a Sunday school class in the church at the age of 15 and one Sunday he filled in as class instructor. The former instructor moved away and so Mr. Penney continued with the class, continuing to have a class in the church school from that time to this. He has served ten years as superintendent of the Sunday school, has served as president of the Epworth League, mem-



B. Frank Penney.

ber of the board of stewards of the church and is now president of the trustees of the church. In point of seniority of the number of years' attendance at the church the palm goes to Mrs. Ruth Davis, who has continued her attendance at the church for a period of 48 years until within recent years failing eyesight has made it necessary to give up some of her activities. Mrs. Davis has been a member of the church for 44 years, during that time holding the various offices in the women's organization of the church. Another of the older members of the church is Mrs. Mary E. Lilley, who has been a member of the church for 43 years.

Another Woman ^{July 25 20} Notary Public Is Miss Helen Clifton



Miss Helen Clifton.

Added to New Bedford's list of women notaries is Miss Helen Clifton, secretary to United States Commissioner Alexander M. Goodspeed.

Miss Clifton's services as notary will be invaluable to Mr. Goodspeed in administering to him the oath on legal documents. Although she has just recently received her seal, Miss Clifton was appointed June 23rd.

RED MEN PREPARE TO WORK CHIEF'S DEGREE

Sept 28, 1920

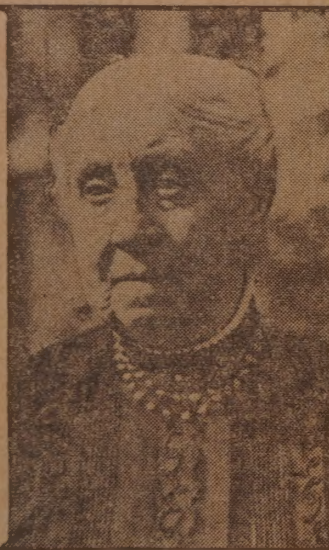


This is the committee composed of members of the New Bedford and Fairhaven tribes of Red Men which will handle arrangements for the working of the chief's degree in the Elm Rink Oct. 11. - The Lynn degree team of 65 men, the best in the state, has been invited to work this degree. An orchestra will provide music during the evening and there will be vaudeville entertainment. From left to right in the rear row are F. B. Phillips, A. Surprenant, Arthur Turpeny, Hallet L. Rice, H. B. Porter, E. B. Powers, G. W. Noyer, W. S. Osgood, Jr., Edward McCarthy. Sitting, from left to right, are S. H. Rounsville, H. W. Ellis, secretary; W. S. Gifford, chairman; J. H. Patnaude, treasurer, and Henry Brouillette.

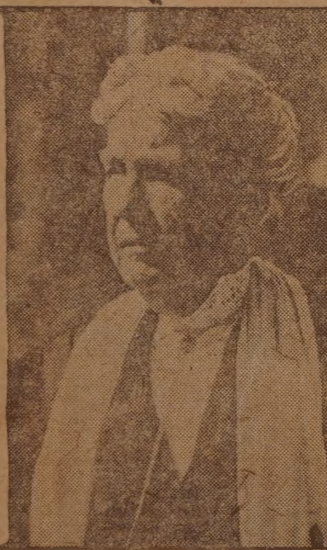
10/17/20 THESE FOUR NEW VOTERS REPRESENT 339 YEARS



Mrs. Martha N. Smith.



Mrs. Emiline A. Shaw.



Mrs. Eliza A. Shaw.



Mrs. Mary A. Mendell.

Three hundred and thirty-nine years of accumulated feminine wisdom, divided among four voters, came to the aid of the nation at Manapomet at the last meeting of the board of registrars. The town is justly proud of that record for a place of its size, of having the four elderly women register in a single evening.

The women signing were Mrs. Eliza A. Shaw, 81 years; Mrs. Mary A. Mandell, 82; Mrs. Emiline A. Shaw, 84; Mrs. Martha N. Smith,

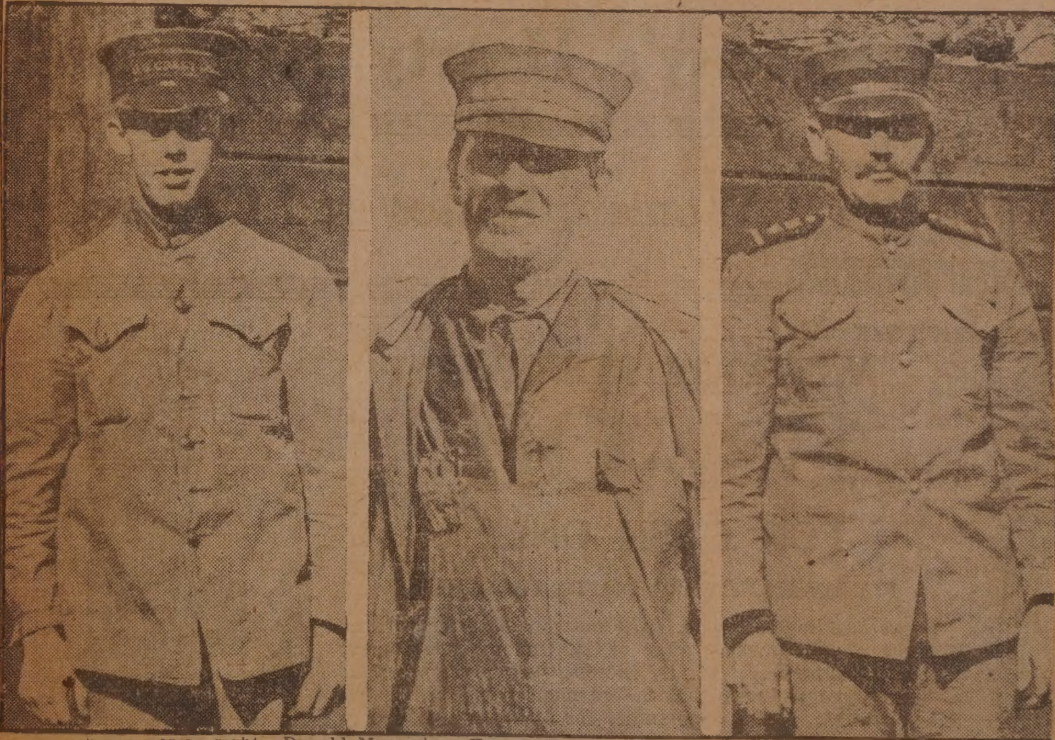
92 years. All of the new voters went through the ordeal as easily as any of the younger women who had registered. Mrs. Smith signed an especially beautiful signature without the aid of glasses. All of the four said they would cast a straight Republican ballot next month. Mrs. Smith, although she had never before been able to take any part in choosing the nation's executive, ever since the Civil war had been a staunch believer in the "grand old party."

CROOKS FEAR THESE PLAIN CLAD MEN THE MOST



Inspectors of the New Bedford Police Department—Front row (left to right) Charles F. Smith, George R. Lawrence, Chief Inspector Walter Almond, William F. Glennon, William T. Cole. Rear row, John T. McKay, Hermes Touchette, James E. Bolton, Raphael Pieraccini, Albert B. MacKinstry.

10/17/20 THREE OF CUTTYHUNK'S FOUR LIFE SAVERS



From left to right—Donald Macomber, Ernest H. Crowell and Captain Edward E. Lombard.

Mr. Kirschbaum Accepts Call to First Christian Church of Swansea



Rev. William G. Kirschbaum, Jr.

Rev. William G. Kirschbaum, Jr., son of William G. Kirschbaum, agent of the board of health, has accepted of the board of health, has accepted of a call to the First Christian church in Swansea. He will begin his pastorate October 17.

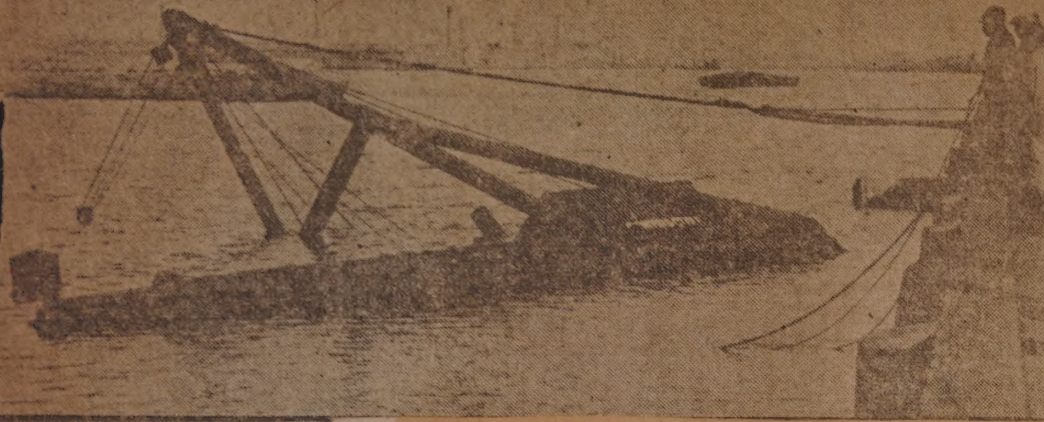
After finishing his studies at the Bangor Theological seminary, Bangor, Me., the Rev. Mr. Kirschbaum continued to supply at the Union church at Northeast Harbor, Me., where he had preached during his seminary course.

When ordained in May, 1918, he was a private in the United States army. At that time he was said to be the only service man who had received the ceremony of ordination in the uniform of the United States army. The ordination took place in the North Christian church in this city. The army regulations required that the uniform be worn since the country was at war.

COAST GUARD UNDERMANNED AS WINTER SEASON APPROACHES

Poor Pay in the Service Has Caused Depletion in Crews as Time of Fierce Gales Along New England's Gray Coasts Is Nearing—Other Stations in Same Predicament

LIGHTER TURNS ON SIDE AS CREW FLEE DECK



The lighter Ella sank near Duff's wharf and a diver at work on the salvage.

NINE TON SPUD WRECKS CRAFT

The lighter Ella, owned by the Bay State Dredging Co., capsized on the west side of the Duff wharf yesterday morning at 6:30, when a chain link gave way and allowed a "spud" to go through the bottom of the craft. These "spuds" are beams four of which are used to hold the lighter in position. Each weighs nine tons.

Workmen were engaged yesterday morning in removing one of the spuds and had it raised in the air by derrick ready to put on the wharf. When the chain snapped, the nine tons weight dropped and caused the damage which filled the lighter with water. The lighter weighs about 200 tons.

The men had plenty of time to get off before the craft turned over on the beam end and settled to the bottom of the river. Another lighter began work raising her the middle of the morning.

Miss Langshaw's Engagement to Gardner W. Bullard Announced

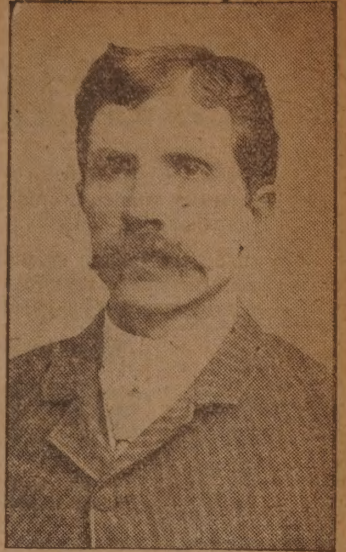


Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Langshaw announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Eunice Patricia Langshaw, to Gardner Whitman Bullard. Mr. Bullard is the son of Mrs. M. A. Bullard and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. William Whitman of Boston. He was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1917, and is a member of the Institute 1770, D. K. E., and the Harvard Club. During the war Mr. Bullard served as a lieutenant in the United States Navy. At present he is with the William Whitman Company, in New York.

This announcement recalls the recent engagement of Miss Elsie H. Pierce, daughter of another New Bedford mill man, Andrew G. Pierce, Jr., to another grandson of William Whitman, Franklin W. Hobbs.

Joseph F. Sequeira
Market Gardener Here
for Last Twenty Years

Aug. 24, 1920.

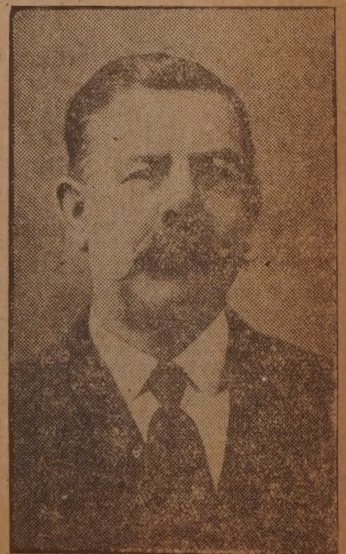


Joseph F. Sequeira.

Joseph F. Sequeira, who died Sunday at his home, 1067 Rockdale avenue, was in the 60th year of his age. Death was due to heart disease. Mr. Sequeira had been a resident of this country for the past 46 years, living for the greater part of that time in this city and Westport. For the last twenty years he had been one of the best known market gardeners selling in the New Bedford market.

Deceased was born in the island of Flores in the Azores and came to this country at the age of 14, going to work for Godfrey Cornell in Westport. He left there to go on a three-years' whaling voyage to South America, and on his return to New Bedford he went to work for the late Pardon Cornell, selling vegetables in the New Bedford market. In 1885 he went to California, remaining there for five years. Coming back to New Bedford he returned to his former work for Mr. Cornell, remaining there until 1900, when he went into the market gardening business, having his gardens on Rockdale avenue, and building up a business that continued to grow, so that for years he had been recognized as a leading producer for this market.

Mr. Sequeira leaves a widow, Jennie E. Sequeira, and five children, John A. of South Westport, Geneva E., Madeline V., Joseph and Leon Sequeira all of this city, and a sister, Miss Mary Sequeira, of Flores.



Arod B. Holloway.
Sept. 26, 1920

John H. Clifford
Unanimously Elected
Scout Commissioner



Nov. 18, 1920.
 John H. Clifford.

At the regular monthly meeting of the executive committee of the New Bedford and Fairhaven council, held last evening, John H. Clifford was unanimously elected as scout commissioner, to succeed Francis C. Rogerson, who has recently removed to Boston.

It was also decided to ask the new scout commissioner and the scout executive to act as delegates to attend the New England district conference at Boston on Dec. 9, when the prominent scout officials of all the New England states will gather at the City club for a conference with Deputy Chief of Scout Executive George J. Fisher of New York.

It was voted to hold a meeting of the council on the evening of Nov. 30 in the High school auditorium, just prior to the testimonial meeting which will be held there for the resigning commissioner, Mr. Rogerson.

SAFE IN PORT AFTER WILD EXPERIENCE

Dec. 5, 1920.



Miss Elsie Morley Is Married to June 19, 1920
Edward N. Sanford at Unity Home



Miss Elsie Morley of 149 Myrtle street was married to Edward N. Sanford of 29 Collins street Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock in Unity Home by the Rev. Samuel Elberfeld.

Following the ceremony a reception was given the young people at the home of the bride's parents. Among the many useful and beautiful presents Mr. and Mrs. Sanford received

were a piano, cut glass and silver.

The couple left for a short wedding trip to Boston and Providence and on their return will take up their residence at 149 Myrtle street.

The bride was formerly employed in the warping department of the Neild mill and the groom, who served a year in the navy during the war, is employed as a sheet metal worker.



Dec. 5, 1920.

Relief lightship No. 90 tied up to a New Bedford dock yesterday after a thrilling battle to make port. Her moorings on Nantucket Shoals, 43 miles at sea, parted in Thursday night's gale, as told in yesterday's Standard. Below, left, First Mate L. O. Johnson. Right—Wireless Operator W. F. Marshall. The Relief goes back to her Nantucket station today.

Fire Loss Is Now Estimated at \$210,000
 Worst Since Copper Works Blaze in 1917



Oct. 24, 1920
 —Photo by Herbert J. Harper.
 This picture snapped from a neighboring roof, shows the big fire of yesterday morning at its height.

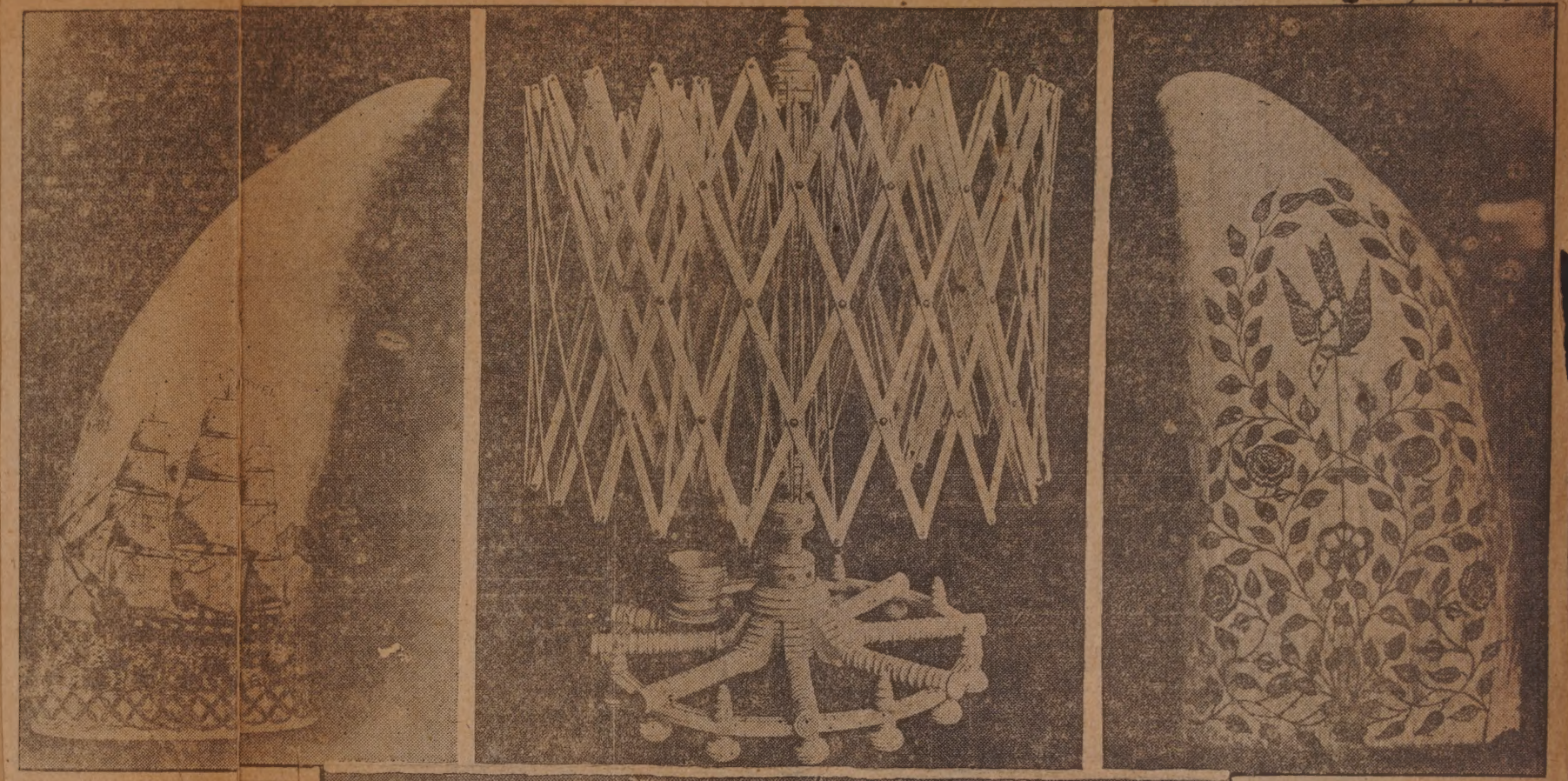
10/17/20 PRINCIPALS IN CAST OF "ALL ABOARD"



Left to Right, Rear Row—Erford W. Poole, Vincent B. Allison, Cleone E. Bates, Curtis M. Pierce, Otis C. Stanton. Front Row—Richard K. Dyer, Irene D. Pease, Mabel G. Moody, Cecile Covell, Ellsworth S. McEwen.
 The finishing touches to "All Aboard," a delightful musical farce, to be presented by local talent under the auspices of the New Bedford Masonic club in New Bedford Theatre next Friday and Saturday evenings, with a special matinee on Saturday, will be put on the production this week, and one of the snappiest amateur performances ever staged here will be assured when the gang plank for the voyage of the good ship Florida goes up at 8 o'clock Friday night.
 The action of the comedy takes place on the Florida 30 minutes before sailing time, and has to do in the main with the absence of four front teeth lost by the hero in a football scrimmage that won his college the title, but came close to losing him his sweetheart. Peppy and catchy music, a star cast and witty lines will make "All Aboard" a production long to be remembered. The proceeds are to go towards the club's building fund.

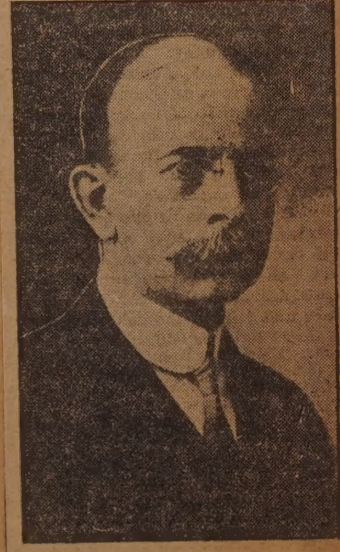
FINE SPECIMENS OF THE WHALEMAN'S HANDIWORK

Dec 12, 1920



Upper Left, a Scrimshaw Whale's Tooth with Familiar Ship Decoration; Upper Centre, a Whalebone Swift or Yarn Winder, Made by Captain Jireh Sherman, Jr., Aboard Ship; Upper Right, Whale's Tooth Decorated with Rose Pattern; Below, Some of the Whalebone Jaggng Wheels from the Frank Wood Collection.

July 20, 1920

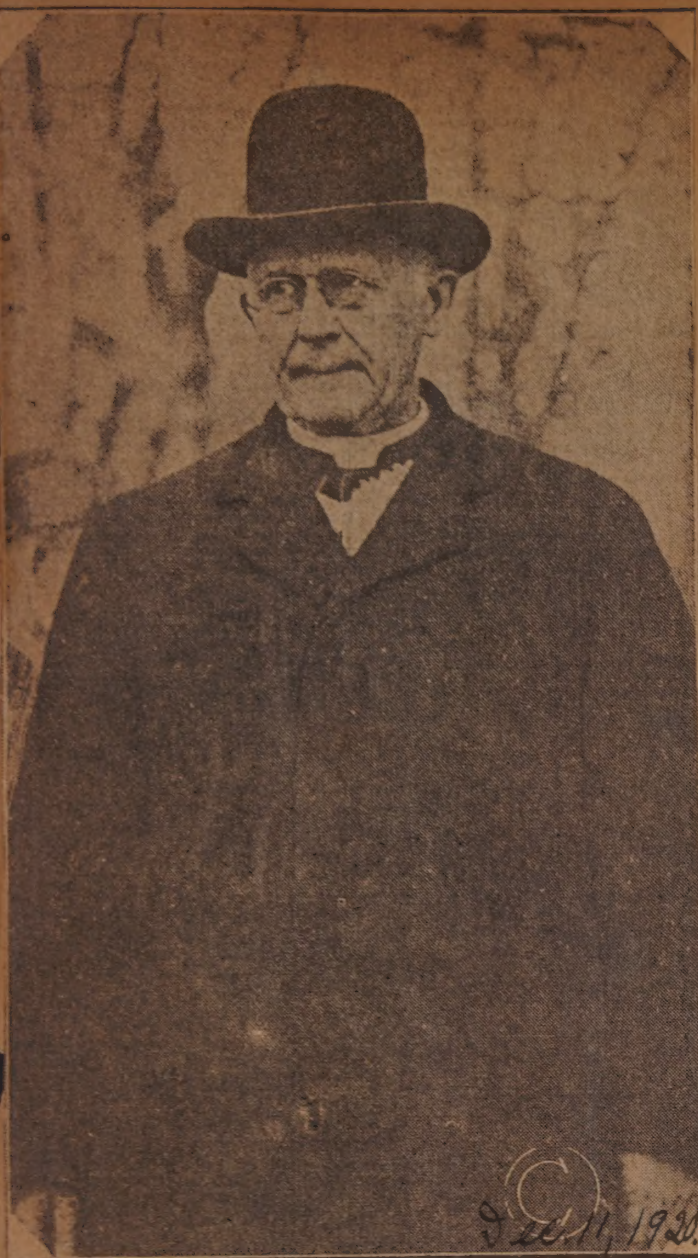


Today is the birthday of Oliver Prescott, lawyer. Mr. Prescott was born in this city on July 20, 1868. He attended Friends academy, and was graduated at Harvard college with the class of 1889. He was a member of the class of 1892 of the Harvard Law school. He is a member of the firm of Crapo, Clifford and Crapo, and of the Dartmouth and Wamsutta clubs.

Aug 23 PERSONALS 1920



Joseph M. Harrington.
 Joseph M. Harrington, the youngest officer on the New Bedford police force, was born in this city Aug. 23, 1894. He attended St. Joseph's school and was appointed a member of the force in 1917, becoming a regular member Aug. 17, 1919. He is now serving as a traffic officer at Acushnet avenue and Sawyer street.



Right Rev. Monsignor Hugh J. Smyth, from his only photograph, copyright by E. Anthony & Sons, Inc.

Overseas Nurse Latest Addition to Children's Aid Society Staff



MRS. ALVA G. DUCKWORTH.

To carry the clinic work into the homes that the best results might be obtainable, the Children's Aid society has added a trained nurse to its clinic department, Mrs. Alva G. Duckworth. Through the services of Mrs. Duckworth an important branch of clinic service, the follow-up work in the homes, is being carried on in a manner impossible without a trained nurse.

Mrs. Duckworth visits the homes of the babies who have been weighed at the clinic, and directs their feedings, takes pulses and respirations, puts drops into the eyes of children who are to be taken to the oculist, looks after diets in malnutrition cases, applies surgical dressings, gives medicines and treatments, and in many cases brings in patients in need of medical attention to whom the clinic was previously an unknown quantity.

The Children's Aid society, which has long been aware of the need of a trained nurse's services, feels particularly fortunate in obtaining Mrs. Duckworth, who, in addition to private nursing duty in her home city of Baltimore, Md., saw a year and a half with a base hospital overseas during the fiercest fighting of the war. Mrs. Duckworth is a graduate of the Mercy hospital in Baltimore, but recently came to New Bedford to make her home.



One of the Whale Ships at Sea.



Aug. 10, Joseph F. Lawless, 1921.

Dec. 29, 1920.

FAMILIAR SCENES ABOUT TOWN



When visitors come to New Bedford. *Dec. 23, 1920.*

These Kiddies Eat by Calories

July 25, 1920 at Nutrition Clinic Picnic



MISS ETHEL TERRY AND GROUP AT FORT PHOENIX.

Even if they do have to eat by calories, these nutrition clinic children, accompanied by Miss Ethel Terry of the Children's Aid society and "learning to eat" group supervised by Miss Ruth White, dietitian of the Family Welfare society, enjoy picnicking.

Of course they cannot bring pickles and candy like other children, but they get as much joy from their nutritious cheese, milk and ice cream as the knowledge of how they are benefiting physically by consuming calories.

Once every two weeks, on Thursday, with their boxes of luncheon and their bottles of milk, this happy group of children who are learning to eat what is beneficial whether they like the food or not, enjoy an outing at Fort Phoenix. Last Thursday was the day, and fifteen little ones had a happy time, wading and playing games on the cool beach.

FAMILIAR SCENES ABOUT TOWN



"NO WOMAN'S LAND"
NEWSPAPER ROOM OF THE NEW BEDFORD
PUBLIC LIBRARY *Dec. 29, 1920.*

Here Are Two Active Members of the North Baptist Church

Oct. 30, 1920
No. 4 in a series of Saturday articles about veteran church people.



Above—Mrs. Baldwin.
Below—Mrs. Hutchins.



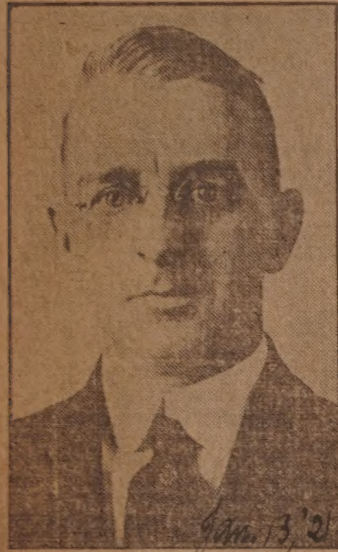
The North Baptist church has been fortunate in the loyalty of its church members who have remained active in the affairs of the church ever since it was organized in 1873. In November this year the Sunday school of the church celebrates its 47th birthday, and among those who will help to make this event a notable one will be several of those who were present when the Sunday school was organized, Nov. 16, 1873. There are now living in the city two of the charter members of the church, Miss Vinnie P. Rhodes and Mrs. Carrie A. Hutchins. Miss Rhodes has the further distinction of having been one of the first Sunday school teachers in the church school, having a class on the occasion of the organization 47 years ago.

There is a long list of those who have been active in the life of the church ever since it was organized, and the first pastor, Rev. Obadiah Cox, laid the foundations of the church that has seen a remarkable growth in its nearly 50 years of existence. Among this number are Mrs. Annie B. Rickeson, who was a member of the first Sunday school. She joined the church two years later and ever since she has continued her activity as a member of the society. For the last five years she has been president of the Ladies' Aid society of the church. Another of the older members of the church is Mrs. Annie W. Baldwin, who has been there ever since its organization.

Mrs. Sarah McCulley is another one numbered among those active during the lifetime of the church. While there are more women than men who have continued active over a longer period of years, there are a few men who have given the church their loyal support for many years. Among these are numbered Edwin A. Johnson and Robert Gregory.

\$300,000 ^{10/23/1920} FIRE ON UNION STREET SENDS MANY LODGERS FLEEING TO SAVE LIVES

Howland Succeeds
Bly as Noble Grand
of Pacific Lodge



Herbert P. Howland.



1. Brick building occupied by F. S. Brightman, George M. Conant and Messenger Press. Replacement value of building, \$60,000, assessed value \$11,900. Total loss on stock of all three, serious damage to Messenger presses.
2. Wooden building owned by Abraham Herman. Occupied by Co-operative Grocery, Louis Herman, John Leary, Benjamin Taber, M. F. Barry & Son. Assessed value \$2900. Contents almost total loss.
3. Wooden building owned by Frances H. Elliot devisees, occupied by H. Kenekillis's restaurant. Building value \$2000. Loss on fixtures \$15,000.
4. Wooden building owned by Frances L. Elliot devisees, occupied by New York Clothing Store, cobbler, pawn shop. Building valued, \$1200. Stock total loss.
5. Union and Second, owned by Joseph Nicklas. Estimated loss on stock of \$20,000, on the building \$5000. Assessed value of building \$2200.
6. Wooden building, known as old Sheridan House, owned by Max Levy and others. Practically total loss on building and to small stock in one occupied store. Assessed value of building before it was recently rebuilt \$1450.
7. Brick building west of Brightman building, occupied on lower floor by William L. Shapiro as clothing store. Practically no loss on building. Damage to stock by fire and water estimated at \$15,000.

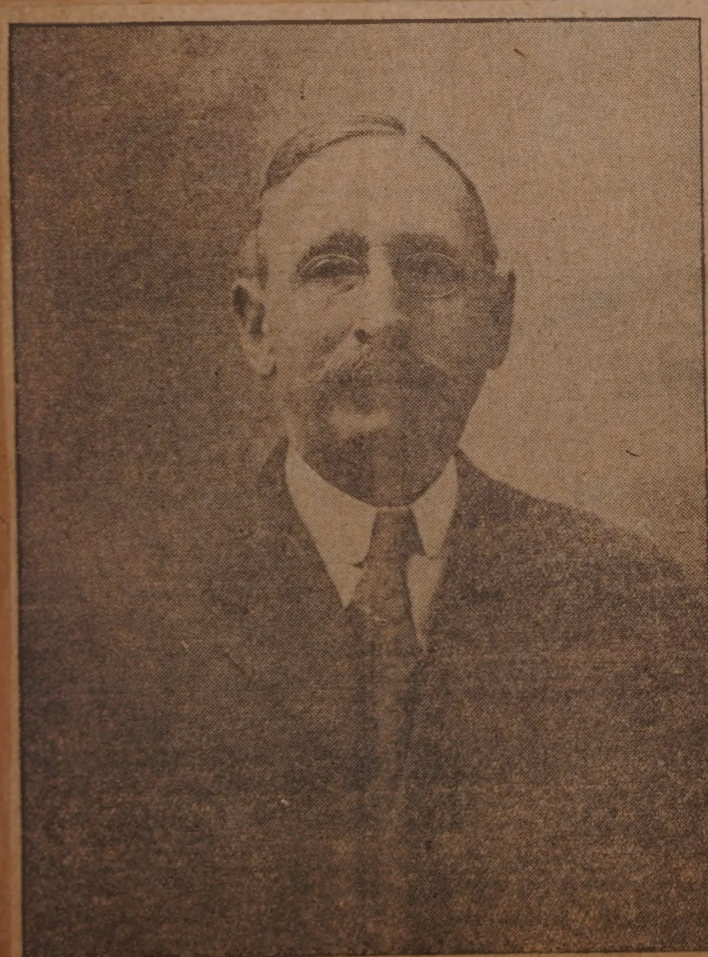
Mulkerne Is Cut About Head When Roof of Building He Helps Wreck at Manomet Mill Collapses

Caught under falling debris, when the roof of an outbuilding at Manomet Mill No. 4 collapsed, Martin J. Mulkerne, of 93 Armour street, was severely cut about the head this morning. Mulkerne, who was a member of a wrecking crew razing the building,



Martin J. Mulkerne.

ing, was taken to the office of Dr. Marsden, 1579 Acushnet avenue. Afterwards he was taken to his home. Mulkerne, bystanders said, failed to heed or did not hear shouts of fellow workmen, who tried to warn him as they saw the roof start to cave in. Some work was necessary to extricate him from the wreckage. Mulkerne is a member and former officer of the Battery D Veterans' Association, and served throughout the World War with Battery D of the 102nd Field Artillery.



George H. Rhodes. Sept. 5, 1920.



Looking down Union street from Acushnet Avenue (on the left). View in Barker's lane (on right). Below, Lawton's Drug Store and the burning Sheridan house.

FAIRHAVEN NOW HAS AN APARTMENT HOUSE



—Photo by A. F. Packa

COMMUNITY CENTRE HAS BIG CHRISTMAS TREE



This is a picture of those who took part in the Christmas party at the Lincoln Centre Thursday night. *Dec. 27, 1920.* —Photo by A. F. Packard.

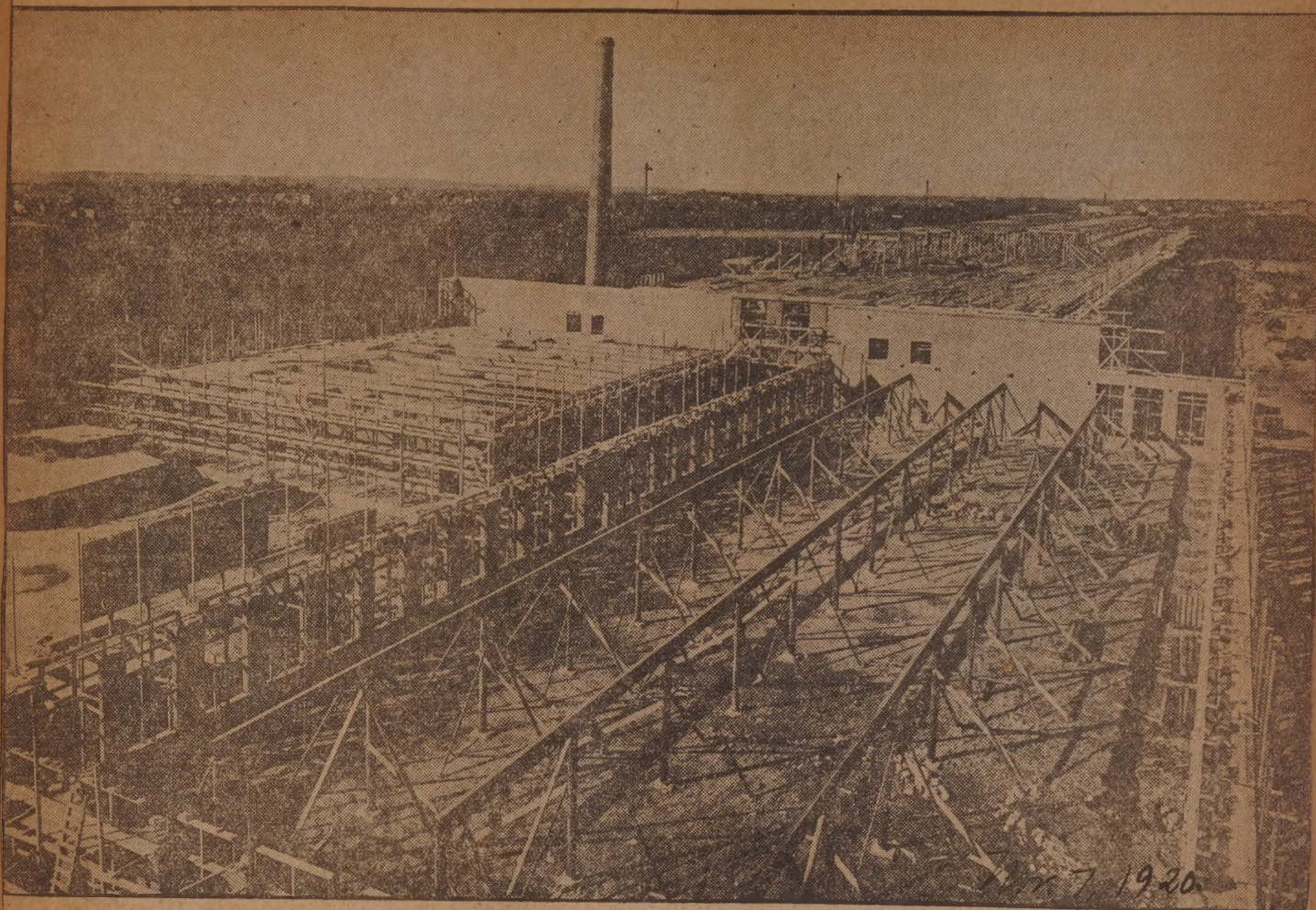
NAUSETT'S NEW COTTON STORAGE WAREHOUSE

July 25, 1926



May 21, 27
—Photo by Oppenheim.
Mrs. Henry P. Rort.

RUSHING WORK ON BIG NEW MANOMET NO. 4

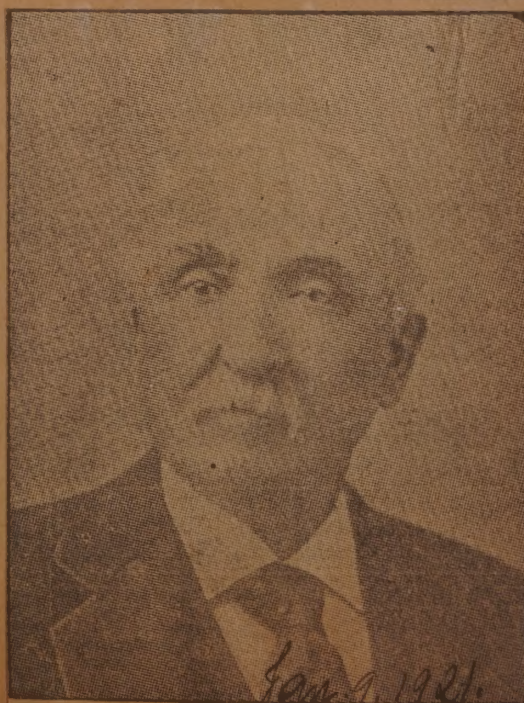


The picture shows how the new Manomet Mill No. 4 looks today, with the work of roofing it in being pushed very rapidly to completion. Deliveries of machinery for the new mill are expected to begin with the new year and the construction work, it is expected, will be sufficiently completed so that installation of the equipment can begin almost as soon as it arrives. The management of the mill hopes to be able to start cotton into the preparatory machinery about the last part of February, although by no means will the whole of the machinery be installed by that time. It is planned to start additional machinery

running as fast as it is installed and Jesse A. Knight, agent of the plant estimates that, by running some of the machinery nights, the mill will be able to turn out its full normal product by the middle of June or the first of July, provided market conditions by that time are such as to warrant its doing so. Deliveries of machinery for the new mill are to continue throughout the year up to December, 1921. Work is being pushed now on the buildings which are to house the essential machinery, and it is probable that the office building, and other less essential units of the plant will not be entirely completed until late spring or early summer.

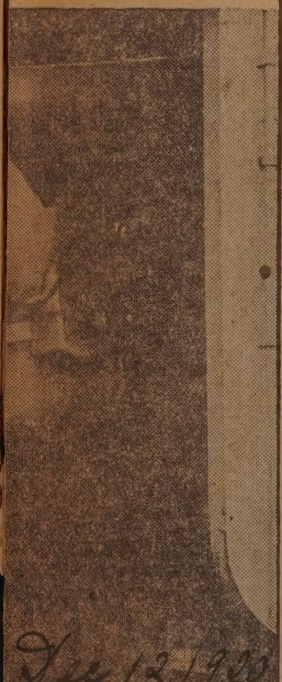
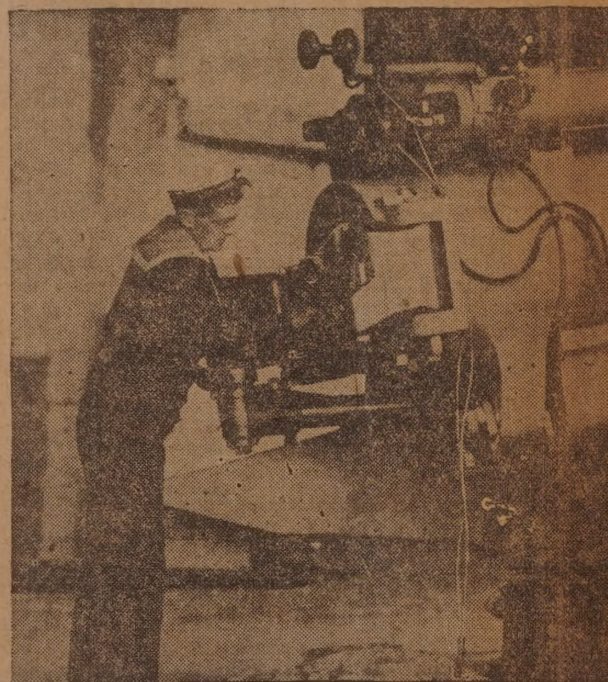
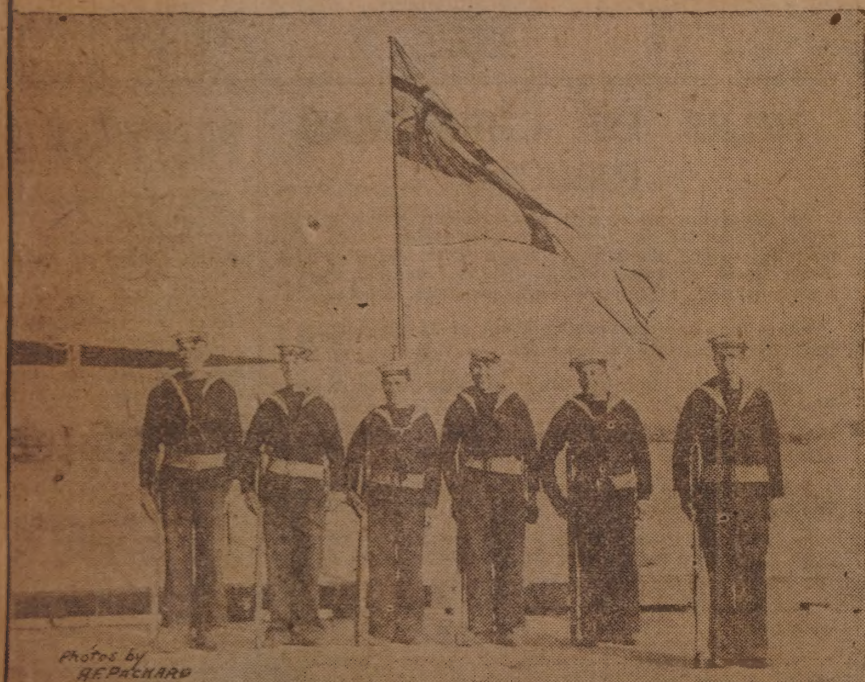
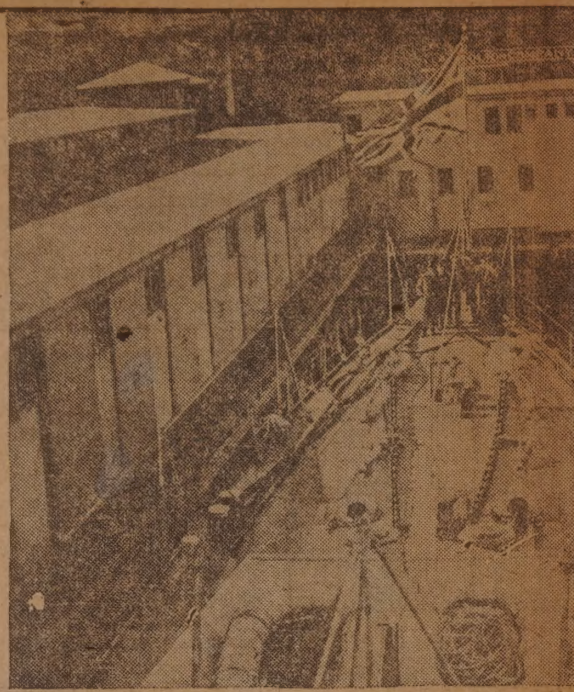
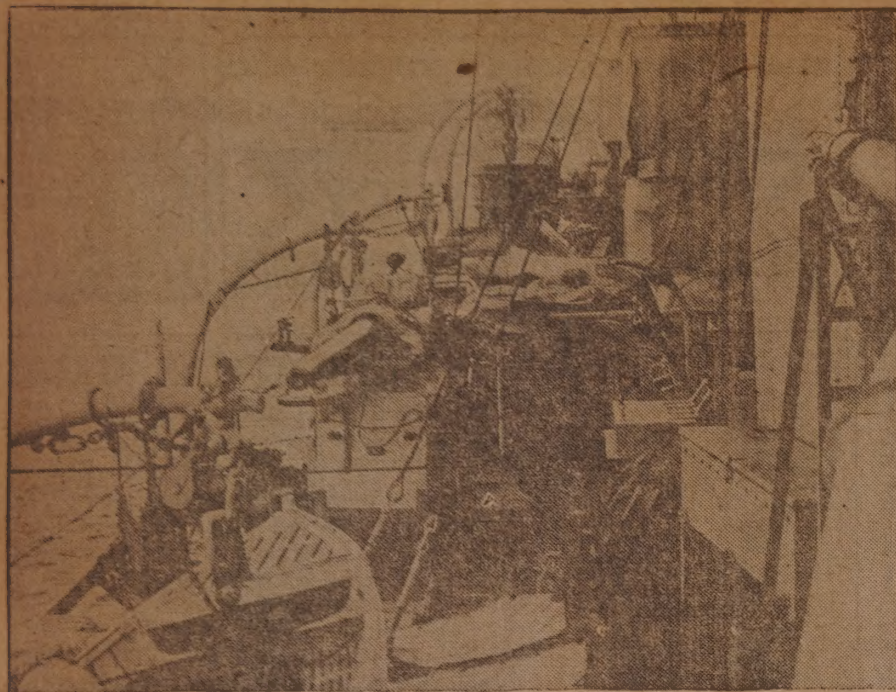


JOHN DUFF.

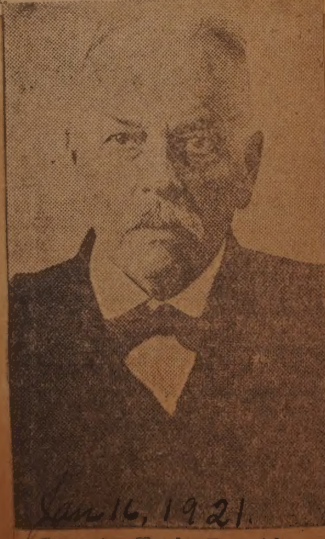


CONGRESSMAN CHARLES S. RANDALL

SOME INTERESTING CLOSE-UPS OF OUR BRITISH-VISITOR

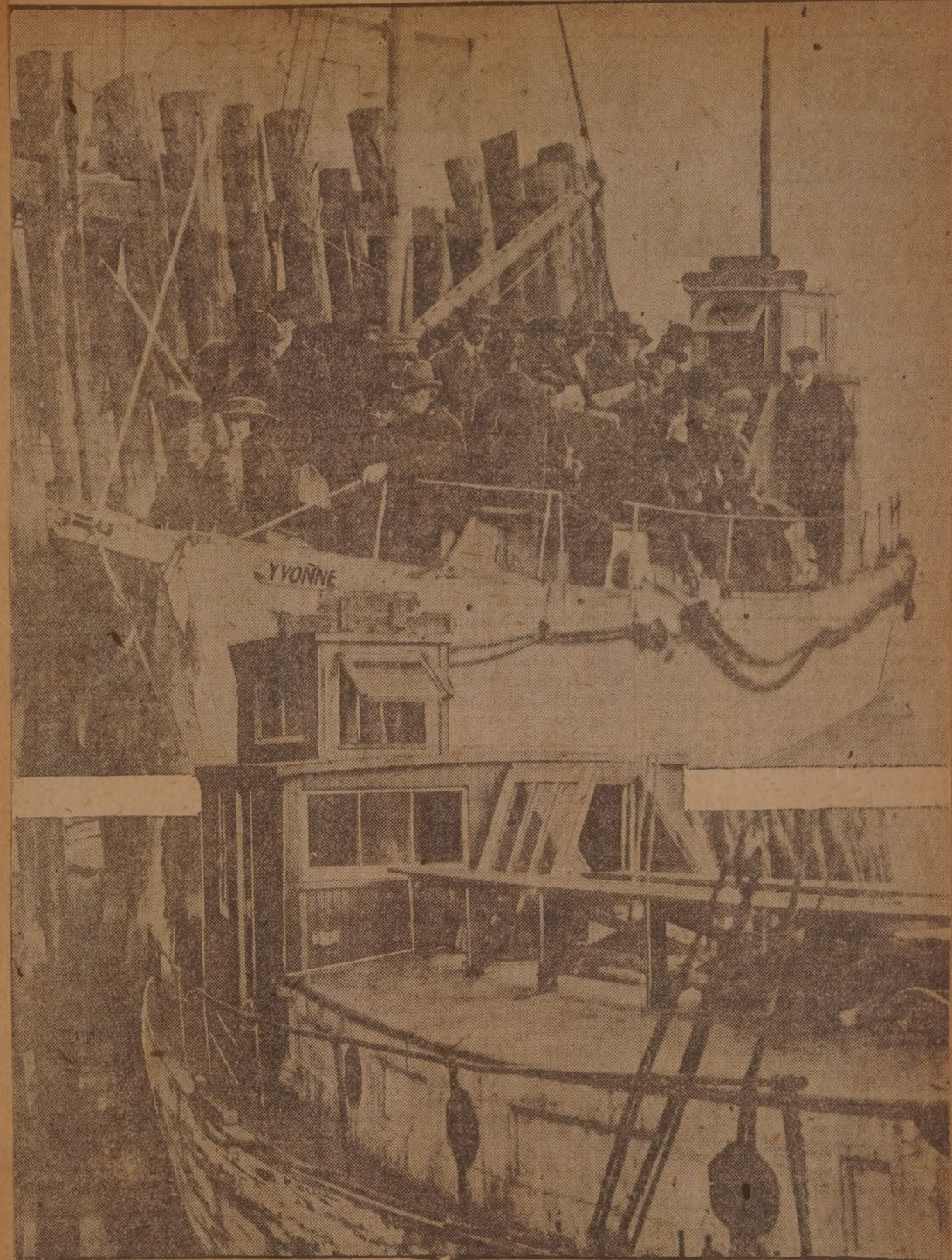


Pictures of the H. M. S. Calcutta—Upper Right, the Port Side Showing One of the 6-Inch Guns; Upper Right, Looking Forward from the Bridge; Below Left, a Squad Drilling; Right, the Breech of a 6-Inch Gun.



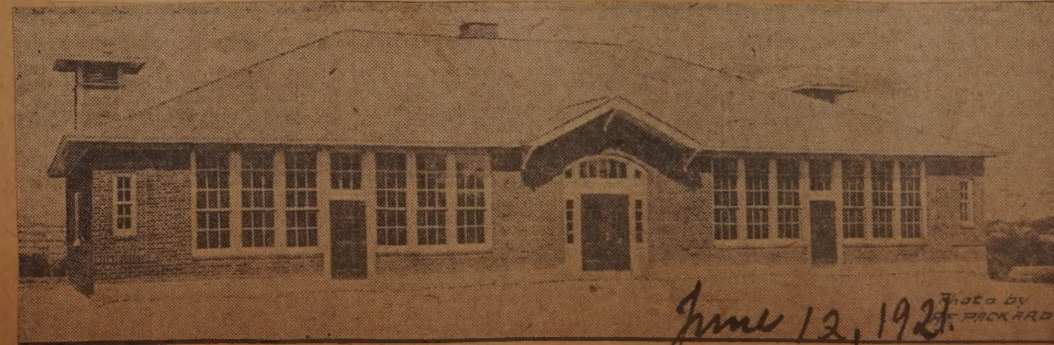
DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE FAIRHAVEN FERRY?

Feb. 5, 1921.



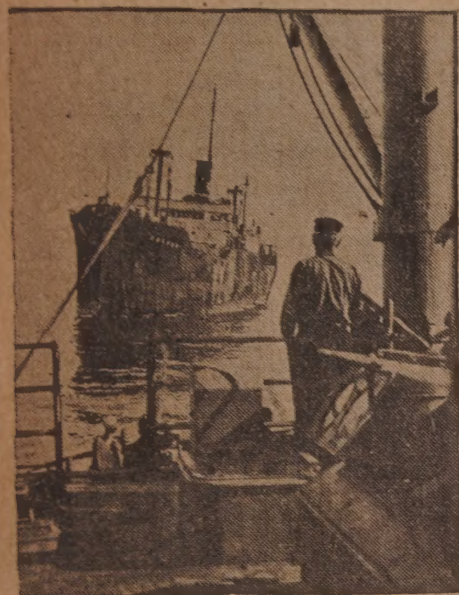
Two views of the motor boat which is substituting for the ferryboat Fairhaven, now away for repairs and may never come back. A better boat than the "Yvonne" is promised by Agent Frank Wall, but no date for its appearance has been set.

NEW ACUSHNET SCHOOL BUILDING COMPLETED



The four-room school building for the town of Acushnet from plans by William Tallman has just been completed. The building is of brick and is so constructed that it can be expanded into an eight-room building. The building was erected by the F. E. Earle Company.

HOW THE CUTTER ACUSHNET IS KEEPING BUSY



—Photos by F. A. Ficus.

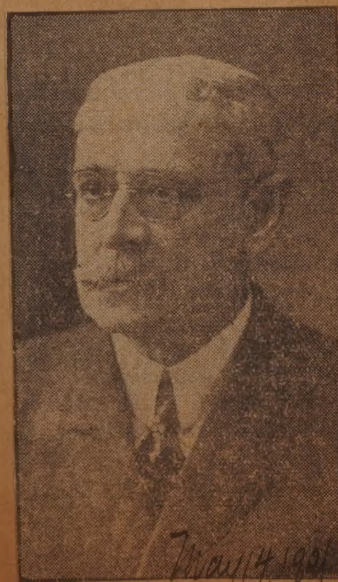
One Time Soloist in St. James Church Honored by Class



Oct. 30 Alfred Hamer, 1920

Alfred Hamer, of 85 Tallman street was elected president of the senior class of the New England Conservatory of Music at the class election in Recital hall, Boston, yesterday. He is a graduate of the New Bedford High school. As a young boy he was for seven years soloist at St. James Episcopal church and at 14 he went for a time upon the stage as "boy soprano." Four years ago he entered the conservatory as a pupil of the organ department under Wallace Goodrich. He had a year of war service and returned in September, 1919, as a member of the junior class. He is organist and choir master of the Church of the Messiah, Boston. His election to the class presidency is a popular one at the conservatory.

Other officers were chosen as follows: Vice president, Marie Audet, Salem; recording secretary, Anna Bonnett, Kingfisher, Okla.; social secretary, Eleanor Keith, Des Moines, Ia.; treasurer, Halg Garabedian, Boston.



Thomas W. Cornstock.

Wins Design Prize



Miss Elsie M. Eldridge.

A \$25 award offered by Andrew G. Pierce for the two best pattern designs for shirts made by Swain Free School pupils, was presented to Miss Elsie M. Eldridge, whose design was the preference of Dwight W. Tryon, who has an international reputation as a judge of such matters, a jury of competent critics and the choice of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew G. Pierce. Miss Eldridge, who is a teacher in the ungraded class at the de Valles school, has been studying and designing in the evening and Saturday morning classes throughout the winter. Her patterns were chosen from among nearly 100 designs submitted. The jury was unanimous with Mr. Tryon in his choice of the winning design, and, singularly enough, the same choice was made by Mr. and Mrs. Pierce.

June 2, 1921

At Yesterday's Dedication of
10/13/20 the John B. De Valles School



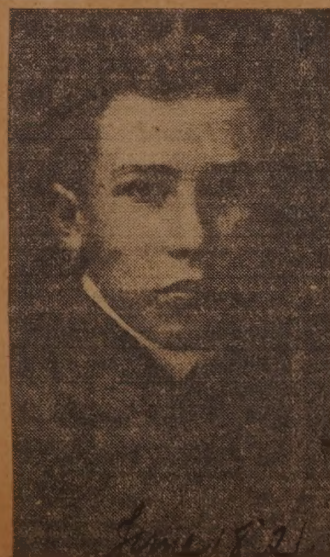
The school's tablet, Miss Irene McIntyre of the Salvation Army. Below, the speakers' stand, left to right, Congressman Walsh, Mayor Ashley, Father Osias Boucher.

Two Paintings from Group of
Henry S. Eddy's Work Shown Here



"Little River," the upper picture is a view in Dartmouth, known locally as "the red bridge". The lower oil shows one of Provincetown's fishing schooners docked by a rambling wharf, and is called "The Green Boat".

Dec. 4, 1920.



Maurice A. Cornell.

Winner of medal awarded by National Association of Cotton Manufacturers.



Miss Helen M. Sullivan.
A Framingham Graduate.



Miss Mary Sears
A Smith Graduate.

WONDER WHAT THE OLD WHARF THINKS ABOUT IN THESE LAZY, HAZY DAYS OF SUMMER



What was Bailey - 1920
Union Wharf Fairhaven, Mass.

Aug. 15, 1920.

A ragged stretch of grass-grown, sandy way
And huddled close like ancient sirrs, asleep,
A row of buildings, weather-beaten, gray;
Beyond—the river cool, and green and deep.

A lazy silence and a burning sun
That coaxes pitch from parching, gaping seams;
No sound to break the quiet of a world
Wrapped in the golden haze of summer dreams.

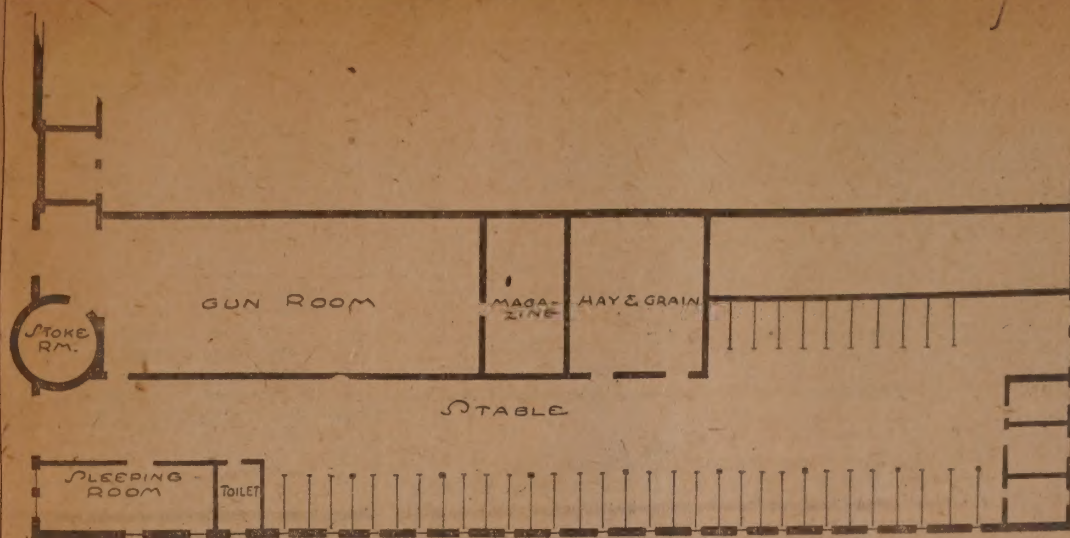
A. E. F. Veteran Who
Was Killed by
High Tension Wire



Joseph M. McCarthy.
The funeral of Joseph M. McCarthy, a veteran of the 5th Division, A. E. F., and a former employe of the N. E. Gas and Edison Light company, who was killed by a high tension wire Tuesday, was held this morning from his residence, 147 Holly street. At 9 o'clock high mass of requiem was celebrated at St. Killian's Church by the Rev. Fr. McKeon.
Burial was in St. Mary's cemetery. The pall bearers were John Moriarty, John Holden, James Galligan, Archie Liberty, George White and Joseph Marshall.
McCarthy enlisted in the Army at New Bedford, Oct. 4, 1917. He served overseas with Co. L of the 61st Infantry, 5th Division, in the Vosges sector, and the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne advances.
Floral tributes were received from the following: Brothers and sisters; employes of Gas company, high tension department; Mrs. John Murphy; chums; Miss Anna Hartley; Aunt Nell; John Little; Mr. and Mrs. James Morgan; Misses Viola and Mary Marsland; sisters Mary, Annie and Marguerite; niece and nephew Paul and Jodoin.
Spiritual bouquets were received from the following: Miss Katherine O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Michael McCarthy, Miss Gertrude Mullarkey, Miss Katherine Burrett, Mr. and Mrs. John Marshall, Mrs. Edward Kenney and Mrs. T. James.

HOW REMODELED ARMORY WOULD APPEAR

Oct 31, 1920



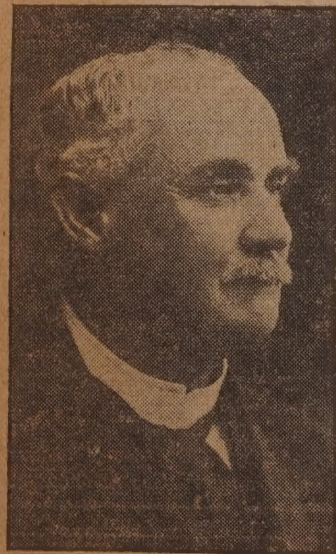
FORMER PASTOR RETURNS HOME

10/2/1920

Mr. MacColl After Ten Years in Africa Will Preach Here Sunday from Old Pulpit at North Congregational

Rev. John A. MacColl, pastor of the North Congregational church in New Bedford from 1889 to 1903, later serving as pastor of the Congregational church at Wareham and the Pilgrim Congregational church in Providence, and who recently has been serving the Presbyterian church of South Africa, is to visit New Bedford and will occupy the pulpit at the North Congregational church tomorrow. Mr. MacColl is at present making his headquarters at the home of his daughter in Brooklyn, N. Y.

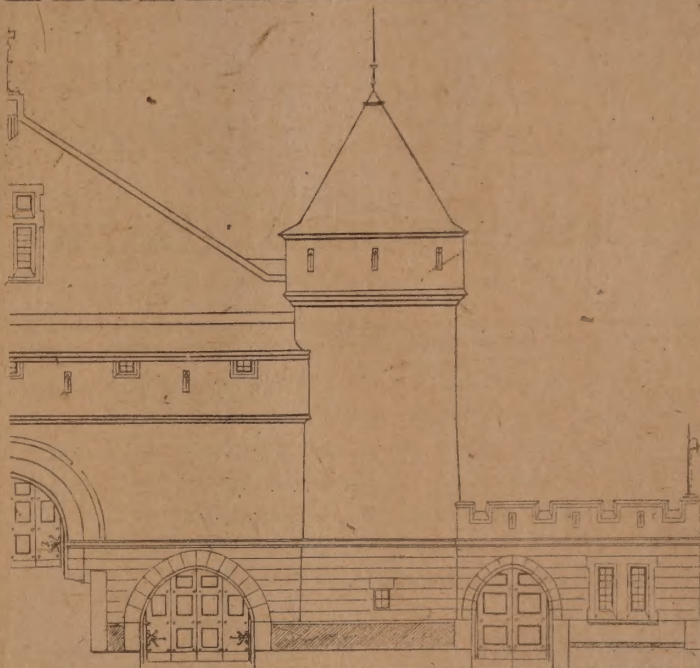
Mr. MacColl, in 1911, resigned his pastorate in Providence to go to the South African diamond fields to investigate missions there, with a view to their strengthening and consolidation irrespective of religious creed.



Rev. John A. MacColl.

He was sent by a small body of Boston philanthropists.

He engaged in that work for nearly three years when he was placed in temporary charge of the First Presbyterian church at Pietermaritzburg. Since then he has occupied himself with service for the Presbyterian church until early this year when he



Above—How Interior of Addition Would Be Arranged. Below—Appearance of Armory with Addition.

Plans under consideration now provide for extensive changes at the Armory, including an addition for the stabling of horses and also illuminating the indoor rifle range. Considerable opposition is expected to these plans.

These plans have been prepared by Labrode & Bullard, architects, at the request of Captain Harold Winslow, commanding Battery D.

decided to return to his native land, the United States, where the greater part of his ministerial life has been spent.

During the course of his service in South Africa, he served the Presbyterian denomination in most of the large centres either as supply pastor during long leaves of the ministers or occupying the pulpits and extending the work on lengthened vacancies. He always declined to accept a permanent pastorate.

Johannesburg, Capetown, Durban, East London, Kimberley and Kingwilliamstown had the benefit of his ministry at various times. His particular success was in the interest he took with the young people. His preaching, while eloquent, was only a part of his ministry. He prepared lectures on Biblical subjects for week evenings and won all sorts and conditions of people to his friendship and appreciation of his service.

Deep regret was expressed throughout South Africa when it became known that Mr. MacColl had decided to return to the United States and many testimonials were accorded him.

Mr. MacColl was born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., and received his early education there, later studying at the College of the City of New York. He prepared for the ministry at Union

Theological seminary, from which institution he graduated in 1882.

His first pastorate was in the Memorial Congregational church at Saylesville, R. I.

He accepted a call to the North Congregational church in this city in 1889 and during his pastorate the church flourished and maintained the high place it had won under previous ministers. In 1897 he sent in his resignation but the sentiment was so overwhelming against his leaving that he withdrew it. But in 1903 he felt the time had come for him to sever his connection with the church which he had served so faithfully for 14 years. A council approved his decision and he terminated his pastorate. He then went to England for a trip, returning to serve the Wareham parish and later going to Providence.

His return to New Bedford is being eagerly awaited by those who knew him during his ministry here and he will be given a warm welcome by many of his old parishioners.

The presence of Edwin B. Jourdain, Jr., former crack high school sprinter and son of Edwin B. Jourdain, a local attorney, and another Negro, Edward O. Gourdin of Cambridge, on the Harvard track team has resulted in the cancellation of dates for meets with the University of Virginia and the Naval Academy squads.

When seen this morning by a Standard reporter, Mr. Jourdain de-

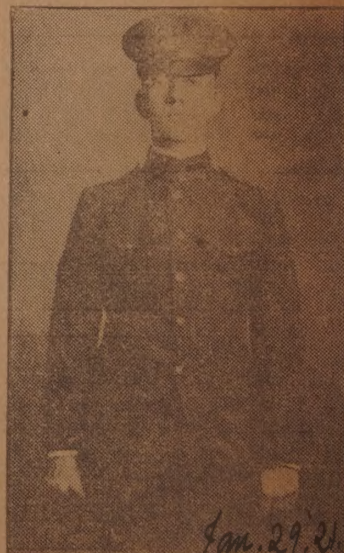


Edwin B. Jourdain, Jr.

nounced the action of the Virginia officials as "un-American." Commenting on the matter he said: "Some time ago a northern college football team went south for a game with a southern eleven and on the team was a Negro player. The southerners refused to play against him so he was kept out of the game. In order to prevent a repetition of that sort of thing the Harvard authorities informed Virginia just how things stood,—told them that two of their best men were of Negro extraction and that unless these two men could take part in the meet Harvard couldn't go through. Well, Virginia wasn't big enough nor American enough to break away from southern prejudice and so cancelled the arrangements."

"Many southern boys attend our northern universities and prove to be mighty fine fellows. They associate with and are friendly with boys of Negro birth and get along all right with them. There are others, however, who come north and act like cads and they never will be anything but cads."

He Is New Major of High School's R. O. T. C. Battalion



Capt. Charles A. McKenzie, appointed by Lieut. Col. D. T. E. Cas- teel, military science instructor, to command the High School's R. O. T. C. unit during the spring term. He succeeds Major Morgan Jennings who was graduated Thursday evening.

A FAMOUS HOUSE

Mercury Oct. 25, 1906.



THE ROTCH-HOWLAND-BARTLETT HOUSE.

Hetty Green Was Married in Rotch-Howland-Bartlett House to Be Sold at Auction— Sylvia Ann Howland Will Written There.

The Rotch-Howland-Bartlett house, which is to be sold at auction next Monday, to be moved or torn down, is one of New Bedford's famous houses. Although not entitled to fame on account of its age, it has been the home of several prominent families, the names of which have been identified with New Bedford's industries for nearly a century.

It was in the building which now stands at the southeast corner of William and County streets that Miss Hetty Robinson, now Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in the world, was married, and it was there that she learned frugal ways from her aunt, Miss Sylvia Ann Howland. It was there also that the will that was followed by one of the most remarkable contests that ever took place in the state was drawn. Even today may be found on the window pane, scratched with a diamond, the name Sylvia, etched, no doubt, by the niece of the woman who taught Hetty Robinson how to save and the ways of the financier.

There is a sort of legend also that it was in large rooms on the first floor of this house that the first dance held in Quaker New Bedford that was considered respectable was given.

Citizens of the present day know the house as the residence of the late George H. Bartlett, collector of customs, and many remember when it faced Eighth street. When William street was opened to County street, in 1822, the land on both sides of William street belonged to William Rotch, Jr., and on the north side he built a house for his son, Joseph, while on the south a mansion was erected for his son, Thomas Rotch, and it is this house that may be soon razed or moved away.

After occupying the house for a few years, Thomas Rotch, who married a Philadelphia woman, moved to that city to live. For a short period the house was occupied by Thomas Flemming, who married a daughter of William Rotch, Jr. It was transferred in 1831 by William Rotch, Jr., to Thomas Nye, Jr.; in 1844 to Daniel C. Waterman, a captain in the merchant trade;

and in 1843 to Sylvia Ann Howland. In 1863 Hetty H. Green sold the property to Andrew H. Potter, and from the Potter family it passed to the Bartletts in 1874. Ivory H. Bartlett purchased it, intending to have the property as a site for the Trinitarian church, as the building occupied by that society had been burned at about that time. Mr. Bartlett was a member of the Trinitarian society, and he wished to see the new church located there, but the conservative members of the church preferred to rebuild on the old site. In 1875 George H. Bartlett moved into the house, and at about that time a part of the lawn on Eighth street, at the corner of William, was sold to Dr. E. R. Sisson. Up to about 1889 the house faced Eighth street, the north line of the building being as now, very near the sidewalk. East and south of the building the land was unoccupied, and in the early days the land was vacant as far south as Union street. The problem of turning the house so that it faced County street was no easy task, but it was done without even a crack in the plastering.

There is no more substantially built house in the city than this, for although apparently constructed of wood, its walls are of stone and brick. Like everything that was undertaken by William Rotch, Jr., this house was built to stand against the elements for years. It was erected in a day when mechanics were skilled, and wrought with the greatest care each minute and unseen part. It is said that hand made nails were used in the construction of the house.

The walls of the building, could they talk, could tell a tale of the Sylvia Ann Howland will that would be of interest to the older citizens who remember the great fight that was made to test the validity of the document, in which the city was allotted thousands of dollars in bequests. The wedding of Miss Hetty Robinson, then an attractive young woman, which took place about the year 1863, was what is termed in the present day "a quiet home wedding."

It was also in this house that Hetty Robinson, then a school girl, received from her Aunt Sylvia her "shoe-string advice." Miss Robinson was about to start for Sandwich to attend boarding school, and her aunt was giving her an allowance and advice with it. There were two kinds of shoe-strings, Miss Hetty was told, linen and leather, but particular stress was laid on the advantages of those made of leather. "They cost less and they last longer," and this may be considered a good sample of the training that Mrs. Hetty Green obtained in her youth.

FRENCH YOUTH ARRIVES HERE

June 18, 1920

15-Year-Old Fernand Dornier Seized with Wanderlust in Bordeaux Ends Up in New Bedford

Wanderlust which lured Fernand Dornier from his home in Bordeaux, France, into the turmoil of war activity in Paris and Brest, aboard a sailing vessel bound for America, into the sugar fields of Louisiana, back to France again, into Germany and then once more to New York, drew him on and on and then dumped him high and dry in New Bedford and to-



Fernand Dornier.

day he is looking for a job. And the most remarkable thing about the story is that Fernand is not yet 15 years old.

The boy says he is out to make his way in the world; that in war-torn France, youth is handicapped and he doesn't propose to work all his life. He left home October 24, 1918, he says, and worked his way to this country as a seaman on the French sailing ship, Captain Guynemeyer. When the vessel docked in New York, he deserted and went to Brooklyn, living by doing odd jobs and making a dollar here and there.

At the end of two weeks Brooklyn palled and he made his way to Louisiana. He had learned something about automobiles in France and he got a job as chauffeur for a physician in Cutoff, La. He remained there until he fell into the hands of the immigration authorities who had been looking for him from the time he ran away from his ship. The boy was deported.

After a few months of home life, the desire to travel took hold of him again and he went to La Havre. From there he made his way to Brest and from there to Paris, where he made himself popular with the men of the 18th U. S. Infantry, replacement troops on their way to Germany. Fernand, according to the story he tells himself, was adopted as mascot by the outfit and accompanied them into the occupied territory.

Four months he spent with the doughboys, viewing the scenery of Coblenz, Darnbach, Grunhaut, Newwied, Ems and other places in the Kaiser's former dominion. At the end of four months, Fernand was picked up by the American military police, who handed him over to the French military police and they, in turn, sent him back to his parents.

Didn't Stay Home Long.

He didn't stay home long but made his way back to his friends the soldiers. A few months later he went to Brest and then to Paris where he had a session with the American consul in an effort to get a passport which would enable him to land in America. He told the consul his home was in the United States. Fernand speaks good English, but he speaks it with an accent and the consul was suspicious. He told Fernand he did not believe him.

"I am an American," the youngster persisted. "I am a Louisiana Frenchman."

The consul was convinced finally and made out the papers.

Fernand worked his way across on the United States army transport, America. He left Brest October 19 last and landed in New York Dec. 21, picking up odd jobs and managing to make a living. Recently, he said, he decided that he would like to see New England and he saved up money enough to pay his fare to Providence. From Providence he came to New Bedford, landing here without a cent.

He prepared to spend the night at the railroad station but about 10 p. m. was informed by the ticket agent that he was about to close up.

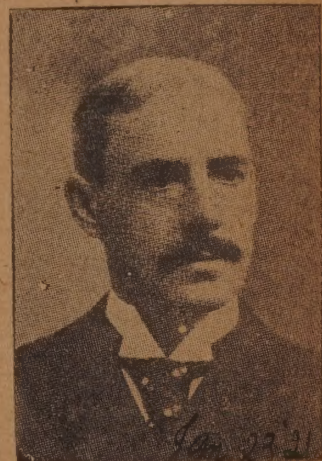
"How do you get that way?" inquired Fernand, exercising a little good old American slang.

The agent explained that in New Bedford the railroad station is not an all-night establishment and directed him to the Willis street police station. The officer in charge there sent him to police headquarters where he was given a bed for the night.

"It was better than some I had in Germany," he said.

Yesterday Fernand was directed to Clerk of Committees Harold Winslow who handles all the public cases that nobody else knows what to do with and today Mr. Winslow was bending his efforts toward getting the boy a job.

Otis N. Pierce Is New Vice President of Merchants Bank



At a meeting of the directors of the Merchants National Bank this week Otis N. Pierce, president of the Grinnell Manufacturing Company, was elected vice president to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Elliot D. Stetson.

Mr. Pierce is the dean of the New Bedford Cotton manufacturers, if one excepts William W. Crapo, who is president of several of the New Bedford cotton manufacturing corporations but has never taken any active part in the everyday conduct of the mill itself.

Mr. Pierce entered the Wamsutta Mill office after having completed his studies at the New Bedford High school and rose to the position of chief clerk. He went from the Wamsutta Mill to take the treasurership of the Border City Manufacturing Company of Fall River, but returned to New Bedford in 1882 to become treasurer of the Grinnell Manufacturing Company, of which concern he has been at the head ever since.

He has been a director of the Merchants National Bank for a number of years.

WOULD HAVE WOMAN JURORS

Jan 11 1926
Helen L. Potter, Lawyer, Believes Right Goes With Suffrage — Says Women Aren't "Catty."

Commenting on the recent decision of a New York judge, barring women from jury service, Miss Helen L. Potter, New Bedford's woman lawyer, said that she believed that the admission of women to juries was a part of the right of suffrage. She feels too, that many women are far better fitted for jury service than some of the men who are permitted to settle questions

"I see that a woman lawyer in New York says that she still has to fight the spirit which inspires remarks like this, 'Her smiles at the jury did it.' There are woman lawyers now and we are going to continue to enter the profession, and if they think our smiles at the jury are endangering justice, why don't they put a few woman on the jury to even up?"

Miss Potter who recently won her first divorce case, expects to confine her work largely to probate court cases, as she feels that she "would lose more than she would gain" by taking cases in the district court.



Miss Helen L. Potter.

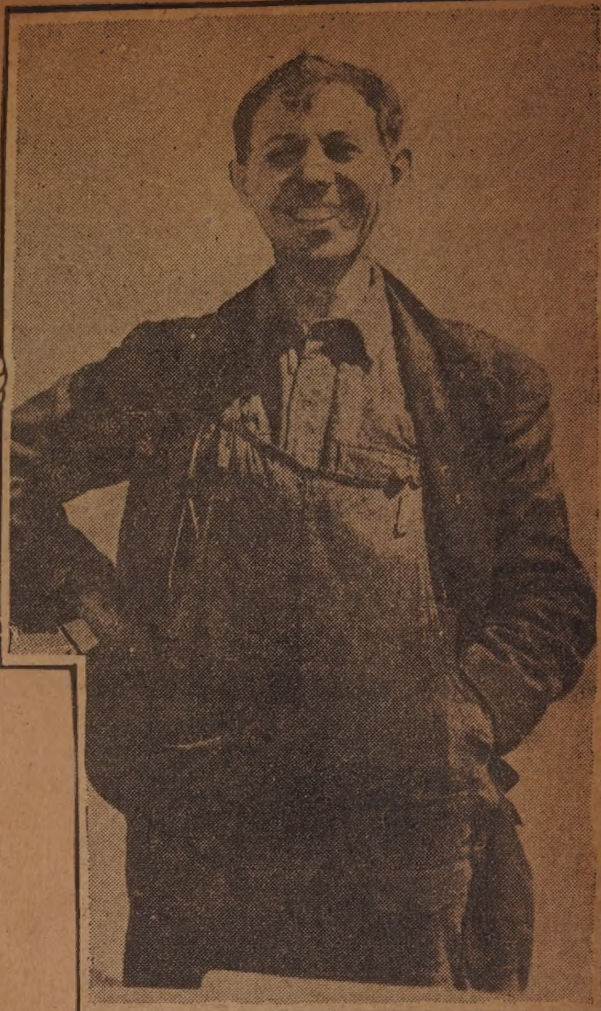
involving the honor and sometimes the life of prisoners.

As to the different psychology of women jurors and men jurors, she thinks that there is little to fear on that score.

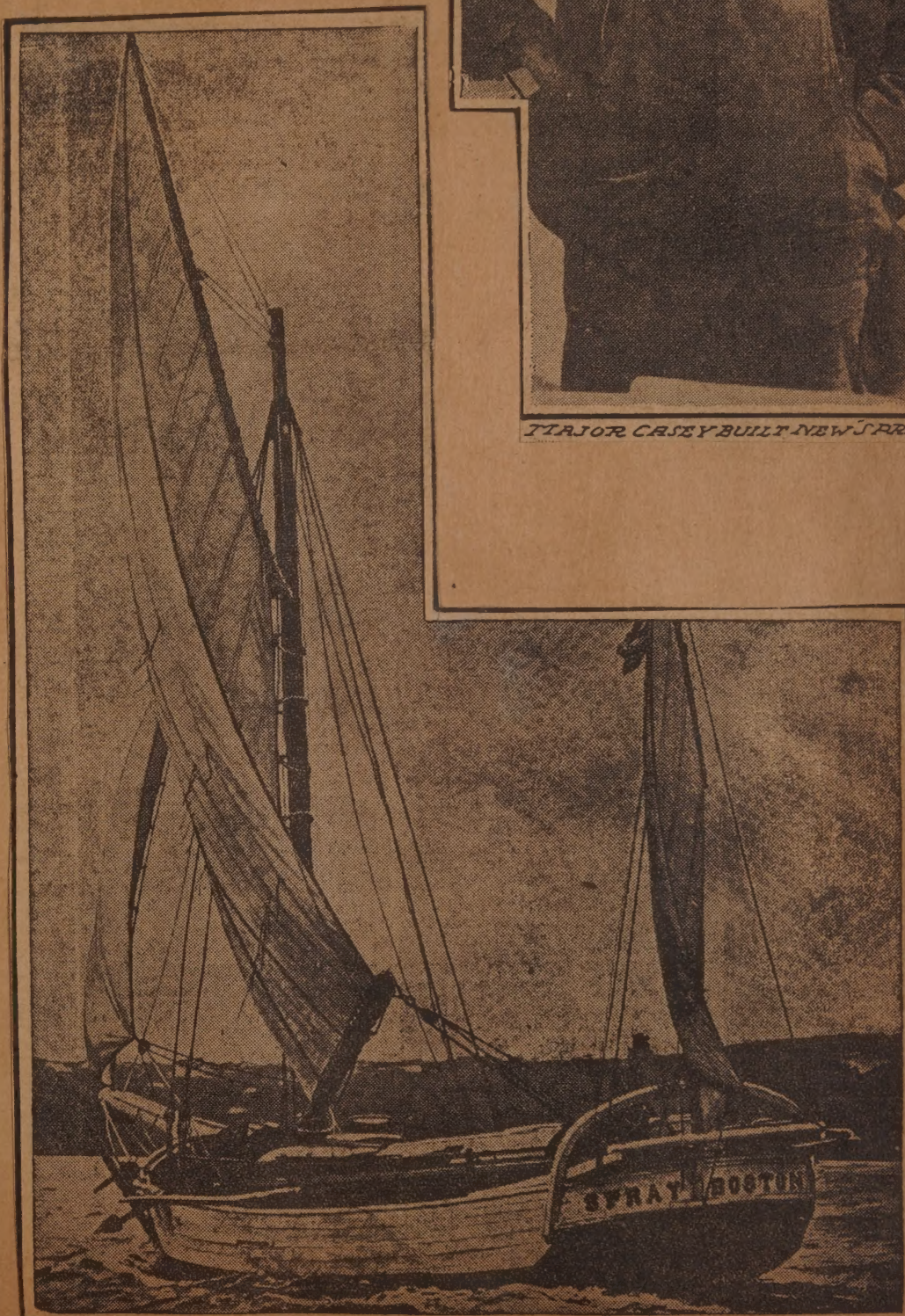
"I can understand that there might be some cases women would prefer not to serve on and there might be some women who would shrink from jury duty of any kind. But once they have taken the oath I feel sure that they will be as impartial and fair minded as men and that they are quite capable of grasping the legal intricacies of a trial."

Asked what she thought of the argument that women would be swayed in their verdict by a sentimental interest in a handsome prisoner, or might on the other hand be "catty" in judging a woman defendant, she expressed herself emphatically on the futility of such arguments.

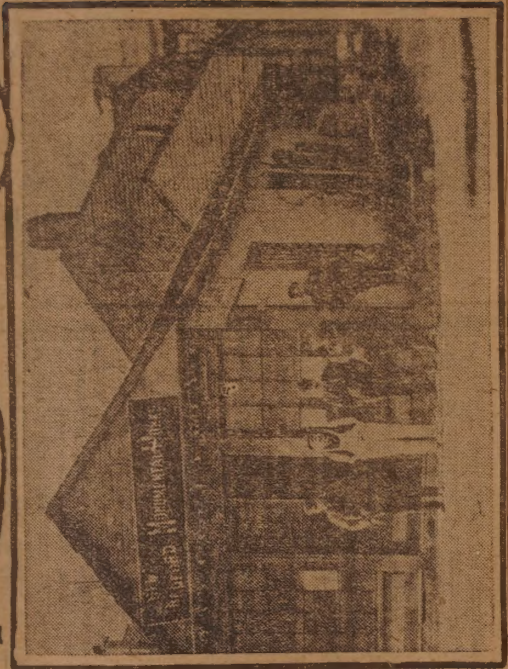
"I think there is nothing to that at all," said Miss Potter. "It seems to me that it's time people realize that the question of sex must be eliminated from certain phases of life. They are so used to saying 'just like a woman' that they keep on saying it in the face of the facts and woman suffrage. The matter of jury service is one time when women should be given the opportunity to prove that they can be as broad minded as man. I believe that the right of jury service goes with the right to suffrage and the argument that it has never been done before is a feeble one. I am quite sure that women will respond to opportunity in this case as in many others."



MAJOR CASEY BUILT NEW SPRAY



THE FATIGUE BOAT IN WHICH CAPT. SLOCUM SAILED ROUND THE WORLD ALONE



The Salon of the Marble Shop.

Coming Generation

June 13, 1920.



Beatrice Duff
535 County Street.

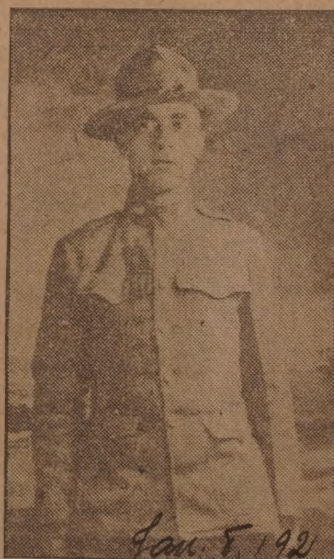
Master Duff
82 Court Street.



Miss Jewett
28 William Street

Bobbie MacLeod
52 Rotch Street.

Death Follows Cold He Caught in Coast Guard During War



William Murray of 179 Mill street died at midnight last night at the Sassagun sanatorium at the age - or 29 from pulmonary illness contracted while serving in the United States coast guard during the war. He enlisted March 4, 1918 and served about a year, much of the time with a search-light brigade at various parts of the coast. His station was at Fort Revere, Mass. He was a member of the New Bedford Post No. 1, American Legion.

He leaves a father, Joseph Murray, and a sister, Mrs. Bella Marshall with whom he lived.

HE'S ALWAYS AMONG

Wreck, Fire, Family Reunion, Baseball Game—You'll Find the Newspaper Photographer On the Job
—The Tightest Spot He Was Ever In.

Being the diverting adventures of one Edmund D. Ashley, Standard staff photographer. He first took his pencil in hand for this newspaper more than thirty years ago, when chalk plate drawings were all the rage. He's followed the development of the art of his faithful black box ever since, and if you ever labored under the delusion that his job was a cinch, read.

SCENE—a bedraggled tug, fighting its stubborn way through stormy waters, waves washing high over the decks, the clumsy craft pitching crazily. In the background, the cliffs of Gay Head sombre enough now under a gray winter sky. Outlined against them with their dead white sails, two stranded vessels in a desperate struggle for freedom and the open sea once more.

Characters—a dozen of them, draped at appropriate intervals over the deck, eleven of them very cold, seasick, desperate. One of them miraculously happy, eager to inspire his gloomy comrades with his enthusiasm.

Author's note might add that of the desperate characters, one led all the rest. For he was that object of pity, the newspaper photographer and artist all rolled in one, detailed to make some vigorous sketches of the wrecked vessels and take a few dozen views of the scene. And he was limp, lifeless, too weak to hold a pencil, or to even think of taxing his strength with the camera.

"Yes," said the newspaper photographer who survived this experience, "that was a stiff assignment, in some ways the worst I ever had. In the first place we couldn't get anyone to take us down to the wreck. They just laughed at us, for there was such a gale blowing that they wouldn't risk their boats.

An Argument Against Prohibition.

"But we got hold of somebody who was game, and started out on an all-day trip. Off we went, a Standard reporter, some Boston and New York newspapermen, and a telegraph operator. Everyone was seasick except the last boy and he had a glorious time because he had a good, thorough jag on. And then they talk about the blessings of prohibition.

"I was sicker than anybody else, so that by the time we got down there I was practically useless. I could look at the wreck all right but that was all. Finally the reporter who was with me got desperate when he saw some of the other artists making feeble attempts to immortalize the scene, and he brought a block of paper over to me.

"For heaven's sake, draw something," he said, but I couldn't.

"When we got back to the dock here in New Bedford they had to practically lift me ashore. It looked as if my trip had been an expensive luxury, but I rallied enough to draw something from memory."

As he talked he poked his fingers into pans of strange looking liquid, reached for bottles whose contents even a wood alcohol fiend might hesitate before sampling—so strangely colored were the liquids they contained, so spattered and time-worn the bottles themselves. If your fingers had looked like his, you would have had them all wrapped up in a beautiful white bandage, resting on a soft pillow or supported in a sling. For they were rough and literally eaten with the eager developer which doesn't bother whether it's a plate or a person it attacks.

A Question of Taste.

He passed airily over this mark of his trade, explaining that it was a choice between owning fingers chewed and bitten after his own fashion, or black as Egypt from a less rabid developer. It was just a question of taste.

Then he stirred up a strong smelling mixture in one of those domestic looking pans that you would relegate to the kitchen shelf and use for baking biscuit, and continued the tale of the perils of the newspaper photographer.

Fate played a rather scurvy trick on him the very day after his experience at Gay Head. For another venturesome vessel decided to go on the rocks at Cuttyhunk during that great blow, and off they bundled him the morning after. He wasn't seasick that time. He was too frightened for that. Evidently there is some sort of affinity between fear and seawater.

But the soothing influence of terror which kept his mind on the size of the waves and the chance of ending it all right there, rather wore off after they reached the wreck and he did his duty as an artist. For the sloop which had taken a few men safely from Cuttyhunk harbor to the wreck of the British bring Aquatic began to settle uncomfortably when the wreckers proceeded to load it down with salvage from the vessel.

"Look where it's going," whispered the newspaper photographer who was only too eager to help lighten the sloop by deserting her. Fortunately casualties were averted by an eleven-hour transfer.

Trophies from the Wreck.

In spite of difficulties, he managed to get many pictures and sketches of the famous wreck in which four islanders lost their lives in an attempted rescue. And filed away with his plates and prints are a wicked looking pair of iron handcuffs and a rust-covered horn with an ineffectual toot. Both came from the Aquatic, and the horn, which looks more like a child's toy than part of a ship's equipment, was the one and only fog horn the Aquatic boasted.

"They had planned a great celebration for the new ferryboat Fairhaven," remarked the photographer. "Everybody was all set for a big time. The only trouble was that the fun had to go on without the real excuse for all the excitement. For the ferryboat only got as far as Provincetown the day she was scheduled to reach here. A reporter and I had rushed down to meet her, expecting to come back on her first trip into New Bedford. When we got there it was dark already and it was blowing a gale.

"Not a chance of getting out to the boat till we dug up a couple of Portuguese fishermen and started out in a little old rowboat. They made us sit flat on the bottom of the skiff, and that meant sitting in several inches of water.

"When we finally got within reach of the Fairhaven, I sat tight and looked her over and did some sketches, for it was too dark to risk a picture, while the reporter, who was the kind of fellow who would get dizzy if he had to stand on a chair, climbed over a rickety plank onto the boat and had his interview. Next day he almost died of fright thinking about it. Just shows what you can do when you have to."

Out for a "Nice" Fire Picture.

"The tightest spot I was ever in? Let me see, I guess that was down on Water street when there was a bad fire in a warehouse. I took my big camera along, for they'd sent word that they wanted me to make a 'nice' picture.

"I was some sight when I got there. The place had been filled with lumber and part of the floor had caved in. But the inspector of building was there and he told me to go right on up, everything was lovely.

"So I went. The stairs were all twisted and it was hard work getting up with a camera. I had just started setting it up and was going to get a fine picture of the ruins when I heard something cracking. I looked up at the ceiling and I saw the beams that went up to the roof starting to give way. I pulled up my camera, made one jump and slid down the stairs.

"When I reached the door I kept on going and yelled at the men who were standing outside, 'she's coming.' And come she did just as we reached safety. The whole front of it crashed down in a cloud of dust that delayed me 15 minutes in getting a picture of the ruins. It wasn't a bad picture at that, a lot better than it would have been with me decorating the ruins."

A bugbear which pursues only those photographers fortunate enough to inhabit industrial cities, is the favorite sport of taking bird's eye views from an insecure perch on a mill chimney. Just about the time that assignment comes your way you appreciate the sentiments of "when a feller needs a friend," that is till you get used to it, and then it gets to be more of a bore than anything else.

But the first time.

"Don't Look Up!"

"I dreaded it," admitted the photographer who is a veteran of many such expeditions. "The reporter I was with the first time gave me a tip that saved me a lot of suffering. 'Don't look up,' he said, I did and I'm mighty sorry.

"So I didn't look up at all and I felt all right when I got to the top. I only had a snapshot camera with me and I had to lean over to get any kind of a picture. I put one foot over the side to get in a little better position, and one of the mill men came over and looked at me to see what was the matter. They had to hold on to the reporter, it worried him so being

"It isn't bad going up in most of them. Sometimes the staging's inside, sometimes it's out. But we got to one where I couldn't see any way at all of getting up. I stuck my head inside and all I saw was a big cannon ball swaying around.

"As it turned out that ball had a lot to do with our getting up, for it was the only excuse for an elevator they had. The idea was to sit on the ball which was attached to a heavy chain, and then let some one haul you up just as if he was hoisting rocks. It wouldn't have been so bad, but they took us two at a time, and one of the men who had been there before kindly insisted on sitting on me so that I wouldn't be in any danger.

"I found out the reason he was so anxious before I got very far, because he bore his whole weight on me and I was nearly crushed. And we swung around like a top all the way.

"I made up my mind that could never happen again and when we started down I insisted on protecting the other fellow. He protested but I was firm and when we went down I was sitting on top and I didn't ease up on the strain by hanging on to the chain either. I let him have all that was coming to him."

THOSE PRESENT



"ED" ASHLEY, STANDARD PHOTOGRAPHER.

I Wasn't in It for My Health.

"I did quite a lot of work like this until the novelty had worn off and they didn't seem to care much at the office whether I bothered about it or not. I wasn't in it for my health so naturally I called a halt."

An experience of almost 30 years with only two attempts in all that time to smash the beloved black box that marks the newspaper photographer, is something of a record. You're not usually that lucky. Lots of people who may be aching to break into print go to all sorts of trouble to make a fine show of resistance, and little do they care if they damage an expensive camera in the process. Of course there are some places that you stand prepared for a loss. That's when the chance even if a long one, is so big that it's worth taking.

For instance consider the case of the assignment to cover the funeral of the wealthiest man in the city, a power in the financial world. This is the way your newspaper photographer tried to manage it.

He took another man with him and posted him on some steps where he had a bare chance of getting the funeral procession as it left the church. As it happened nothing came of that venture. Then the photographer surveyed the scene of action and laid his plans accordingly. He talked the matter over with two men who stood directly in line with the door of the church. They agreed to step aside at the psychological

moment and give the photographer a fighting chance. And they kept their word. But a bulky form backed right in the way of the camera, and remonstrance only provoked him to action. With a sweeping blow he pushed the camera aside and out of commission for the day.

Newspaper photographers from out of town who had clustered in a room across the street, where folled by a window which refused to open, so that there was still no picture of any kind to show for a day's hard work and planning.

He Wasn't Beaten Yet.

But the authorities who insisted upon such precaution counted without the resourcefulness of at least one photographer. He held a council of war with his confederate, and then they followed the funeral procession to the cemetery. The chief plotter held up his empty hands and was passed by the guard at the gate. Instead of stopping at the grave he followed the plan of campaign worked out in advance, and made his way to a remote part of the enclosure where he was met by his helper who handed a camera over the fence. He went as close as he dared to the grave, and in the pouring rain he took his picture, which was no work of art, but the only one of its kind achieved.

The second time that his camera met with disaster came again when he was obeying orders to get a picture or tell the reason why. A man indicted for murder, arrived in the city and the photographer started out to "mug" him. All went well until he approached his victim, when a relative appeared suddenly from an araway and knocked the camera over.

After telling the intruder just what he thought of him and of his family and of a great many other matters whose bearing on the case was more or less irrelevant, the photographer returned and made his report at the same time that his opponent presented his grievance. The feud came to an end only recently when the photographer was willing to cry quits after he was favored in the matter of another picture he wanted to get by the same man who had hurt his feelings and his camera.

Any time a photographer ventures into a courtroom with a camera he is prepared to bid a last good-bye, because of the stringent rules against taking pictures while court is in session. The ways and means by which there is an occasional victory for the photographer are perhaps better left unexplained.

Helping the Police.

But there are times when he is persona grata with the very brass buttons who would throw him out of court with a

HOW BRITISH DAY WAS OBSERVED

August 2, 1920

will. That's when he gets a hurry call to come to the scene of a crime and photograph or sketch the room so that the picture may be preserved as exhibit A. One of the most exciting of these cases occurred when the photographer dashed out to a boat anchored in the river and took a flashlight of the disordered cabin where a woman, hacked to pieces, was found. This proved one of the most valuable pieces of evidence in the trial.

As long ago as the famous Borden trial the photographer was on the job, though his duties in those days before the perfection of photo engraving were largely confined to sketches which could be reproduced by means of the chalk plate method. Miss Borden, the counsel for and against her, witnesses, the fatal hatchet and a plaster cast of her father's skull, all these were sketched by The Standard artist, whose early scrapbook resembles a rogues' gallery with its page after page of pictures of the most sordid and brutal crimes.

It is a far cry from an assignment like that to a popular summer pastime of the photographer, the taking of group pictures of clambakes, mill workers, school children, baseball teams. And when everything else fails there is always the wedding party, including relatives and friends to a number past understanding, who must be potted and cajoled and wheeled into position and quiet.

Getting Into Form.

You'd think he'd slip up now and then. After a full day taking all sorts and descriptions of subjects, the last perhaps a crowd of shouting school boys, he has to get into form for a bridal party. And this is where the photographer displays his versatility. For the appropriate manner of attack is essential to the success of the picture. He isn't bromidic enough to say "Look pleasant, please," but he manages to convey that soothing sentiment and so get the picture to his satisfaction.

He's only photographed three presidents, he says, and his first chance at this particular quarry of his brotherhood came when he journeyed down to "Gray Gables" to take some pictures of Joe Jefferson's summer home.

Relating the story of his trip with a woman reporter, he said, "We were only a couple of kids, and it still makes me mad to think what a jay I was in those days. Mr. Jefferson seemed sort of tickled at the way the girl was gushing over him, calling him, 'My dear Mr. Jefferson,' and he turned us loose in the house to take what we pleased in the line of pictures. After we were through, he and his guests, President Cleveland and his wife, and Edwin Booth came out and sat on the steps while I took a view of the house. And like a boob I got way off as far as I could so that I could take in the whole house, and of course you could scarcely see them."

He shook his head ruefully over lost opportunity, for he learned long ago that the picture of one unbecoming celebrity is usually worth a hundred ravishing landscapes. And he didn't let any chance get by when he spent a day or two campaigning with President Roosevelt and later with the jovial Taft.

Blue Monday is nothing compared to Saturday when it comes to a newspaper photographer. Rain or shine, he's on the job. If another flood seems imminent he may be lucky enough to potter around his little airless, odorless dark room with its weird red light, catching up with himself, making enlargements, preparing developer. Or he may do some studio work, working his ingenuity to the limit to devise some graceful background from two or three straight chairs, some bolts of white paper and a moth-eaten cover.

But more than likely, just when it's raining cats and dogs for the dogs to join in too, the call comes.

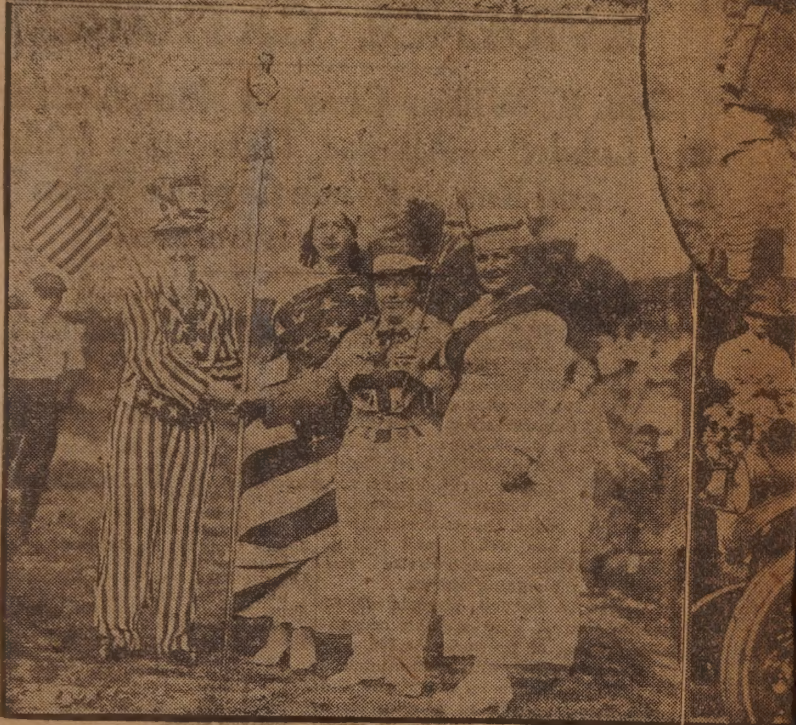
"Hurry out to ——— Field and Lot ——— and ——— Park and bring back a lot of football pictures. Be sure you don't slip up on them."

Shed a Tear for Him.

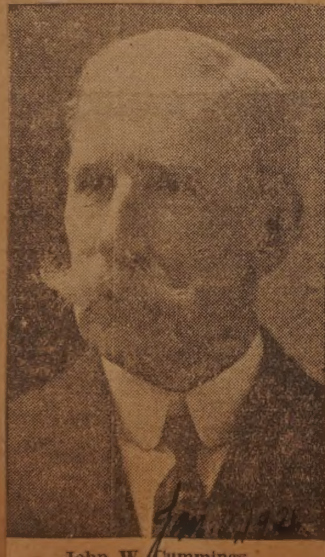
Now the sad fate of the newspaper photographer is calculated to make you shed an extra tear when you realize that he of all the football, baseball, basketball, polo, horse race, fight fans in the world is fated never to see the end of a thrilling contest. No indeed. Just at the moment when a garrison finish or seventh inning rally is getting under way he must fold up his tripod, take a firm grip on his camera, and "beat it"—that's the only term to use for his tempestuous flight—to the nearest street car or a waiting jitney, and get his precious plates to the office and into the dark room in record time.

Mixed with his wonder at how he's going to manage to get any pictures at all is the painful knowledge that he hasn't half a chance to see the real thrills of the game. But he doesn't waste time arguing. He just gathers together his paraphernalia and starts out to "take," the game or the family reunion, or the famous man or the new baby or the pet dog or the blushing bride, or—oh, what's the use. For the newspaper photographer manages to be among those present at every important event in the city and his pictorial history of it from year to year gives just about the best idea extant of its changes and development.

Best of all he lives to tell the tale, and still carries, along with his moth-eaten fingers, and his cameras and his tripods, an eager interest in the job, a ready wit and an infectious smile that win him easy victims.



Upper left, the British Day Committee, John S. Gardner, chairman; Phil Kay, Captain Blake, R. N., British Naval Attache at Washington, Rev. William stand; lower left, (left to right) Mrs. Steen as Uncle Sam, Mrs. Dowry as Columba, Mrs. Oldham as John Bull, Mrs. Parker, president of the British Ladies; lower right, the prize winning float of the Loyal United Sisters Lodge, M. U., No. 9; single



John W. Cummings.

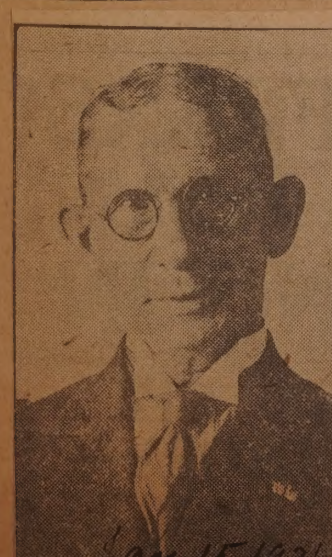


V. Ormonde Walker.



—Photo by A. F. Packard.

upper right, Congressman W. S. Greene, Mayor Smith of St. John's Episcopal Church, Fall River can be picked out on the speaker's stand; Mrs. Oldham as John Bull, Mrs. Parker, president of the British Ladies; lower right, figure, Captain Archibald Wilding, M. C., parade marshal.



John W. Mackay.



Albert B. White.

He is New Managing Editor of the Big June 24 Ladies' Home Journal



Loring A. Schuler.

Loring A. Schuler Who Has Been Art Editor of Two Curtis Magazines Jumps in Organization June 24.

Loring A. Schuler next Monday becomes managing editor of The Ladies' Home Journal.

Mr. Schuler is a New Bedford man, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Schuler. He was for four years a member of The Standard staff and later a correspondent of this newspaper.

The Journal's new managing editor joined the Curtis Publishing company's forces in September, 1910, as an associate editor of The Country Gentleman. He later became art editor and in this position supervised the illustrations and the make up of the magazine. Following a recent shift in the personnel of The Ladies' Home Journal Mr. Schuler has been acting as art editor of that magazine in addition to carrying his own work. His successor in charge of The Journal's art has already been picked. He will carry The Country Gentleman with his new work until the place his promotion makes vacant is filled.

Mr. Schuler was born in New Bedford August 24, 1886. From January, 1904 to September, 1908, he was a reporter on The Standard. He was at Harvard as a special student in 1908 and 1909, and also in 1909 he was state house correspondent for The Standard.

From September, 1909, to August, 1910, Mr. Schuler was with the Boston Herald. In September, 1910, he went to the copy desk of the New York Evening World, where he remained until January, 1913.

In that year he went to The Country Gentleman as an associate editor, later becoming art editor.



Robert M. Midgley.

LAURA KEENE AND HER ACUSHNET FARM

Brilliant Actress, Born 100 Years Ago This Month, Sought Solace There After Tragic Performance When Lincoln Was Shot—Absorbing History of Property.

By Edward A. Sullivan

STRANGELY enough the fame of any person, be it great or small, will be an enduring thing in one locality but in another will dwindle every year until it becomes a thing of insignificance. Here in New Bedford everyone is more or less aware of the fame of the actress Laura Keene—and it is not unusual even today to hear people speak of "The Laura Keene Farm" in Acushnet. Elsewhere with the passing of older generations of playgoers this brilliant woman's artistic reputation has faded with the years. Whatever renown attaches to the name of Laura Keene today is the result of the tragedy enacted on Good Friday night, 1865, at Ford's theatre, Washington, when John Wilkes Booth assassinated Abraham Lincoln. That night Laura Keene played one of her greatest successes, Florence Trenchard in Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin" and so she is always assured of a place in our country's history.

In that same year the actress purchased her Acushnet farm from Nathan Breed of Lynn, the heir of Jonathan Kempton. Although the Kempton house and Miss Keene's residence have both disappeared, that land a mile north of the Oxford school house is still associated in the minds of New Bedford folks with the name of Laura Keene. Here, in the seclusion of Acushnet, the foremost actress of her day recovered from the anguish of the tragedy in which fate cast her for so important a role in that spring of '65.

One hundred years ago this month Laura Keene was born in Chelsea, London, the youngest of a family of four children. The date of her birth has always been a matter of dispute and has been variously placed in 1820, 1826 and 1830. Today it is generally agreed that she came into the world in March, 1820 making this her centennial month and year. She was twice married. Her first husband was John Taylor, an Englishman, and a godson of the duke of Wellington, and the union was not a happy one. Two daughters were born of this marriage, both of whom died in early womanhood. Her second marriage was to an American, John Lutz, her business manager, and one of the most successful of the early theatrical managers.

Child Met Great Artists

Laura Keene's childhood was passed in the artistic atmosphere of Chelsea, the Chelsea that our own Whistler later came to regard as his exclusive domain and from which he warned off his dear enemy, Mortimer Menpes as a sort of poacher in this artistic preserve. The child knew the great artist Turner and one of her earliest memories was that of Rachel, the French tragic muse, playing at a Chelsea theatre. Although the traditions of her family were not of the theatre she early displayed strong leanings towards the stage. Her stage beginnings were made in that school of the London theatre of the early nineteenth century.

Her first success was Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," that tattered vehicle of so many actresses. It is difficult to realize that when this young English girl played the part it was fresh and not the hackneyed role murdered by a thousand ladies of the stage. While playing Poor Pauline she attracted the attention of the elder Wallack, who persuaded her to come to America as his leading woman.

When the English actress arrived in America in 1852, accompanied by her two daughters and her mother, she had all the requirements for success in her elected profession. Slight in stature and possessed of a rare and winning grace, Laura dazzled all the beaux with her rich auburn hair, her lovely eyes and the music of her voice, which was soft and of a distinct charm. Her debut with Wallack was a success and she gained many admirers as Albino Mandeville in "The Will." The stage had as many beauty-loving temperaments then as now.

The English girl soon became noted for the strong tinge of imperiousness in her character. It was this, probably, and the injudicious advice of her admirers that caused her to break with Wallack.

After the rupture with the American she went distinctly on her own and opened her first theatre in Baltimore. The venture was not a success and was followed by a tour which lasted for several years and took the actress to Australia. She returned to New York in 1855 and late in that year opened the Metropolitan theatre, opposite Bond street. During her time here she appeared in many plays, among them "Camille," "As You Like It" and "The Marble Heart."

Marco in "The Marble Heart" was one of Miss Keene's dazzling hits. In the parlance of the theatre it was described as a fat part. Reading the play today we find it lurid and Marco herself only the 1850 version of the never charming type of



Laura Keene

"gold digger" that even now is being acted on our stage by Ina Claire. As a specimen of "chromo" drama it leaves "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model" miles behind. Indeed, Nellie and Marco had one trait in common. They were both perfect thirty-sixes. But the former's heart was the warm, pulsating organ of the poor working girl while Marco's was colder than the icy hand of charity. Nevertheless, the playgoers of the '50s found Marco an interesting "vamp."

Having established herself as one of the really popular performers of the day the English actress stayed in New York and created many parts. Her roles ranged from burlesque and melodrama to the comedies of manners and tragedy. Her marked successes were Peg Woffington in "Masks and Faces," Kate Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer" and Ogarita in the fortunately forgotten "Sea of Ice."

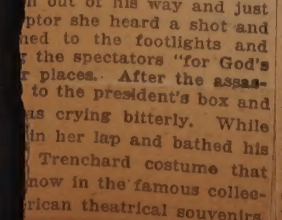
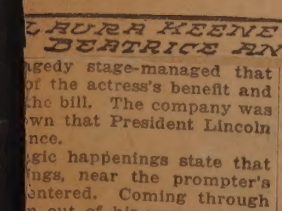
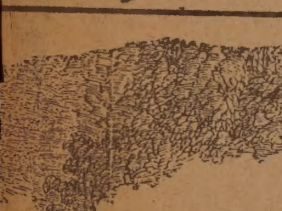
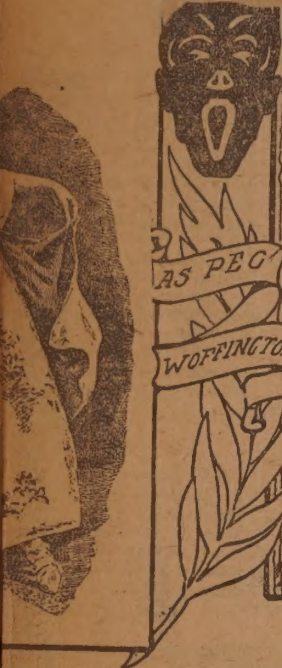
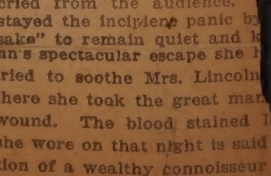
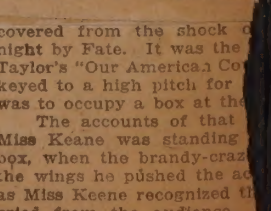
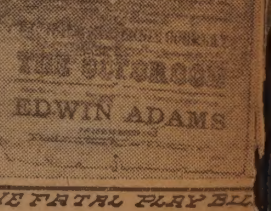
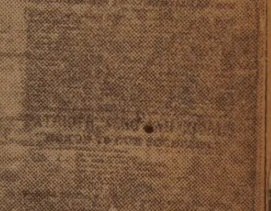
Became Producing Manager

Gradually her increasing prosperity and success made her one of the important producing managers of the day. She was an actress-manager 70 years before either Miss Horniman or Mrs. Henry B. Harris were heard of. Her company was constantly augmented with excellent actors who flocked to her standard and who helped swell the coffers of her theatre. Among these were Joseph Jefferson and Edward A. Sothorn, father of our own romantic actor.

The single production that gives sure indication of preserving the actress's name in any annals of our theatre was Tom Taylor's comedy, "Our American Cousin." Supported by Jefferson as Asa Trenchard and Sothorn as Lord Dundreary, Miss Keene achieved a real triumph in the play that was later to be associated almost exclusively with the fame of the elder Sothorn.

With each succeeding triumph the actress gathered new stars about her, among them Dion Boucicault and his wife, the lovely Agnes Robertson. But with the advent of the Civil War the playgoers of those days, like those of our own, demanded brothy comedies and burlesque for their entertainment. And while the Union and the Confederacy were engaged in a death struggle, the Keene company registered its biggest hit with a magnificently produced extravaganza, "The Seven Sisters." It was a combination Follies-Passing show of the sixties. It also gave the impetus to the productions of this kind, which blazed to glory with "The Black Crook"—America's first leg show that was publicly damned and privately gloated over by every rural deacon and moral reformer in the country.

Up to this time Miss Keene's career had been busy but it had been preeminently happy. Then came her engagement at Ford's theatre, Washington, in the spring of 1865. After Good Friday, April 14 of that year, Laura Keene never completely re-



AS PORTIA IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"



Laura Keene and J.W. Wallack as Beatrice and Benedick in Much Ado About Nothing

The aftermath of the tragedy was an almost complete breakdown on Miss Keene's part. Looking about for a secluded home to rest from the shock of her experience she purchased the Acushnet farm from Nathan Breed, an heir of Jonathan Kempton, who had inherited the property from his benefactress Nabby Hathaway. The farm, she soon learned, had an absorbingly interesting history that added greatly to the lustre of ownership. Much of the interest that was subsequently attached to the place undoubtedly resulted from Miss Keene's residence there. But the farm's first owner, also a woman, had as interesting a character as that possessed by this adored darling of the stage. Her name was Nabby Hathaway and in the long line of remarkable New England women she stands out with a vividness not warranted by the facts we know about her, for they are meagre, but solely by the strength of her



HER ACUSHNET FARM

individuality. She was certainly the first feminist in New England. A maiden lady and the descendant of one of the three original Hathaway brothers who early came to this section and acquired many acres, her prototype could not have been discovered at that time outside New England.

Sometime in the middle years of the eighteenth century Miss Nabby quarrelled with her relatives. She was a true woman of her time and station. Her character was as unyielding as the granite underlying her native fields. She did not regard the affair as an inevitable family squabble bound to occur in any household. For her it was a rupture calling for the most abrupt severance of family ties and Nabby burned her bridges. Fortunately her means were ample and she purchased 130 acres from the Acushnet Indians. On her newly acquired land she had a large stone dwelling erected on the north side, about 200 feet to the west of the present road.

At first she found her solitude a pleasure for by it she showed her family that when she quarreled she quarreled and in her Puritan lexicon there was no such word as reconciliation. Later she relieved her solitary state by the adoption of Jonathan Kempton, a boy of the neighborhood for whom she formed a strong attachment. Upon her death her entire property was willed to this youth.

During the farm's occupancy by Kempton the Revolution came and his majesty's soldiers pillaged the place. Students of local history will recall that the Redcoats, in their invasion of this section, marched from Clarks Cove to the Head-of-the-River and their return led them through Acushnet, south along the Fairhaven road by Mr. Kempton's place. On learning the coming of the military, Jonathan, who was on Sconticut Neck, hastened home. He hastily packed his silver plate and other valuables in a trunk. Hurrying through the front door with his precious load he met the British advance guard and was speedily relieved of his burden.

Redcoats Fired Farm House

During their stay the invaders set fire to some bedding in the upper story of the house. Kempton escaped from his captors by bribery and on reaching the house extinguished the flames. Considerable damage was done to the house's furnishings by the soldiers. A clock, later in the possession of Mrs. Mary E. Bradford, wife of William Bradford, the painter, was dented by the blows it received in the general hubbub.

A second British invasion was threatened in 1814 when the enemy's ships appeared in New Bedford harbor. This time the prudent Jonathan bethought himself of the clock. It was one of his valuable possessions as he himself had made the frame of cherrywood. The works were imported from London and were produced by the craft of one W. J. Miller of Lombard street, London. Jonathan concealed the frame, took the works out and buried them in his garden. Fortunately the British did not land and the clock was soon reassembled.

Mr. Kempton had purchased the works for one barrel of oil and a printed slip inside the pendulum door bore this quaint rhyme:

"Master, behold me, here I stand,
To tell the hours at thy command,
What is thy will? 'Tis my delight
To serve thee both by day and night.
Master, be wise, and learn from me
To serve thy God as I serve thee."

One of Mrs. Bradford's treasures, the clock, stood in the hall when she and her artist-husband lived at the farm, which was then the property of her father, Mr. Breed of Lynn. The years of the Bradford residence were just before the Civil war. At this time the old stone house of Jonathan Kempton had been demolished and a large wooden cottage erected on its site. Here William Bradford and the famous Dutch artist, Willem van Beest, lived and painted for two years.

When the Bradfords moved to Fairhaven, Miss Keene acquired the property from Mrs. Bradford's father. A lovely place, the actress added to its many beauties by the devotion of her taste and her energy to improving the grounds and the house. A winding driveway was built from the road to the front door. Trees and shrubbery lined the drive and gradually the whole place was cultivated. One of the novelties added by the new owner was an extensive sugar cane plantation. A tree bordered hollow was transformed into a duck pond and bathing houses were erected on the nearby banks of the Acushnet River. Near the bathing beach was a small knoll surmounted by a pine grove and this Miss Keene named St. Patrick's Point.

Happy Days Again

Happy days, probably the happiest of Laura Keene's life were spent on the Acushnet farm. The famous actress delighted in the summers that she spent here and the house always held a large crowd of happy, care-free Bohemians. After owning the place for five years the actress sold it to F. A. F. Adams. It was again re-sold and about 13 years ago cut up into lots. In 1897, long after Laura Keene's death, the house where she spent so many pleasant hours was destroyed by fire.

After selling the Acushnet home the actress became ill and her fortune was depleted by the publication of "The Fine Arts", a monthly magazine.

Ill health increased and after a generation of triumphs Laura Keene died at Montclair, N. J., on November 4, 1878, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery. Later her daughter had her body removed to the Greenwood cemetery.

With her passed an era in the history of the American theatre. Although her roles ran the gamut from Sardou to Shakespeare she cannot be classed with the greatest women of the stage. Without her beauty Charlotte Cushman possessed a sorer grasp on her public, Ada Rehan a superior mastery of their common art and Mary Anderson a warmer place in the hearts of the theatregoers of her later days. But Laura Keene was a clever actress of comedy and melodrama. A capable, energetic and lovable woman and a hard-working and admired member of her profession, she will always occupy a place in any comprehensive history of the American stage.

FAMILIAR SCENES ABOUT TOWN

BY ATWOOD



Feb. 13, 1921.
How New Bedford's mightiest man goes driving since fire took his seagoing hack.

New Bedford Girl Takes Last Vows in Holy Order



Feb. 13, 1921.
Sister Mary Silas of the Immaculate Conception, who before entering the convent was Miss Bertha A. Bouley of this city, took her last vows in the order at Boston last Friday.

Two members of her family, a sister Dora, who was detained at home by sickness and a brother Norbert A. Bouley, a student at Catholic university, Washington, were unable to attend the ceremony. Others in attendance in addition to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norbert P. Bouley of 198 Tinkham street, were Miss Leona Bouley and a brother, Private Arthur G. Bouley of Fort Adams, R. I.

MID-YEAR GRADUATES AT RODMAN SCHOOL



Jan. 25, 1921.
First Row, (left to right): Harry Tattersall, Margaret Fitzgerald, Evelyn Maynard, Helen O'Brien, Elizabeth McClure, Fred Bonner. Second Row: Louis Johnson, Clifton Sowle, Ruth Miller, Helen Gidley, Estelle Crapo, Robert Sutherland and Clarence S. Perry.

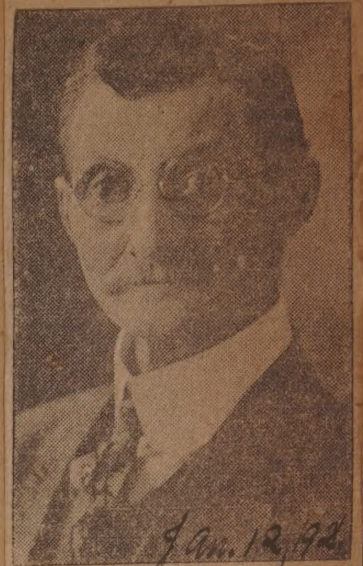
GRADUATING CLASS AT ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL

June 13, 1920



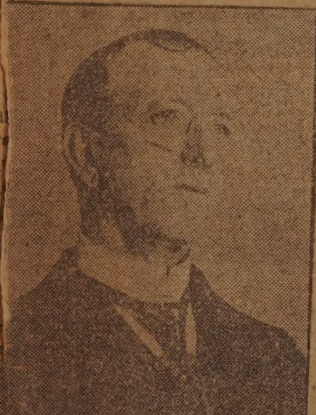
Graduating Class at St. Luke's Hospital.

Acushnet Lodge of Odd Fellows Holds Its Installation



Noble Grand Frank C. Dunham.

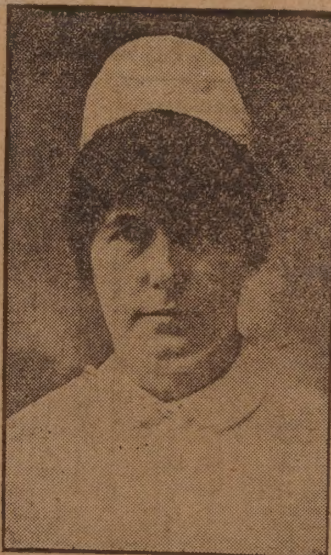
Veteran Engineer Was of Family Long Established Here



Feb. 11, 1921

Cornelius J. Buckley, who died at home, 117 Locust street, yesterday, was a lifelong resident of this city. He was the son of the late Maurice and Ellen Buckley, who were among the first of the Catholic families to make their home in New Bedford, coming here in 1829. The Buckley family were residents here long before there was a Catholic parish in the city. Mr. Buckley was one of the first engineers in the old Gosnold iron rolling mill here and was later for a number of years one of the engineers at Purchase street pumping station. Seventeen years ago he was the engineer at the Merchants National bank building. At the time of his death he was in the employ of the Taunton and Bedford Copper Company. Mr. Buckley had worked as usual all day yesterday, returning to his home for apparently in his usual health. He was taken sick about 9:30 Monday.

Mr. Buckley is survived by a widow, one son and two daughters. The Maurice L. Buckley, is in the employ of the Standard Oil Company at Patuxent, N. J. The two daughters, Mrs. Mary A. P. Buckley and Nellie C. Buckley, are residents of this



Miss Bernice Norton, Winner of Mary P. B. Greene Scholarship.

Although Miss Bernice Norton, winner of the Mary P. B. Greene scholarship at St. Luke's Training School for Nurses, has not fully completed her plans for the use of the fund, she hopes to take a course at the Teachers' College, Columbia.

Miss Norton, who received the first award of the scholarship from a class of 14 nurses, graduated June 3 from St. Luke's, is a native of Prince Edward Island. The scholarship, given to assist the recipient in pursuing post graduate work, was made possible through a bequest from the estate of Robert B. Greene, devised by his daughter.

The 1920 graduating class of St. Luke's comprises: Dorothy Lothrop Atwood, Marjorie Cushman Bryant, Alice Elizabeth Chase, Emily Cecilia Connors, Mabelle Ellsworth Howes, Mary Olive Jenney, Mary Lillian Lander, Thelma Isabelle MacDonald, Bernice Norton, Irene Parker, Estelle Rose Rea, Clara Beatrice Studley, Mary Isabel Sylvia, Bertha Walmsley.

State Commissioner Will Present Golden Eaglets at Assembly Here



Feb. 23, 1921

Seated: Mrs. Elizabeth Ridings, captain; left: Bertha Sykes; right: Clara Sykes. All to be awarded Golden Eaglets. Standing is Violet A. Kaye, another member of the same troop, who already has her coveted badge.

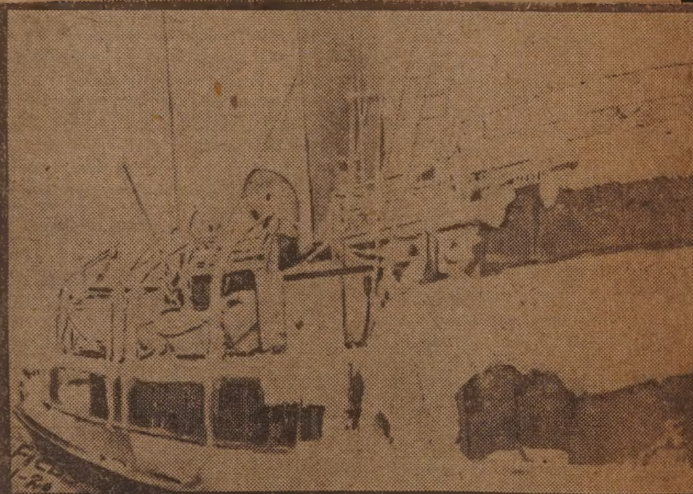
Heroic Rescues of Last Winter.



Captain P. W. Lauriat.—

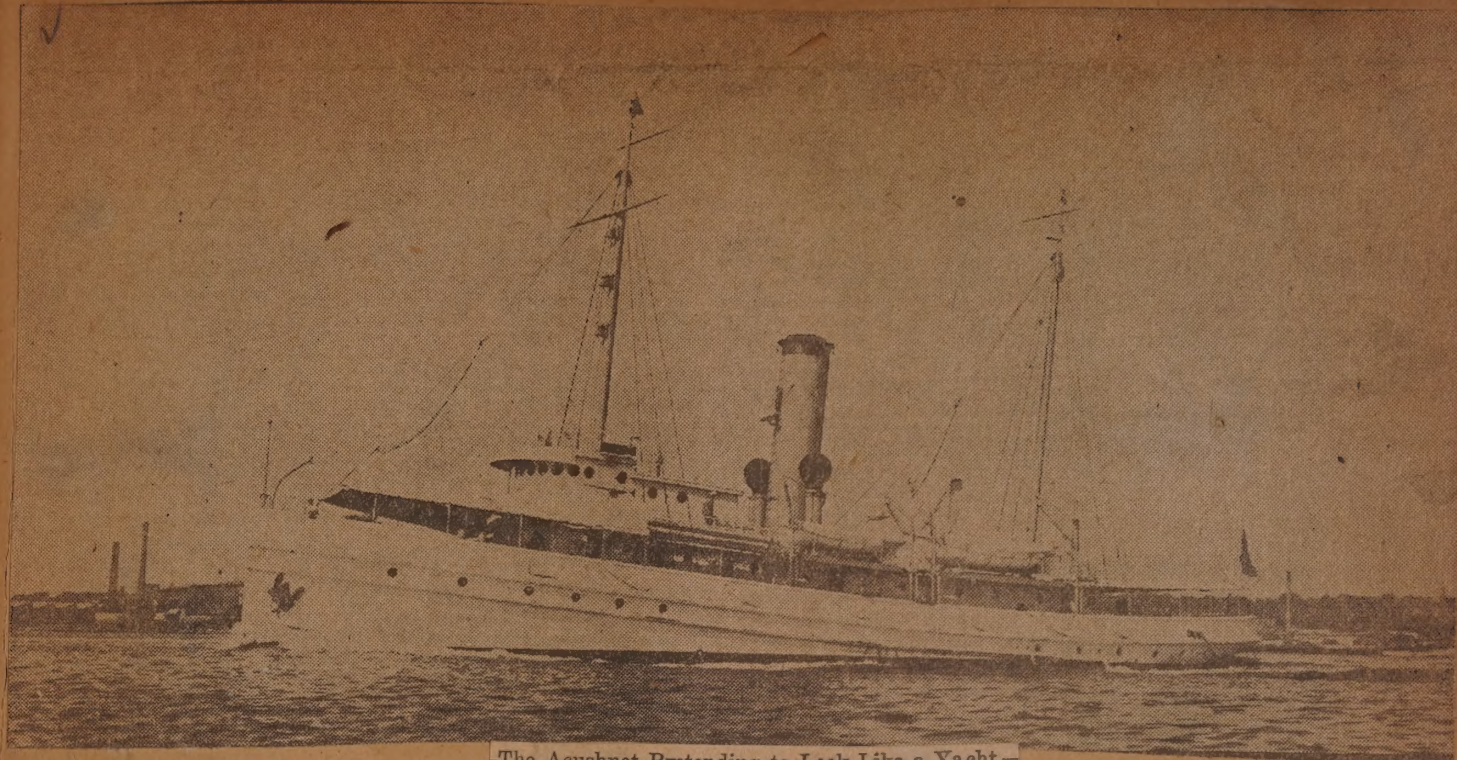


—F. W. Ficus, Warrant Officer, Who Took Most of the Photographs.



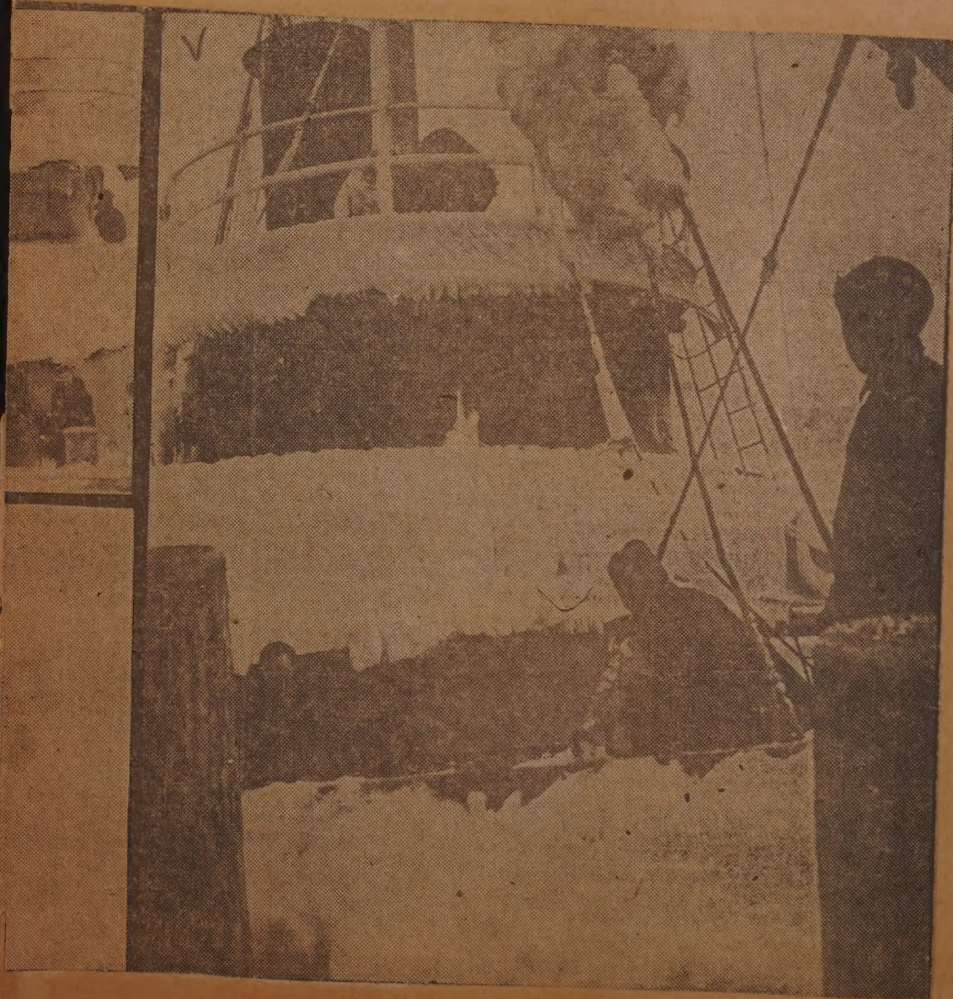
—Three views of the Cutter After Battling with Ice.

When the Acushnet Arrived too Late.

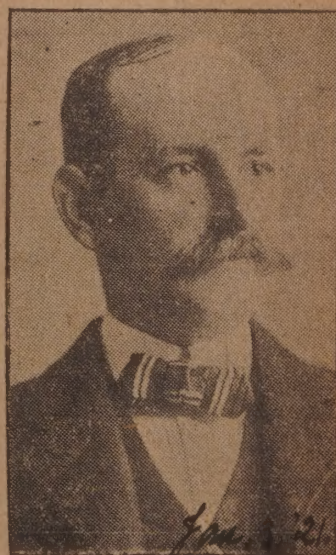


-The Acushnet Pretending to Look Like a Yacht-

May 16, 1920.



Patrolman Here for
Nearly Twenty Years
Who Died Yesterday

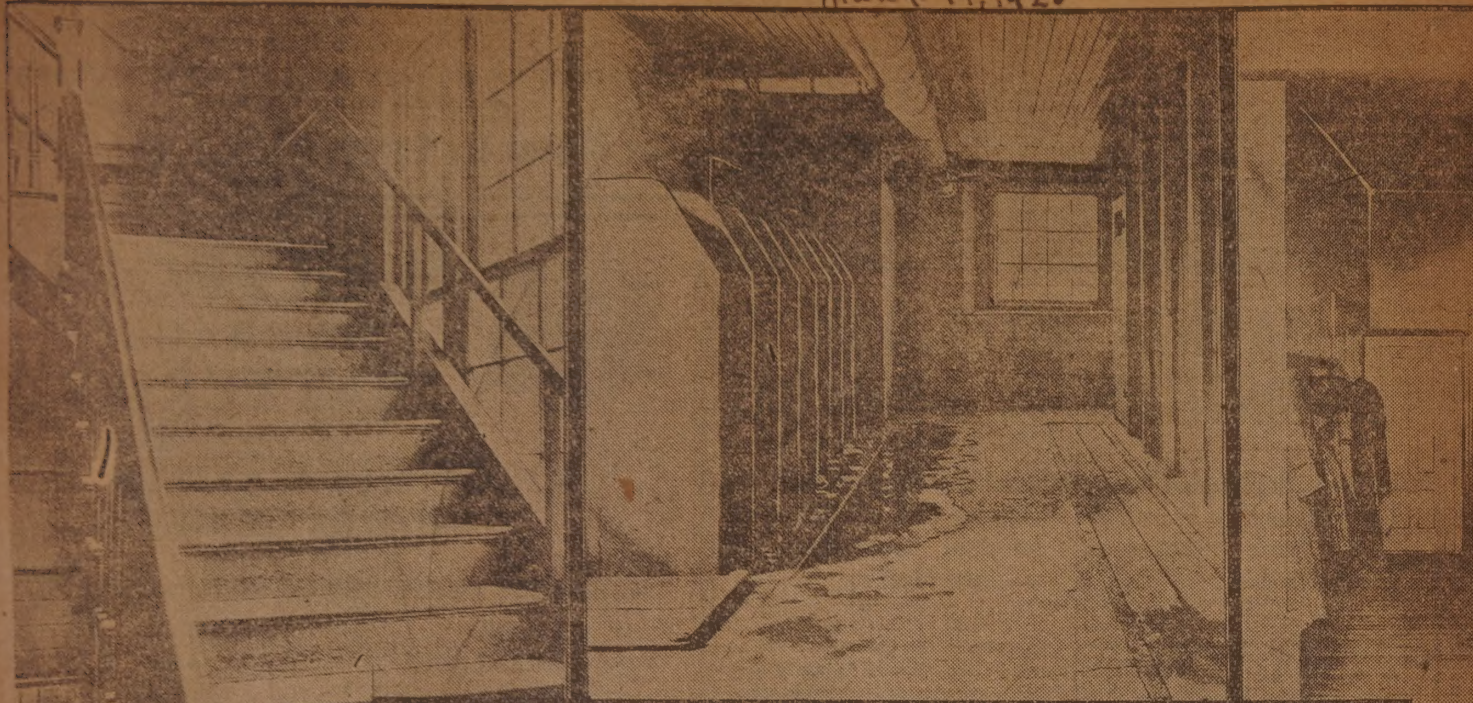


Stephen Hafford, Jr.

Stephen Hafford, Jr., a patrolman in the New Bedford police department for nearly 20 years, died yesterday morning at his residence, 73 State street, at the age of 64. Mr. Hafford was born in this city April 12, 1857 and for a number of years was employed as a shoe worker in the factory of Hathaway, Soule and Harrington. Later he began special police duty and received his probationary appointment on the force May 20, 1901. For the past several years he has been housekeeper at the Willis street station. Failing health three months ago compelled him to leave active duty. Mr. Hafford was a member of the New Bedford Police association, Vesta Lodge, I. O. O. F., a Mason and a member of the New Bedford Masonic club. He leaves a wife, the daughter of the late James L. Wilbur.

WHAT ANTIQUATED MIDDLE STREET SCHOOL OFFERS PUPILS

March 14, 1920



Two of these wooden stairways furnish only means of egress from upper floors.

Parents of children attending the Middle street school are preparing to stage another fight for the abandonment of the building, which for twenty years has been regarded as a health menace, a fire-trap, and an eyesore to the community. At a hearing to be given in this city during the coming week by the legislative committee on municipal finance, a bill will be considered giving the city the right to borrow money to remodel the old High school in Summer street. Plans for the making over of the High school have been ready for two years, but insufficient funds have been available to carry them out.

If the loan for rejuvenating the High school is approved and the changes are made, the school department will be in a position to give up the Middle street building and transfer the classes to the Summer street institution. West end residents whose children are pupils at Middle street will make strenuous efforts to secure favorable action on the bill.

Much Talk; Little Action.

Conditions at Middle street have been condemned by the school department, the health department, and the building inspection department of the state police, yet the school is practically the same today as it was twenty years ago when agitation for its elimination was first started.

Recommendations made by the state police and the health officials regarding essential changes in the building have never been carried out. From the basement to the top floor it is antiquated, unsanitary and unfit to house growing children. Fire hazards pointed out by the state police have never been removed, chiefly because the school committee has persisted in the hope that the building could soon be abandoned.

There are ten classes in the main building at Middle street and another class is housed in a portable school. Between 420 and 440 children, ranging in age from eight to fifteen years, are housed in the school proper. Con-

ditions in most of the class-rooms are congested. They are poorly lighted, ill-ventilated, and at times inadequately heated. For years, one class has



been quartered in what should be the assembly hall of the building.

Sanitary Features Bad.

Sanitary arrangements at the school are abominable. The toilets in the basement, used by the children, open directly on a corridor. The plumbing is out of date and out of repair. There is no running water in the traps, and the only flushing device is a makeshift arrangement which is little better than none at all.

The sewerage falls into pits under the floor and is supposed to run from these pits into the mains. Frequently the outlets become clogged and the sewerage backs up, and at such times the stench is noticeable throughout the building, and remains until the janitor cleans out the pits.

Janitor Works Overtime.

"We are fortunate in having a mighty good janitor," commented Elwyn G. Campbell, the principal of the school. "If the janitor didn't do more work than janitors should be required to do, conditions would be very much worse than they are."

In thick weather, no matter how much care the janitor may take of the toilet, how many gallons of disinfectant he may use, unpleasant odors arise from the old plumbing

and are perceptible on the lower floor of the building.

The aspects of the structure as a fire menace were treated pretty thoroughly by the inspectors of the state police in the last of their several reports regarding the school.

The fire-room is in the cellar, practically in the center of the building. It is reached through an open corridor, which in case of a blaze probably would conduct flames to both sides of the building and cut off the stairways as a means of egress.

Open Boiler Room.

The state inspectors maintained that the boiler room should be shut off by fire-walls—but the fire walls have never been built. There is nothing separating the boiler room from the rest of the basement except flimsy matched-board partitions and there is nothing between the top of the heating apparatus and the wooden floor overhead.

There are no outside fire-escapes on the building. The only means of exit from the upper floors are wooden stairways, one at each side of the building. The stairs are protected by guard rails of average height but the stair well extends from the top to the bottom of the building. In case of a fire-panic and a rush from

the upper floors, children would be in danger of being boosted over the rails with a thirty or forty-foot drop beneath.

Corridors Too Narrow.

The width of the corridors was also criticized by the state inspectors. The corridors which run from side to side of the building are divided into two parts connected by a three-foot doorway. The doors were removed some years ago.

The assembly hall is on the top floor of the building. It was originally built to hold 300 or 350 children but for years part of the hall has been utilized for a class-room and its capacity has been reduced to about 200. The only exits from this hall are two three-foot doorways leading to the stairs which are too long and too steep for a school building.

Lighting Is Poor.

The windows of all the rooms are small and recessed, cutting off much of the light. Among the minor drawbacks are the lack of a teacher's room and the location of the principal's office on the top floor.

The Middle Street school was originally used for high school purposes. It was built in 1844 and it was not until 1876 that it was given over to grammar school uses. It served a section which pays the highest property assessments of any neighborhood in the city taking children from the district bounded by the river, Hawthorn street, Liberty street, and Maxwell street.

Narrow doorways, condemned by state inspectors divide the floors.



Picture at top shows wretched sanitary arrangements. Center—Section of assembly hall used as class-room. Bottom—Exterior of school, showing trees that shade class-rooms.

BOATS OF MANY COLORS SPRANG FROM WHALER'S JACK-KNIFE, CHALK AND OIL



Four Models in the Collection of Harry A. Neyland. Upper left corner: Whaleboat Model and Crew; upper right corner: One of F. M. Trott's Models, Whittled from Boxboards and Painted with a Chalk, Whale Oil and Lampblack Compositions; Lower left corner: Miniature Steam Yacht Model; lower right corner: A Plaque Design of a Whaler by Mr. Trott.

IT ALL SOUNDS LIKE AN EARTHLY PARADISE

June 13, 1920

L. C. Eldred, Writing of Woods Hole, Describes Its Neighbor, Naushon, as a "Gentleman's Paradise"—But What of the Village Itself, Nestled on the Hills?—Obsolete Customs.

By L. D. Eldred

SITUATED on the southernmost tip of Cape Cod, the village of Woods Hole, neighbor of the beautiful Elizabeth Islands, could, in the past, be reached by sea only under the most romantic, even perilous conditions.

The journey was little more than an hour's sail from the city of New Bedford across Buzzards bay. The steamers, in the summertime loaded to the guns with passengers bound for the campground on Marthas Vineyard, usually touched at the island of Naushon for the convenience of John M. Forbes, the owner, or his guests in arrival or departure therefrom.

Then came the tug-of-war in the "hole"—steam against tide, in a turbulent, seething, sluiceway of water, rushing through a narrow channel and backed up by the ocean in its mysterious flood. It was a crisscross course through a tortuous and dangerous channel, water rushing titanically around and about the sunken boulders and ledges. Only with the power of steam was it possible to pass. At best, the steamer labored, careened, and wriggled its way through, its bow swinging now one way and then the other, past the large buoy of the channel which by force of current was practically submerged at times. Soon passing free of the hidden dangers she reached out into the lesser tide pressure into Great harbor, then around Parkers point, into the so-called little harbor where was the steamer dock. Since then the channel in the Hole or connecting way between Buzzards bay and Vineyard sound has been cleared and it is quite an easy matter and far less dangerous than formerly to make its passage.

A Delightful Approach.

The approach through "little harbor" was delightful, with the village nestled upon the hills, its houses peering from behind the trees, which bordered much of the harbor line. "Little harbor" is almost land-locked by parapets of steep slopes, of bluffs, and wooded embankments with just a narrow strip of rocky shore at the water's edge.

Above the trees of the embankment at the head of the harbor the dominating feature was the manor of the Fays. As important, indeed, was the family impress on the village. Nearby was a picturesque old-time gambrel-roofed house, the basement of which reached down almost to the shore level. This house, being of early origin, was wholly unlike its neighbors. Its unusual roof gave it an atmosphere all its own. Situated as it was, there was added a touch of romantic incident to accentuate a fascinating quaintness.

Dotted about were the many small boats and yachts which belonged to residents and wayfarers, who had put in there for a refuge or to break their voyage with shore pleasures.

By the western boundary of the harbor there was an old grass-grown road, which passed to the wharves and steamboat landing. At its head on the east side were two houses nestled on hillocks, and back of them on the crest of the hill the neighborhood chapel. Not far from there at the right hand was the mansion of Francis Foster, a summer resident. All else along that side of the shore was high land without habitations, except near the harbor entrance, where was the Sargent house, a low, rambling, old farmhouse painted red as was the custom among early settlers of the Cape.

This house was isolated, the only one for half a mile. There was a rough driveway leading from it to the main road. At intervals there were scattered stone walls with high red gates.

Its owner was General Sargent, a Civil war veteran who was a fine horseman, as was the rest of his family. Seldom in their rides did they take the trouble to open a gate. It was quite the regular thing for them to mount their horses at the house door, jumping the several gates with ease.

Happy Fishing Ground.

From the Sargents, it was but a short distance over a fine, sandy beach to Nobska point where the lighthouse is located. This beach separated a pond from the sea, and here was a favorite fishing ground for boys looking for large mud turtles. A baited line was cast into the water. Within a few moments it was pulled taut and then came a tug-of-war. It took almost all the strength a boy had to land his prey. Often one such catch was enough to satisfy each of us, and we would navigate homeward, dragging our snapping, sprawling, trophy which was none too happy in our society.

The leading diversion of the day was meeting the people-laden steamers which made Woods Hole a port of call, on their way to and from the Vineyard campground, their sensational mecca, where multitudes were pleasure-bound. These were successive gala times to the villagers as well as to the members of the summer colony, being the chief spectacular shows of the day.

About the landing place was the concentration of events of the day. This was where everyone met, in quest of business, or gossip. It was practically the center of the place, even though at the water's edge. The tide of life ebbed and flowed within the circumscribed limits of the square.

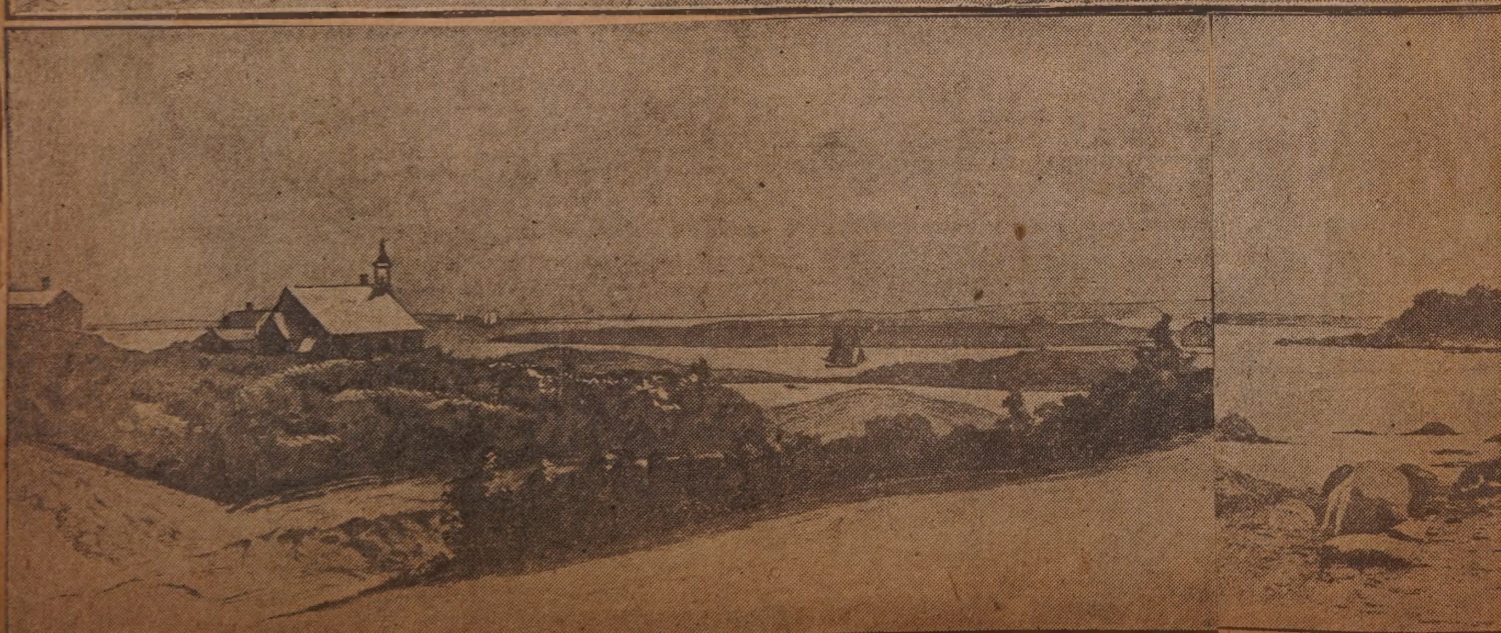
The conventional village store was also the post office, the back end of the building being used for the storage of grain. This grain deposition attracted the rats, big overgrown grandfather wharf rats. It was a dangerous move for them, as it was a pastime thereabout to practice on them with a shotgun, and generally the gunner's aim was unerring. His favorite vantage point was at the cap log of the wharf in front of a rear door, silently awaiting an indiscreet movement from the rodent.



Naushon, Looking



Toward Tarpaulin Cove



The old church at Woods Hole overlooking the bay.



Parker's Point.

As is often the case in country towns, the store was a sort of clubroom, or, in plain English, a place for loafing and for itinerant politicians; everybody knew everybody else in the resort.

An Obsolete Custom.

Often there were coasters moored alongside of the dock, including, during the summer season, the small fruiters with apples, watermelons and similar cargo, brought along the coast from New York or Jersey, a feature of trade which is now practically obsolete.

This was a typical seaport. The village was in the shape of a miniature square, on one side of which was the buoy-setting establishment, which was later transformed into a place for biological study, in the interests of the Smithsonian Institute, a dissecting room of marine life in the interests of scientific research. A school was founded later and classes were formed of school teachers, from different parts of the country who desired a knowledge of the work for the purpose of teaching it. Professor Baird was the leader and moving spirit. People talked about him continually, and wondered about the mysteries of this man of science. He was perhaps the most distinguished sojourner they had. He has left the imprint of his personality on the history of the village and there are those who still have pleasant thoughts of him, as a genial, scholarly and democratic man.

Little wonder that so many families came year after year, content in the picturesqueness and quiet seclusion, away from busy cities and the rush of affairs, to this little nook almost hidden from the world.

To the home people, the strangers were visitors, who made life worth living. They liked the environment of wealth, scholarly influence, and social distinction. Life there was democratic, quite unlike that of other summer resorts. There was an opportunity to rub elbows with distinguished people. As the size of the town was limited, so, necessarily, was the number of visitors it could take care of. The same people came back year after year.

Looking across the water, barely a half mile away from the vantage points of Woods Hole, one can not help wishing to know of that stretch of land beyond. I take you with me for a short while, on a ramble over the beautiful island of Naushon, whence we will shortly return to the mainland.

Nonamesset, at the eastern end of Naushon, is connected to the larger island by miniature bridges crossing narrow channels of water flowing from the sea into the inner harbor, designated as the "Gutters." It is undulating and barren of trees, but upon it in times past there was a single lone red painted farmhouse, with outlying cultivated land and sheep pastures. At one time it was occupied by a family by the name of Robinson.

Tied Together by Bridges.

This island was considered an adjunct to the island of Naushon, as was Uncatena at Hadleys harbor, which, also, was separated by another inlet of the "Gutters" and this too connected by a similar crossing, thus tying the two together. On the island of Naushon proper was a central farmhouse. There was a house supplying the needs of those at the mansion at Tarpaullin cove, four miles away, another at the western end. It was an isolated spot, seldom troubled with visitors; consequently the family were pleased to entertain with the best the house afforded, and in a manner rather apart from their everyday life. The daughter of the house, the hostess, had prepared a fitting meal, and had set the table as if for an exceptional occasion. The dishes were arranged in their proper order but the plates were turned face down. When all were seated at the table the food was passed along. Everyone was supposed to help himself. When the dish came to the host, he dipped out some of the food and placed it on the back of his plate, as it lay upon the table. This laxity of manners was objected to by the daughter.

"I have always been accustomed to eat my meals as the dishes have been laid for me," he said, "and I think I won't begin to make a change now."

And he didn't, proceeding to finish his dinner on the back of his plate.

As we think of these island names of Nonamesset, Uncatena, and Naushon, our thoughts are led to other days when the red man in the tented woods dominated these shores. It was a heritage beyond comparison nature had allotted them, this group of islands for a home, and the hunting grounds so near on the mainland beyond.

Because of its proximity, the island of Naushon is of peculiar interest in reminiscence of Woods Hole. Its shores are rocky, masses of ledges and boulders reaching out toward the main channel. With small boats, it was possible to pass safely among them in reaching Hadleys harbor, the principal one of that end of Naushon, excepting an island lagoon called the "Gutters," the entrance to which was by way of a narrow passage.

This inland harbor, a good-sized irregular sheet of water, is suggestive of the stories of pirates and their lairs or their unsuspected retreats of yesteryear, where they were effectually hidden away from the outer sea.

Within this lagoon, at a jutting point of land near the entrance, was a wharf, where it is said the steamer Eagle's Wing used to land passengers for the island, and farther along at the left projects another point of land upon which was a fisherman cottage where lived John Smith, the captain of the Forbes yacht, who later also was a famous boatbuilder of New Bedford.

Around this point was a wharf and the anchorage for the pleasure boats and various sailing craft. Fishing craft, snugly anchored waiting for weather or a rest, were often seen in this lagoon.

A Gentleman's Paradise.

Here was the delightful seclusion of a gentleman's paradise—secluded dells, delightful undulating hills and dales, woodland and meadows, all of them he boasted. Not far from the water in the center of a clearing was the grand old mansion, nestled among the luxuriant trees. Through primeval forests, by roadways which stretched into cool depths, solitary save for the song of birds, and now and then a graceful deer which crossed

the pathway, one reached at last the final resting place of Robert Swain, son of Governor Swain for whom the Swain school of New Bedford was named, a former owner of Naushon. It was his desire to be buried within the silent woods, where the deer could pass over his grave. Here the master of this lovely and romantic island lives and dreams, the lord of a realm Utopian, and idealistic beyond compare.

In its greatest width Naushon is about four miles with a length of about nine miles.

It has been the privilege of the writer of this article to live for many days encamped within the woods, awakened in the early morning by the song birds, with the companionship of the numberless squirrels, which seemed so fearless, even sociable.

The visitor to the mainland is always told of the lure, just across the narrow strip of water, and his imagination will be stirred, and not content, till he has made the pilgrimage to "the ever fortunate Isle."

Almost every day in summer, it was the habit of a boat's crew from this island, expert oarsmen all of them, to make the passage to Woods Hole for the mails. When the tide was in their favor, their course was through the main channel, otherwise they took the inner passage for safety. This boat's crew, approaching the landing at Woods Hole was always interesting to the village folk who admired the strong sweeping stroke of the college crew. With them, we are returned to the scenes whence we diverged for the time, to acquaint others with that which we have enjoyed.

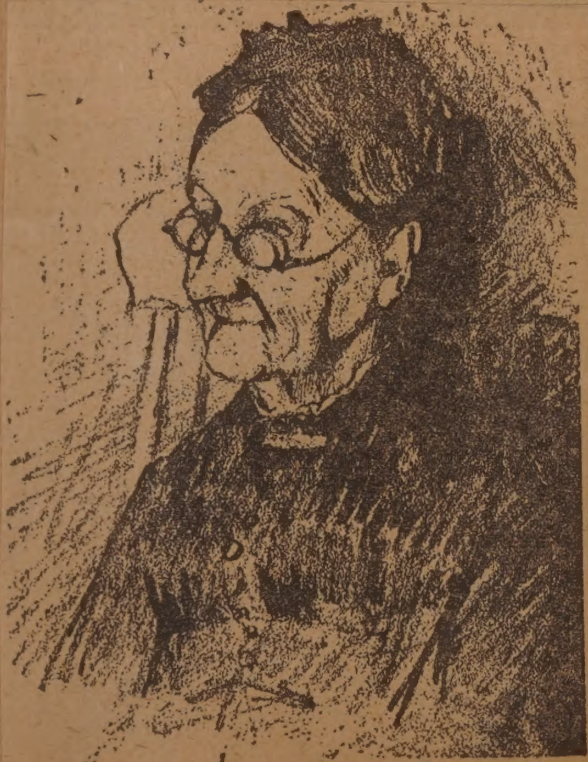
The route to Nantucket, from New Bedford, in earlier years, was by means of a series of quaint and picturesque little steamboats, which at best were poor accommodation, but finally a larger boat, more commodious and modern, the Eagle's Wing, a side-wheeler, was put in the service in opposition to them, sometime not far from 1850. After a time this steamer was destroyed by fire and others replaced her. There were packets, too, good-sized sloops, typical of New England craft at that time. A long time before, craft of this type were fitted out for the whaling business, on short voyages of about three months.

Go As You Please Journey.

There are those who will recall the aged sloop Tawtemio, Captain Ray, which sailed back and forth for many a year, with passengers and freight for Nantucket and wayside ports such as Woods Hole, Falmouth, Holmes Hole, and Edgartown, thence to Nantucket. It was a sort of go as you please journey, to arrive sometime.

Communication with the mainland was limited, as were facilities for supplying the wants of people in their many requirements, especially in articles of feminine adornment. There was but one small store in town from which to purchase finery. In consequence, among the people of Woods Hole a neighborly system was adopted, chiefly among the ladies, to keep in touch with affairs of the mainland. Sometimes one and then another of the combine was deputized to make a pilgrimage, now and then, to New Bedford to renew their depleted supply of miscellaneous desire. As there became a want from time to time it was jotted down, each person keeping her own account of her needs.

This was a ladies' affair, and having selected one of their members, the messenger, provided with a lengthy list, at a convenient time made the journey to the city, remaining perhaps a week in circumnavigating the various shops of the center.



An old Lady of the Cape.

This individual, it can easily be understood, was popular, and distinguished consideration was allotted her. As to the shopkeepers, this was an event of moment and on arrival it was but a limited time before all the merchants in town knew of the presence of this periodical visitor from across the bay. They were acquainted from experience with the fact that she had a lot of money to spend, and a large variety of articles to

purchase, consequently, she had a lot of obsequious friends. This happened three or four times a year and generally they knew about when she would appear among them, her visitations being of considerable importance to trade at a time when New Bedford was smaller than it is today.

As facilities for travel improved, this system became obsolete, and it was no longer necessary to make the trip on the sloop Tawtemio.

Captain Ray was a Nantucketer, also the Tawtemio was registered there. The Tawtemio was as familiar to the public as was home, especially so to the shellbacks, when about everybody, speaking in a figurative way, was covered with barnacles, more or less. On account of wind and tide, and the vagaries of weather, she left port for the trip to Nantucket, arriving that evening, when conditions permitted. But she was liable to be out all night simply drifting. It was accordingly at best an uncertain process of travel, but she went back and forth for many a year.

Two Old Sea Dogs.

The old captain was a type of the sea, a tall bearded man. He usually had for a mate another old sea dog, who had passed four score years. Both of them were familiar figures in New Bedford, where there were so many of their kind. It was on one of his voyages, the weather moderate, that by chance his vessel ran ashore on Butlers flat, in the outer New Bedford harbor. A landsman, from the shore, observing his predicament, rowed a boat out to the craft, to find what could be the matter with the old packet, as no one could be seen aboard.

The captain was found by the visitor, steering in the peculiar manner incident to the old salts of those days, his leg thrown over the tiller. There he sat, fast asleep.

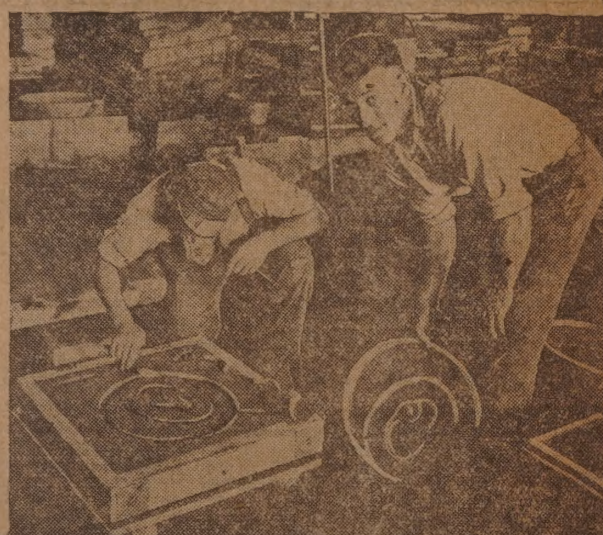
"What on earth are you doing in here?" the man shouted.

The captain aroused himself, rubbing his eyes, and, looking around. Taking in the situation, he said, in his inimitable manner: "Damn her! She has been in here often enough by this time, and she ought to know the way out!"

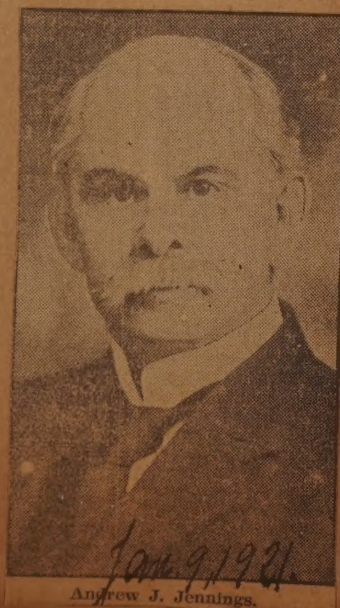
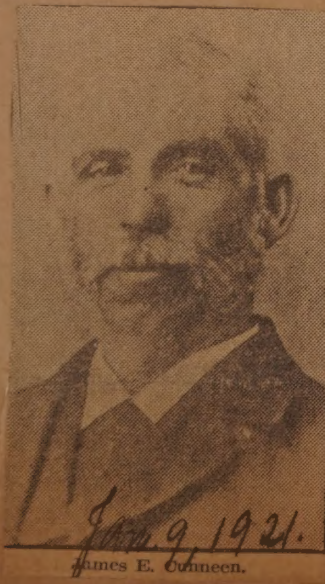


The Gutters, Naushon.

NEW GUNNING IRON AND BRASS FOUNDRY



The upper picture shows a general view of the interior of the new Gunning Iron and Brass Foundry, with a part of the working force. The lower left shows the exterior view of the plant with the office in the foreground. The lower right hand picture shows moulders at work preparing a mould to cast a drum containing two cams. The man at the right is holding the pattern, while the one at the left is smoothing the mould after.



ALL READY TO POUR AT NEW IRON FOUNDRY



The picture shows the moulders at the new Gunning Iron and Brass Foundry gathered around the cupola ready to receive the molten metal and pour it into the various forms for casting. *Oct. 10, 1920.*

✓
She Finds Interest
in Relief Work
in the Near East



Jan 9, 1921
Miss Catherine Gillespie.

✓
Father Coffey Is Nearing End
of His 34th Year in Priesthood



*Pharby
J. A. Oppenheim
Boston*

Feb. 12, 1921



MISS FISH AS THE QUAKERESS.

By E. WOOD PERRY.

✓
The art lover will note at once the striking resemblance of this picture to Whistler's famous painting "My Mother." Mr. Perry's picture was painted many years before Whistler's and is of a younger woman.
—Editor.

Vineyard Haven Fire of 1883 Lives Vividly in Memories of Inhabitants—Saving the House Blinds Only

One of Hectic Episodes of Night of Terror—How the Village Emerged Triumphant

Aug. 8, 1920.



Panorama of the Ruins After the Vineyard Haven Conflagration of Aug. 11, 1883.

By Elizabeth W. Bowie

NERO fiddled while Rome burned. And because of this and other extraordinary acts, his place in history, though assured is never envied.

Nero was an emperor and fire is only king, even when it is classed with royalty rather than the foul fiends. And those old emperors had a way of claiming dominion over all the world and of exercising it pretty thoroughly among their subjects. Yet all of Nero's horses and all of Nero's men could scarcely have prevented the burning of Rome once it had a fair start. As for emperors—what are they when the fire king is bent on conquest? After all there was very little else for Nero to do but fiddle while Rome burned.

Even so the fire fighting apparatus of the Romans was worth their bragging about and a good deal better than the equipment of many towns and cities centuries after. Fire fighting at its modern best is full of terror, but in the face of a north-east wind, with a bucket brigade the only possible hope and the heart of the town crashing into cinders in spite of it, it would have been small wonder if the whole population of a town had forsaken it or even fiddled while it burned.

How Vineyard Haven Met Its Test.

But the men and women of Vineyard Haven are not and never were such stuff as Neros are made of. And the story of their battle on the night of Aug. 11, 1883, when \$200,000 worth of property was destroyed in five hours, including dwelling houses, stables and all the stores in town but one, prove that beyond a doubt. Thirty seven years have passed since that black night, so that it is not an up to the minute story that you will read, but one so real to the inhabitants who remember it that it might have been yesterday.

For a hundred years the quaint old village with its friendly harbor which sheltered during the supremacy of the sailing vessel, 10,000 vessels and 60,000 sailors every year, had escaped the catastrophe which the pessimist was fond of predicting was only a question of time. But as a matter of fact he expected Cottage City to furnish the fuel for a monumental blaze. Vineyard Haven was so quiet, so careful, so safe that it seemed no fit setting for the spectacular. Yet it had no means of fighting fire while Cottage City furnished a chemical engine and a hook and ladder in its hour of need.

A Chance Remark.

It was merely chance which dictated to a woman, a summer visitor, who stood on the wharf on a windy, starless night, the remark, "what a night for a fire." Daylight saving had not come to startle clocks out of an hour's time and to confuse and anger some of their owners, so that nine o'clock on an August evening was dark, pitch black on the night in question.

A large part of the population was in Oak Bluffs, then Cottage City, that night, listening to a concert. Many more had finished their day's shopping or gossiping and left Main street deserted, and silent. If you had asked any one of them what he would do in case of fire, he would have first laughed off its possibility, glancing uneasily out into the night if you pressed him for an answer, and admitting that he hadn't the slightest idea how to fight a fire and that if a big blaze started the town was doomed.

But when it came with the sturdy re-enforcements of wind and weather and darkness, the town was ready. It was man's work, every stroke of it that done the whole night long, but women made it their work, too. Into the breaches of the bucket brigade they flung themselves. Furniture that would have taxed a man's good right arm, they moved as if it had been pasteboard, generalship which seemed to desert many of their husbands and fathers, they gave.

"The women! How they did work. Why, lots of the men—understand a great many more worked like Trojans—stood around in the streets and didn't seem to know what to do. They'd stand right by houses that were burning or in danger and not seem to think of using water on them. Women had to crowd them to get to the cisterns. 'If you're writin' up the fire, don't forget to tell the women's part in fighting it.'"



Where the Flames Wiped Out Ben Dexter's and the Baptist Church.

This from Rodolphus W. Crocker, who naturally remembers the fire as well as any one considering the fact that the harness factory where he employed some 80 men was the first building to go.

It was hard to get the women to admit that they had done anything worth talking about. Most of them were more willing to discuss the fire in general or another's part in it, than their own.

Enter "the Hero in the Derby Hat."

Mrs. Charles E. Lord, whose mother's house was in the line of fire on Main street, remembers the effective manner in which her mother took charge of the situation and really deserved the credit for saving the house. And she also introduced the story of the "Hero in the Derby Hat."

The flames had swept up Main street with such speed and had done their work so thoroughly in passing that as they stuck out their hungry tongues to envelope the Daggett house, the men in the vicinity assumed a fatalistic attitude and opined that it was useless to combat the elements.

Mrs. Daggett thought differently. She announced to the assembled multitude that the house could be saved if she could find anyone to help her.

Then the "hero in the derby hat" approached.

"Madam," he said, "I am at your service." Mrs. Daggett led the way to the attic, where the good Samaritan removed his precious derby, to permit her to bind his head in flannel soaked in water. Then he took up his post at the top of the ladder leading to the roof, where if the flames did not touch him, their blistering heat attacked him. There he stood, and because of his example and hers, the men in the street set to with a will, baled out the cistern and passed up the water bucket by bucket until the danger was past.

Before she could reach him to thank him for his aid, "the hero in the derby hat" had slipped away and lost himself in the crowd. Only the derby remained. Some days later Captain William Buckley, whose belongings had been moved through his

house did not burn missed a large and varied collection of head gear, and was presented with the derby of the nameless hero whose identity has never been discovered from that day to this.

Mrs. Elnora D. Luce occupied a house which was at the extreme northern end of the line of fire. Its escape was miraculous for it was near the hottest of the fire which raged in the harness shop, located where the Martha's Vineyard National Bank now stands, and the paint shop next door. This house, the sole survivor for some two blocks down Main street, still stands, its trim white charms indicative of the beauty of the winding old street which was largely lost in the rush to rebuild.

Mrs. Luce is more than ninety years old now, and she says that her memory is not what it used to be, but even so, it is much better than the average. She can tell you the line of fire, and the exact location of every one of the sixty-two buildings which went up in smoke.

"As Calm as Could Be."

"I didn't feel frightened at all. I felt just as calm as could be," she said, testifying to the courage and devotion of her fellow townswomen in their great test. "Did the women work? Yes, lots of them. My house was full of women, all of them busy. It's queer what people will do when they get excited. I found a man tearing off a door from the fire. It took me some time to convince him that if the house was going to burn there wouldn't be much use in saving the door. Other people insisted on saving their blinds."

On her pilgrimage from her house to safety, Mrs. Luce carried two charges, one her bird in a cage, the other a carving knife which she had picked and was caring for with the utmost solicitation. Before she reached her journey's end, however, she had dropped it on the ground and heard it fall after her careful cherishing without the slightest concern.

Thirty-seven years after the fire, there are still anecdotes of the fire to be had for the asking. It seems as if the events of

that night had burned themselves into the minds of the people who lived through it as permanently as its flames had laid waste their houses.

"It all seems like a dream to me. I have never been able to think of that terrible night as something real," said Mrs. Stephen C. Luce, whose husband, now postmaster, kept a general store at the time. "I remember that I was up in the library, when I heard the fire bells. I went over to the store and found Mr. Luce telephoning to Cottage City for help. Then he filled a market basket with his books and records, and came home."

They were living then in the comfortable house they occupy now, on Spring street, a few hundred feet from Main street. Although heroic work saved it, the house next door, belonging to Mr. Gilbert Brush, and one across the street where the Baptist church now stands, were fired by cinders and burned to the ground.

"Burned to the ground" is not so suggestive of the facts, in a big city fire where the steel, concrete and brick skeletons of the victims still remain, if blackened and twisted. You would not know that wood could be reduced to such little piles of ashes that great timbers could be utterly consumed, that burned house furnishings could leave no trace of their passing, unless you had seen Vineyard Haven on its morning after. So utterly had the familiar land marks of Main street disappeared that

some old timers found it difficult to get their bearings when they ventured forth.

While men were busy soaking the roof with water, covering walls with the carpets which did yeoman service every where, and putting out the small blazes that started in spite of them, Mrs. Luce had her hands more than full helping to remove her household goods to a place of safety. This done she went to her mother's house, helped move things there, and later watched the destruction of the elder Mrs. Luce's dwelling. Then she made her way to the beach where with hundreds of others driven out by the flames, she spent the rest of the night. Flames rising from what proved to be a wood pile at the Brush house convinced her early in the night that she too was in the homeless plight of many others, so that with dawn and her return, her sense of relief at finding her house uninjured can be

Mr. Lord remembers that Charles Smith, whose house stood where the Lane block is, forced to vacate his house in a hurry, carried out one thing with great care. It was a box of Gay Head clay. Captain W. A. Luce, whose store was burned, saved a basket of summer savory.

George Dean who was a youngster at the time remembers an incident in connection with Wendell Crocker, who kept a Main street store. Boy-like he rushed into the store and inquired of Mr. Crocker what he would like to save from the flames.

"Save the things of most value," said the old gentleman in a quivering voice. Then, not suiting action to word, he seized a box containing one strip of the penny candy which has now vanished from the face of the earth, and bolted down the street with it.

"I remember something else about the fire that I think was funny," said Mr. Dean. "Ben Dexter was standing by the door of his ice cream saloon with an axe, keeping people out. We boys, three or four of us, ran around to the back and climbed in. We took the freezers of ice cream and those coconut cakes he used to make, to a vacant shed, and we served ice cream to every one who came along. Any how we saved the cans and that's more than Ben would have done."

Incidentally Ben's proficiency in the art of whittling contributed the biggest thrill of the evening. For great was the lamentation when it was discovered that the figures of human beings were being consumed by the flames. They turned out to be nothing more nor less than some wooden Indians that Ben conceded the "greatest jack knife expert I ever saw" had made in his ideal hours. The destruction of Ben's ice cream saloon was nothing more nor less than a calamity to the young people of the town who had laughed at the old man's strange ways but conceded that his ice cream (frozen custard) and his flat coconut cakes which many a Vineyard housewife makes on state occasions, were the best ever known.

Proving an Old Saying.

You have heard the old saying about throwing the mirror

out of the window and bringing the feather bed down stairs and putting it carefully on the ground. But, perhaps you never believed that it could happen. Perhaps it never did, except in the Vineyard Haven fire and George Swain is authority for its occurrence then. His experience then was not the least hectic of all, for he owned several houses and was kept busy looking out for them and directing the work of rescue. When the roof of his barn caught fire he threw a bucket of water on it. The next day he measured the distance, for the bucket still lay on the roof. And he discovered that he had tossed it eight feet up, a feat that a circus strong man might have envied.

The town records saved but deposited bottom side up in a brook, so that they were badly damaged; best bonnets discovered afterwards in hen houses and in trees; buckets, caught up in a frenzy of excitement and tossed into wells without a rope—Captain William Cleveland found eight of them in his well next morning—desperate attempts to save pianos, by sawing off their legs or even kicking them off; an attempt to commandeer one bucket from its owner, only to discover that his reluctance was due to the fact that he had \$3000 concealed in it; all these and more furnish the comic relief for a story that at first seemed fashioned of tragedy all wool and a yard wide.

It is almost impossible to imagine the thousand and one tasks that were forced in one night upon an unprepared population. There was the salvaging of quantities of household goods. It was not enough to dump them in the streets. There must be wagons, the horses maddened by the roar and crackle of the flames, to convey the goods into fields and woods far from danger. There must be strong arms and gently to move the sick and nervous to a place of safety. One old lady, Mrs. James Davis, had a fit that dreadful night, and died the next day. Mrs. Cynthia Chase, 94, lost her house and furniture. There must be water, drawn so generously from wells and cisterns that their owners were in danger of going unwashed next day. There must be drinks to revive the men and women who scorched their hair and blistered their faces. Women and men, too, made coffee and a cooling drink of water, ginger and molasses and carried it to the blackened and exhausted men. And there was needed aid and comfort for the needy. This came from all over New England and even further, where news of catastrophe to an island home, to a summer residence or to a brave community of fisher and farmer folk facing their loss with resignation brought immediate and generous assistance. One of the notable gifts was that of Stephen W. Carey who wired at once \$1000. New Bedford, too, played a generous part.

At the Cottage City concert, when the solemn church bells clamored forth the alarm, a man stepped on the stage and recommended calm.

"You are in no danger," he said. "The fire is over in Vineyard Haven."

Fire King's Last Stand.

Before he had finished a large part of his audience had vanished and was racing home along the beach road as fast as Dobbin could be persuaded to travel. The glow from the fire could be seen for miles, and was plainly visible from New Bedford. The night was thick and there was a little drizzle which, however, did not aid in putting out the flames. And the wind roared up the street in that terrifying way that only the fire king can dictate. He made his last desperate stand at the Mansion House, leaping across the street to burn two or three houses on the other side, then veering off to the east, where he was finally conquered.

Visitors wonder sometimes why the main street of Vineyard Haven bears the marks of modernity, why the glorious old trees which cast an inviting shade over all the other high ways and by ways of the town, are missing here, why the quaint century old houses that dot other streets have vanished from three or four of its blocks. They wonder. But Vineyard Haven which rose as valiantly and almost as miraculously from its ashes as the phoenix, knows. It suffers now and then a sense of desolation such as befell Captain Buckley returning from a long sea voyage. It had been his custom to steer by the spire of the Baptist church. But that had perished and its death knell had been tolled by its own bell, as it fell ponderously and majestically to the ground. Captain Buckley looked in vain for the spire of that white church. As he came closer, he gazed with alarm at the level acres where the town had lived, and he realized that old Vineyard Haven was gone forever. The town mourns its old stores with their atmosphere of whaling days. It regrets the great trees which lost their lives protecting their homesteads from smoke and flame, it remembers its colonial dwellings with their storied history. But it remembers, too, and takes comfort in the fact that its men and women met a crucial test in typical Vineyard fashion.

COUNCIL DEADLOCK IS RECORD FOR CITY NO CHOICE ON 149 BALLOTS FOR PRESIDENT

Jan 2 - 1920
AFTER 24 HOURS OF CEASELESS AND MONOTONOUS VOTING

BATTLE 26 HOURS ODD
AND NO BREAK

Hungry, Sleepy, Haggard Members Stick
to Party Lines—Get a Little Groggy
and "Stuff" Ballot Box, But
Baylies is Always Alert.

CAPTAIN SENDS DEATH STORY

Master of Steamer Kersan
Describes Murder of
Collins Boy

Tells Family How Many Knife
Wounds Caused
Death

The first direct news of how John A. Collins was murdered in Santos, Brazil, Jan. 9, came to the family here yesterday. It was in a letter from Capt. John R. McGuire of Collins's ship, the Kersan. The letter was addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Collins, the boy's parents. Collins was stabbed in the heart, there was a deeply cut wound in the hip and another cut eight inches long in the left arm. Capt. McGuire reports that the young man probably died instantly. The master of the steamer later identified the body at the morgue in Santos and he made the arrangements for the funeral. As soon as the New Bedford post of the American Legion receives an official report from Congressman



John A. Collins.



At Top—The Council Ready to Take Ballot No. 142. Lower Shows the Members at Their Breakfast



FORMER PASTOR HERE IS DEAD

Rev. Hartley A. Ridgway
Held Pastorate at Both the
Pleasant and Allen Street
M. E. Church

Rev. Hartley A. Ridgway, formerly pastor of the Pleasant street and Allen street Methodist Episcopal churches, died suddenly at his home in Manchester, Conn., Wednesday. He had been out during the evening, and upon reaching home complained of a chill. He died almost immediately.



Rev. H. A. Ridgway.

Mr. Ridgway, who was 62, was born in England. He came to this country when six years old and has lived in New England since. He was first a weaver and loom fixer in the cotton mills at Warren, R. I. While working there, he was converted dur-

ing the pastorate of the Rev. E. P. Clark. After that he pursued his study for the ministry, at the same time working to support himself.

In 1888 he was ordained a deacon. He became an elder in New Bedford in 1890. His first pastorate was at Hanover. He held the Pleasant street church charge from 1905 to 1908, and again in 1910. He was pastor at the Allen street church 1912-17. From 1895 to 1899 he was the pastor of the Quarry Street M. E. church in Fall River, and held another charge there in 1911.

During his pastorate at the Allen Street church, Mr. Ridgway suffered a slight shock, but rallied from it. He leaves a widow and one son.

The funeral will be held from the Mathewson Street M. E. church in Providence at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

BREAKING RECORDS

The city council certainly started the new year well, for there was a long-distance record made way back in '97, at a joint session of the council and board of aldermen that was unsurpassed till 1920 came along and smashed it all to smithereens. In the light of Thursday's incident, you'll be specially interested in reading in The Sunday Standard about the most famous morning after in New Bedford political history—till this one came along. Compare their methods of whiling away the long hours of their vigil.

Robert Gundersen Will Assist at Church Concert



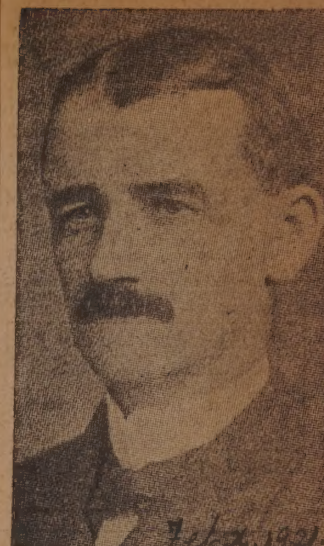
Robert Gundersen.

A concert will be given in the North Christian church, formerly known as the "White Church," now located on Middle street at the head of Sixth.

on Friday evening, Dec. 17, at 8 o'clock. The concert will be given by the church quartet under the direction of B. Frank Michelson, organist and director. Robert A. Gundersen, violinist and member of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will be the assisting artist. The coming of Mr. Gundersen will add much interest to the concert, not only because of his excellent ability as a violinist, but also because of the keen interest which his many New Bedford friends have taken in his musical development. Mrs. Dawn Buffington Gundersen will be the accompanist.

The church quartet, consisting of Miss Susie Allen, soprano; Mrs. Helen Staples, alto; Philip D. Drew, tenor, and Walter Whitaker, bass, will sing Gounod's Motet, "By Babylon's Wave," as well as several other interesting numbers.

William L. Sayer



On this, the seventy-third anniversary of the birth of William L. Sayer, it is appropriate to pause for a moment to honor the memory of him who during forty-three years contributed so much that was worthy and of lasting influence to journalism in New Bedford, and who was for twenty of these years the editor of this paper.

It is seven years since Mr. Sayer laid down his pen, seven years crowded with happenings of the most momentous character that might be expected to obscure the memory of what came before them; yet neither the time that has passed, nor the shock of war and its aftermath, has crowded the memory of Mr. Sayer from those of us whose privilege it was to be associated with him in the conduct of this paper. His influence, his faith, his kindly, lovable interest in those younger than he who were coming up behind him in the organization, his clear-mindedness in getting at the heart of every problem and presenting it lucidly and fearlessly to his readers—these are heritages that survive the years and remain priceless.

In this time of doubt and confusion the sanity of William L. Sayer would have been a thing to tie to. As an associate once wrote of him: "He had such a healthy outlook upon life—he was the persistent opponent of gloom." Faith in man, faith in the Republic, were his in abundance; in such a time as this the faltering would have found him a solace and guide.

body was discovered by the police of this port on that date. I was first informed of the fact this morning and at once went to the United States consul, who went with me to the morgue where I identified the body.

"He had been stabbed in the heart, hip and a cut eight inches long in the left arm, and very likely had died instantly from the heart wound. I have purchased a coffin, and made all possible arrangements for a suitable burial. A party of his shipmates will follow his remains to the grave. Flowers have been furnished, and a stone properly engraved will be erected by his shipmates.

"John had been on this ship with me for over eight months, and I had grown to like him very much, and shall miss him more than I can tell you here. He had been at all times a man of good character and good habits, and possessed a good disposition. All his shipmates with myself join in heartfelt sympathy to you and your family at this time.

"The matter is in the hands of the police and we trust that his murderer will be captured very soon. I do not know his mother is alive or not,

but if she is I wish to send her an additional measure of sympathy for after all it is our mothers who feel most the sorrows of life, and though my own mother has been gone some years, I still cherish her memory and can imagine her sorrow if a blow of this kind had visited her.

"Trusting that the Great Master, who does all things for the best, even at the time we cannot see His reason, may comfort you all at this sad time."

Walsh in his investigation into the matter, the post is to make every effort to have the body disinterred and returned to this country for burial. The post has taken this matter up, not only in the interest of the family of young Collins, but also because Collins had an enviable war record that entitles him to a place of honor among the veterans of the War. His parents value very highly a commendatory order issued by J. W. Lyon, major, commanding the Coast Artillery, National Army, Panama Canal Zone under date of April 28, 1918, in which Collins is one of six men named for special praise. The men were commended for "quick and efficient work early in the morning of April 25, 1918, in getting to the scene of an accident at 100-foot Hill Station in record time over a dark trail to render aid to a wounded man."

The letter from Capt. McGuire of the steamer Kersan written a month ago from Santos under date of Jan. 16, to Mr. Collins, follows:

"It becomes my painful duty to write you regarding the death of your son, John A. Collins.

"From information at hand at the present time, it appears that he must have been attacked and stabbed to death while on shore some time early on the morning of Jan. 9, 1921, as his



A truckload of volunteers ready to start for the woods where the attempt to find Alderman James F. Collins's son is still being pushed.

Dec. 20, 1920.



SEARCHERS FOR COLLINS BOY PROBE BIG HOLE



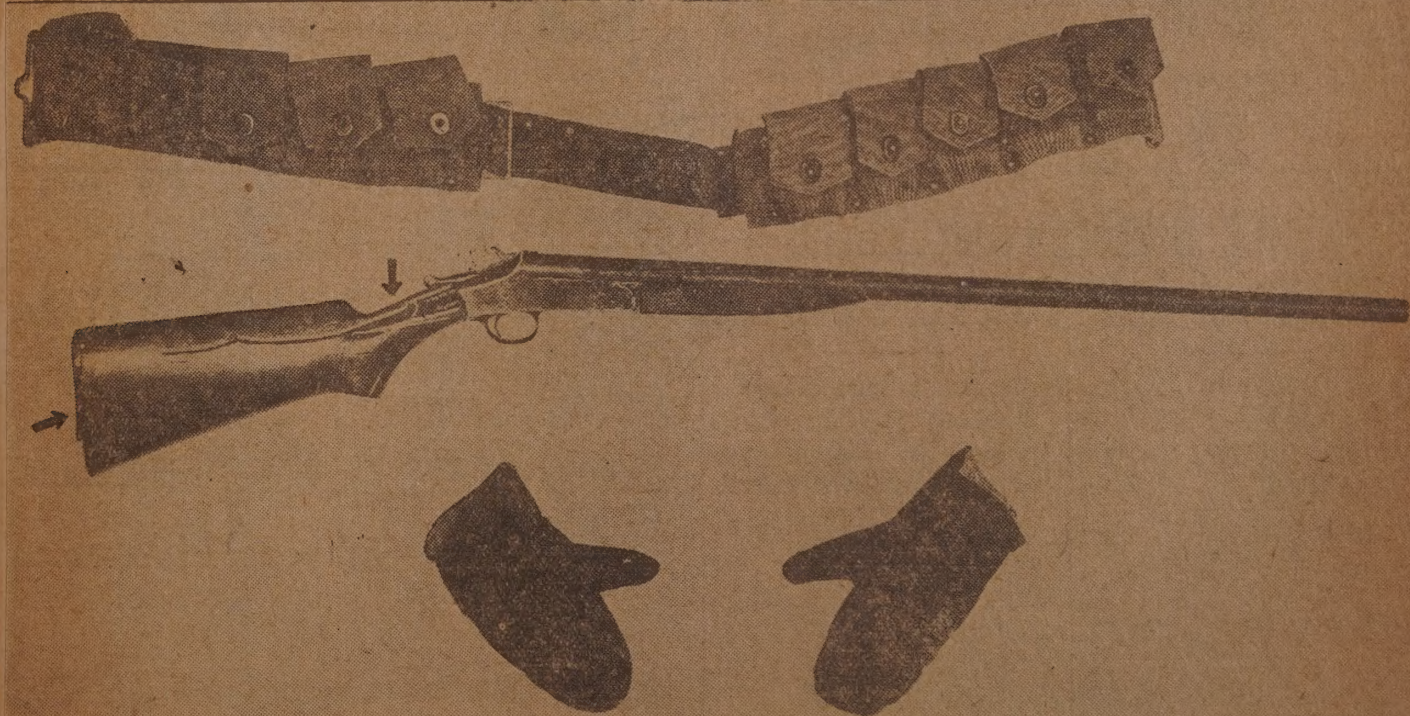
Dec. 24, 1920.

When Mrs. Annie Hatch's story of cries and shots turned the attention of hunters for the missing James F. Collins, Jr., to the woods near the Evergreen race track. This picture by a Standard photographer shows them grouped about a deep mud-hole they have just sounded.

Woods for Lost Collins Boy



FIRST FIND IN TEN DAY HUNT FOR COLLINS BOY



This gun, the cartridge, belt and the mittens are the first find in the ten-day search for James F. Collins, Jr. They have all been identified as belonging to the missing boy. The arrows point to the splintered parts of the weapon.

Dec. 29, 1920.



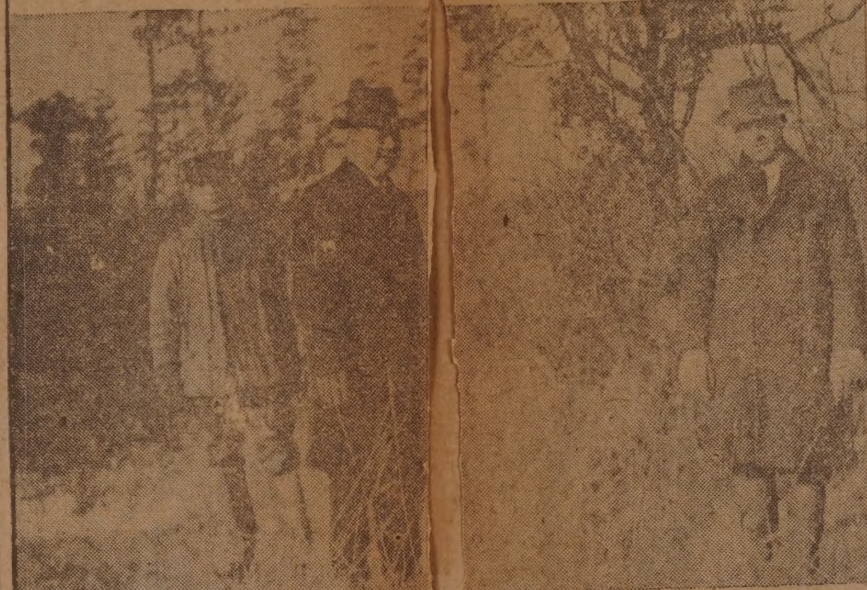
Above—Some of those who are combing the Plainville country for James F. Collins, Jr., who has been missing a week this morning. The picture was snapped on a path back of Doyle's. Below—A glimpse of Turner's pond, which may conceal the boy's body.

WHERE FIRST TRACE OF COLLINS WAS FOUND



The arrow pointing to the tip of Turner's Pond shows where the gun, mittens and belt of James F. Collins, Jr., were found yesterday. The cross shows where he started on the hunting trip from which he never returned.

SEARCHING FOR COLLINS AT TURNER'S POND



Top—Dragging pond for body of boy. Center—Chief of Police Doherty and officers at pond—Chief is standing at beginning of trail leading to where gun was found. Bottom—Alderman James F. Collins, with cigar in his mouth, watching search for his son.

SEARCHING FOR COLLINS UNDER DIFFICULTIES



Left, Police Inspector William T. Cole; right, Myron Pittsley. Snapped by Standard photographer yesterday as they helped search Turner's Pond for the body of James F. Collins, Jr.

Sculptor Who Modeled Figures on Standard Building Is Dead



The Standard last night reported the death in New York of Max Bachmann, who designed the figures which adorn The Standard building. His model later became Mrs. Bachmann.

High School Students in Home Made Costumes Present Masque



Two Boys Who Claim Reward First to Find Collins's Body



Some of the characters in the Masque presented by New Bedford High School pupils. Above (left to right)—Kenneth Lawrence, Ruth Frank Caswell, Mildred Lindberg, Lillian Mackay, Margaret Downey, Margaret Hindle. Below—Othylia Medeiros, Paul Williams, Katherine McDonald, Frederick Mel-

One of Claimants to Reward Offered for Recovering Body



Special Officer Edmond Pigeon. Special Policeman Edmond Pigeon, who claims that Arthur Comeau had nothing to do with finding the body of James F. Collins, Jr. In his report to Inspector Almond he says Comeau merely telephoned the police while he stood watch over the body.



James F. Collins, Jr.

Arthur Comeau (right) and Joseph Jafonaki (left), who tell how they first discovered the body of James F. Collins, Jr.

DEPT. MANAGER

Aug. 29, 1920.

**New Bedford Man Becomes
Head of Industrial Service
Department of Merchants'
National Bank of Boston**

Announcement has been made of the appointment of Alston H. Garside, formerly of New Bedford, as manager of the Industrial Service Department of the Merchants National bank of Boston.

Mr. Garside was formerly textile editor of the New Bedford Standard



—Photos by J. M. Oppenheim, Boston.
Alston H. Garside.

and went to Boston two years ago last July as secretary of the Industrial Service Department of the Merchants National bank. At that time W. Irving Eullard was manager of the department. Several months ago Mr. Eullard was made vice president of the bank and Mr. Garside has been named as his successor in charge of the department.

Mr. Garside is a graduate of the New Bedford High school where he won special honors in scholarship, and he graduated from Harvard in the class of 1919.

He is widely known in newspaper and textile circles throughout New England, having done special research and statistical work for the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers. of which body he is at present official statistician.

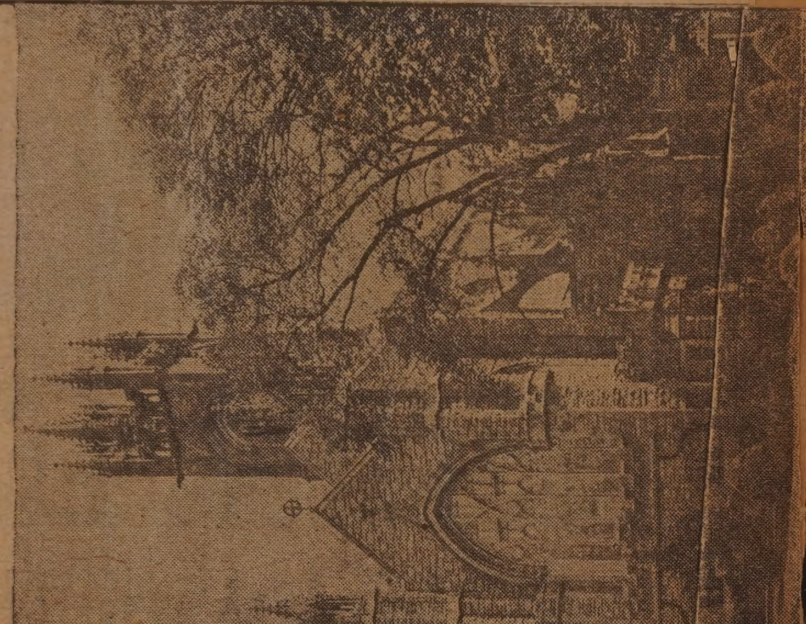
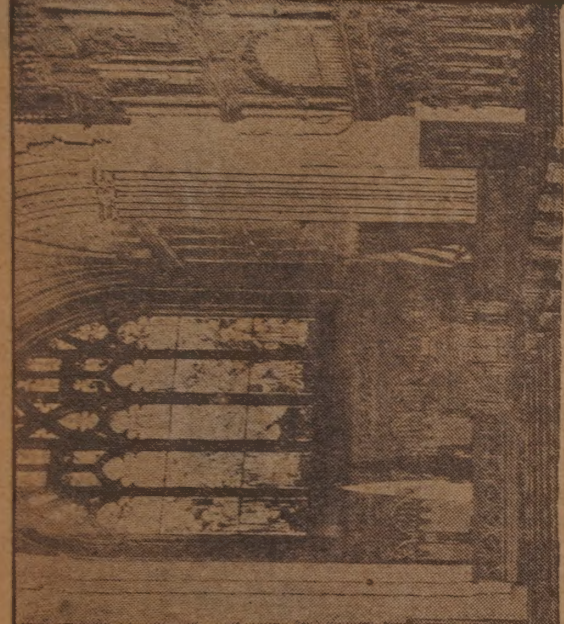
Thomas Boomer Found Dead in Stable Near Home



Thomas Boomer.

Thomas Boomer, who was found dead Thursday afternoon in the stable in the rear of his home, 10 Florence street, was a native of Fall River. During the active years of his life, Mr. Boomer was engaged in farming in Dartmouth, and, while residing in that town, he served as road surveyor and in other town offices. Later in life he came to make his home in New Bedford. He was a member of the New Bedford Driving Club and of the Brotherhood of the Howard M. E. church. He leaves a sister, a resident of Fall River, and several nieces and nephews.

Mr. Boomer was born May 22, 1852, the second son of the late Martin and Amey Borden Boomer. His paternal ancestors were among the earliest settlers in Fall River and they were among those who founded the First Baptist church in that city. Mr. Boomer attended the public schools in Fall River and later graduated from Holmes Business College.



ROBBINS DIED IN DECEMBER

Former Rector of St. James
Church Was Long
Ill

Friends Here Only Learned of
His Death Yesterday

Friends in this city learned yesterday of the death of Rev. Harry E. Robbins, formerly rector of St. James church in this city. Mr. Robbins died at a sanatorium in Brooklyn, N. Y. Dec. 21, last, following a long illness of tuberculosis. Bishop Charles H. Brent of the Western New



Rev. Harry E. Robbins.

York diocese officiated at the funeral services and the interment was in Brooklyn. Mr. Robbins is survived by a widow and three sons now living in New York and one daughter, Mrs. George H. Anisley of Salamanca, N. Y. Mr. Robbins came to St. James Episcopal church in this city in March, 1905, succeeding Rev. Willis B. Holcomb, and he remained here until June, 1909, when he left this city to become rector of Trinity church at Carbondale, Pa., following a leave of absence granted him by the New Bedford church for the benefit of his health.

Edward F. Dahill, Jr.
Succumbs to Death
After Year's Illness



Edward F. Dahill, Jr.

Edward F. Dahill, Jr., son of Chief Edward F. Dahill of the Fire Department, died at his home 11 Robeson street last evening after an illness of more than a year.

Mr. Dahill, who was a graduate of St. Joseph's grammar school, class of 1909, and of the Holy Family high school, class of 1913, was associated with his father in the leather business before he enlisted in 1917. He was an overseas veteran serving in the salvage corps in France. While in service he was ill of influenza, and when he was discharged from the army his health was such that he was unable to return to work. He spent several months in the sanatorium at Lakeville and later he went to Saranac lake in New York, returning to his home here about a month ago.

He was a member of the Plymouth club, a fourth degree Knight of Columbus, grand lecturer of McMahon council, K. of C., and a member of the American Legion. His father and mother, a brother Harold and a sister Aloise, survive.

The 100th anniversary of the Unitarian Society of Fairhaven will be observed Sunday, November 28. These pictures show the development of the church, above the old edifice, at the bottom, the interior of the old church. In contrast are the two views of the Rogers Memorial church.

ROBERT COBLINS KILLED BY TRAIN

New Bedford Man Struck by
Electric at Providence
Yesterday

Was Identified with Negro
Colony in This City
for 45 Years

Robert Coblins, 310 Middle street, who left his house at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon without making known his intention to leave the city, was instantly killed in Providence last



Robert Coblins.



Dance of Springtime. *Aug 29, 1920.*

PAGEANT TREAT TO SPECTATORS

Thousands Swarm Banks of Common and Applaud Children

Playground Boys and Girls in Story of New Bedford's Growth

As picturesque as it was entertaining and true in every historical detail was the pageant depicting the growth of New Bedford from the earliest times, presented by 500 children from the school playgrounds all over the city, on the Common yesterday afternoon. Throngs of interested spectators viewed the eight episodes of the pageant, written by Edward M. Barrows, passing in review.

The pageant opened with a group of 50 children from the Grove Park playground, all in the guise of Indians, and led by their chief, Jesse Machavo. Then with the entrance of a group of Pilgrims and Quakers, children of the Buttonwood playground, the aborigines forced to retire. Miles Standish, the outstanding feature of those days, was impersonated by James Gerard. Other Puritan characters were Edward Farrow, a minister; Jack Dalton, a lawyer, and Kenneth Tripp, a Puritan boy.

Bands of Scotch, English, Dutch, Irish and settlers from other countries over the sea join the band and add their part to produce the Spirit of '76. The famous trio was Dorothy Chicoine, drummer boy; Ernest Mark, old man, and John Vieira, fifer. In this episode, too, Paul Revere (Lucien de Mello) was an outstanding feature. Lucien did well but his horse faltered when it was supposed to gallop upon the scene. Justice also plays her part. Miss Amy Wilson was Justice.

With New Bedford's recognition as an American city, come the whalers. Posing as the whaling statue was Philip Howland, son of Captain Howland, approximately enough captain of a whaling vessel.

At this point the New Bedford Carol, music by Mrs. Allen is sung, as the seal of New Bedford is raised. The carol is the theme which dominates

the pageant and is sung at other momentous episodes in the pageant. Struggle for Freedom.

Next comes the struggle for the freedom of the slaves, in which New Bedford figured most prominently among the northern cities. Here a group of children from the Ashley playground represented the white children of the south and children from all over the city, many of them descendants of slaves, impersonated the slaves of the pre-Civil War days.

Following the settling of the slavery question comes the reign of King Cotton, the character being assumed by William Knobbs. This, the closing episode, ends in a striking tableau, in which all who have taken part in the growth of the city group about King Cotton, and, with the seal of New Bedford held high, the New Bedford Carol is sung, with the audience joining.

Aside from the interest in the pageant as a purely historical production, it was pronounced a thing of beauty by all who saw it. Dainty and colorful were the costumes, graceful and interpretive were the dances, both group and solo work.

Those who figured in solo dances were Hetty Mahoney, Olive Eastwood, Molly Feinstein, Angela Sullivan, Mary Sunderland, Ada Jepson, Helen Collier, Rose Marsden, Vivian Metcalf, Sara King and Emma Bly.

In their star-spangled bodices and white skirts with red and blue streamers, their transparent white hats with red and blue rosettes, the girls representing the original thirteen states formed one of the most effective groups. The stately minuet, in the same episode, gives a touch of Colonial dignity necessary to produce the atmosphere of the times.

Pageant Producers.

While the entire pageant was written by Edward M. Barrows, director of Community Centers and the original lyric as well, the music was composed by Mrs. Gillian M. Allen of the Abraham Lincoln Community Center, and, as director of the pageant, she arranged the tableaux, designed most of the costumes, and originated all except the national dances.

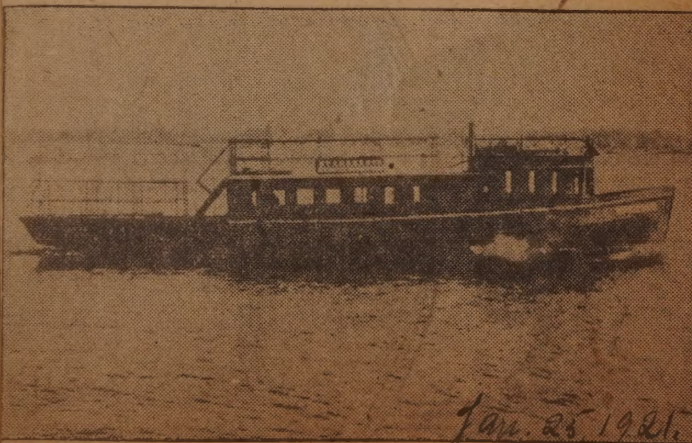
Assistants to Mrs. Allen, who contributed much to the success of the pageant, were Mrs. John Woodruff, Mrs. Laura N. Banks, Miss Flora Neves, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Gladys Uttley, Miss Louise LeRoche, Mrs. Mary A. Hayden was in charge of making the costumes, and she was assisted by Miss Evelyn Kelley, Miss Mary McAuliffe and Miss Anna Meade.

Clarence W. Arey was musical director and Oliver E. Matheny, custodian of properties.



Characters Figuring in New Bedford's History.

New Fairhaven-New Bedford Ferry Which Started Regular Trips Today



Jan. 25, 1921.
This the good ship Winifred, the vessel which this morning began her regular trips between this city and Fairhaven, relieving the smaller motor craft, Yvonne. The Winifred has cabin accommodations for about 40 people while its capacity is from 75 to 100 passengers. A crew of three will man the new ferry.



Radiating Summer's Sun.

Miss Moore Takes Prominent Part in College Exercises *June 13, 1920*



Dorothy S. Moore.

Among the members of this June's graduating class at Mt. Holyoke is Miss Dorothy S. Moore, 40 Chestnut street, daughter of the Rev. Robert S. Moore. Miss Moore took a prominent part in the commencement exercises last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, having been chosen to write the last will and testament of the class of 1920, read at the step exercises commencement week. She had also a prominent part in the tree exercises just before commencement, for which she wrote a brief skit.

Outside her academic work at the college, Miss Moore's interests have

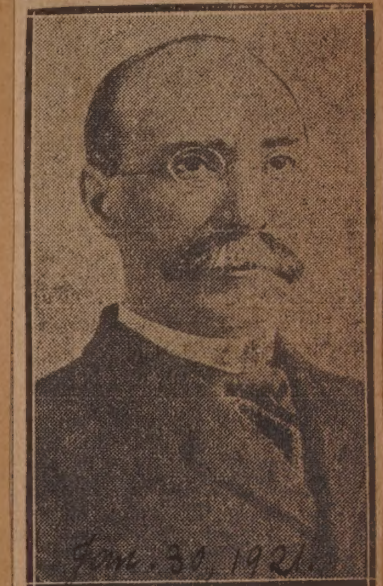
been decidedly literary. She was a member of the Mt. Holyoke Monthly editorial board for several years, and in her senior year became president of Blackstick, the literary society of the college. She was co-author of the senior play, as well as coach, and also wrote the Junior Prom entertainment. Miss Moore was a member of the endowment fund committee which helped to raise money toward the \$3,000,000 goal which Mt. Holyoke has set for itself. She further served as chairman of the properties for the recent May Day play, Cyrano de Bergerac. Miss Moore prepared for college at the Rockville and Attleboro High schools.

Among the alumnae who attended commencement was Mrs. Harold E. Perry, 109 Bedford street.

DR. M'CALMAN DIES IN DUNDEE

Ten Years Pastor of Middle Street Christian Church and Member of Vesta Lodge I. O. O. F.

Rev. John MacCalman, D. D., for ten years and six months pastor of the Middle Street Christian church in this city, died at his home in Dundee, N. Y., early Friday morning at the age of 66. Death came following an extended illness. Dr. MacCalman suffered a severe attack of influenza during the epidemic in the winter of 1918 from which he never fully recovered. He spent last win-



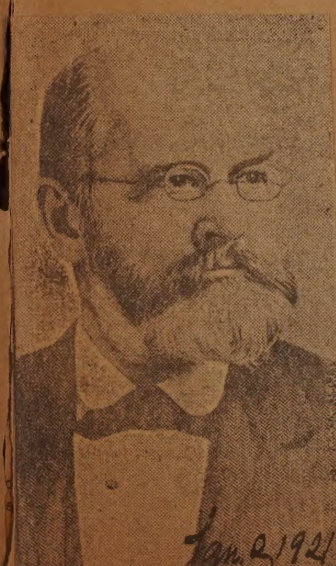
Rev. John MacCalman.

ter in Florida and when he returned to his duties as chaplain of the Starkey seminary in Lakemont, N. Y., he seemed greatly benefitted by the change. During last summer, however, he failed again and became gradually weaker until the end Friday morning.

He is survived by a wife, formerly Miss Margaret O. Evans of Lewisburg, Pa., whom he married during his pastorate in this city, two sons, three brothers and three sisters. Interment will take place tomorrow afternoon in Lewisburg, Pa.

Dr. MacCalman was born in Glasgow, Scotland. He came to this country as a young man and soon after his arrival identified himself with the Christian church. He graduated from the Christian Biblical Institute at Stanfordville, N. Y., receiving his degree of Doctor of Divinity in Defiance (Ohio) College.

For a year, after graduating, he supplied various pulpits. He had first preached at Clone, Dutchess county, N. Y., while a student, and accepted a call at that time to the pastorate of the Schiltzville, N. Y., church, where he was ordained. He came to this city and took up his duties at the Middle Street Christian church Jan. 26, 1888, continuing



Thomas W. Stetson.

By BILL HAWKINS

Drawbridge—and He Proceeds to Prove It. Sept. 26, 1920.

HIGH up in his little shivering house, where only the echoes of the anvil chorus reach his ears, the most-cussed-about man in Bristol county spends most of his working hours. He is Lewis D. Baldwin, superintendent of the Fairhaven draw-bridge.

From sun-rise to sunset every day, he is lambasted by irate motorists, raved at by the unhappy passengers in stalled street-cars, assailed by angry truck-drivers, and roasted by travelers afoot.

Most of the abuse he never hears, except by roundabout channels. And it is just as well for his peace of mind because although he has been helping to operate the draw for 20 years he has not grown indifferent to the opinions of the public which he and his assistants are honestly trying to serve.

Draw Tender's Side.

"I wish," he told a Standard man, "that folks who complain about the way the draw is operated could be in my position for a few hours. They might change their views. As a matter of fact, we invite visitors. We would like to show everybody the workings of the drawbridge from this side of the gates. If they saw, they would appreciate the conditions we are up against. The bridge is a public institution and we invite anyone who is interested to look it over."

Mr. Baldwin was at his desk in the little house on the top of the bridge, the same house to which hundreds of land-lubbers daily direct baleful glares when they are held up for ten minutes or more while a one-man catboat sails blithely through.

Years ago, the bridge-tender said, he was a newspaperman himself. He played the game three years and was about to take a job on a big Boston daily when his health broke down and he was advised to seek out-door work. He became a street railway employe and worked on the cars eleven years. Then he was appointed assistant to the drawbridge tender and succeeded to the superintendency a few years ago.

There is not much space to spare in the little operating house on the top of the bridge. It is pretty well filled with switchboards and dials and the instruments with which the movements of the 1300-ton draw are controlled. The structure vibrates constantly and often violently with the jar of traffic passing below.

Four windows command views of the approaches to the bridge, by land and water. The girders obstruct to some extent the view of the highway and the outlook over the river to the north is more limited than it would seem to a man on the ground.

Fairhaven commuters will find hope in one assertion of the superintendent:

Relief Expected Soon.

"We hope that in ten days or two weeks we will be able to run the bridge normally," he said.

"Just how long it will take to install the new pressure tanks I can't say but I do not believe more than two weeks will be required. I want to correct an impression that it will be necessary to close the draw to traffic for three or four days while the change-over is under way. I don't think it will take more than a couple of hours to connect the new tanks."

"No draw-bridge can be operated on a much-traveled highway without discommoding somebody," said Mr. Baldwin. "If it only took two minutes to operate the draw some people would be inconvenienced, at times perhaps seriously. We take both land and water traffic into consideration when we are about to open the bridge. It must be borne in mind that navigation has the right of way but by stretching a point sometimes we are able to hold up a boat for a minute to let a trolley car or an extra machine or two get by before we shut the gates."

At a Disadvantage.

"Since June 19, we have been operating under a great disadvantage. Everybody who has ever seen the bridge opened and closed knows that it must be raised and lowered. An automobilist with a flat tire drives up to a service station in the city, makes connections with a pressure pump and in a few seconds his tire is inflated. If the blow-out occurs somewhere in the country, far from a garage, he has to pump up the tire by hand and it is a tedious process. That illustrates what we are up against in running the draw at the present time."

"In June one of the hydro-pneumatic reservoirs which held the air and fluid with which the bridge is raised gave way. The reservoir is a big steel tube designed originally to carry 2700 pounds pressure to the square inch and it had been in use twenty years. We considered that further use of the reservoir even with repairs, would be dangerous and we had emergency equipment installed with which we have been raising and lowering the bridge ever since."

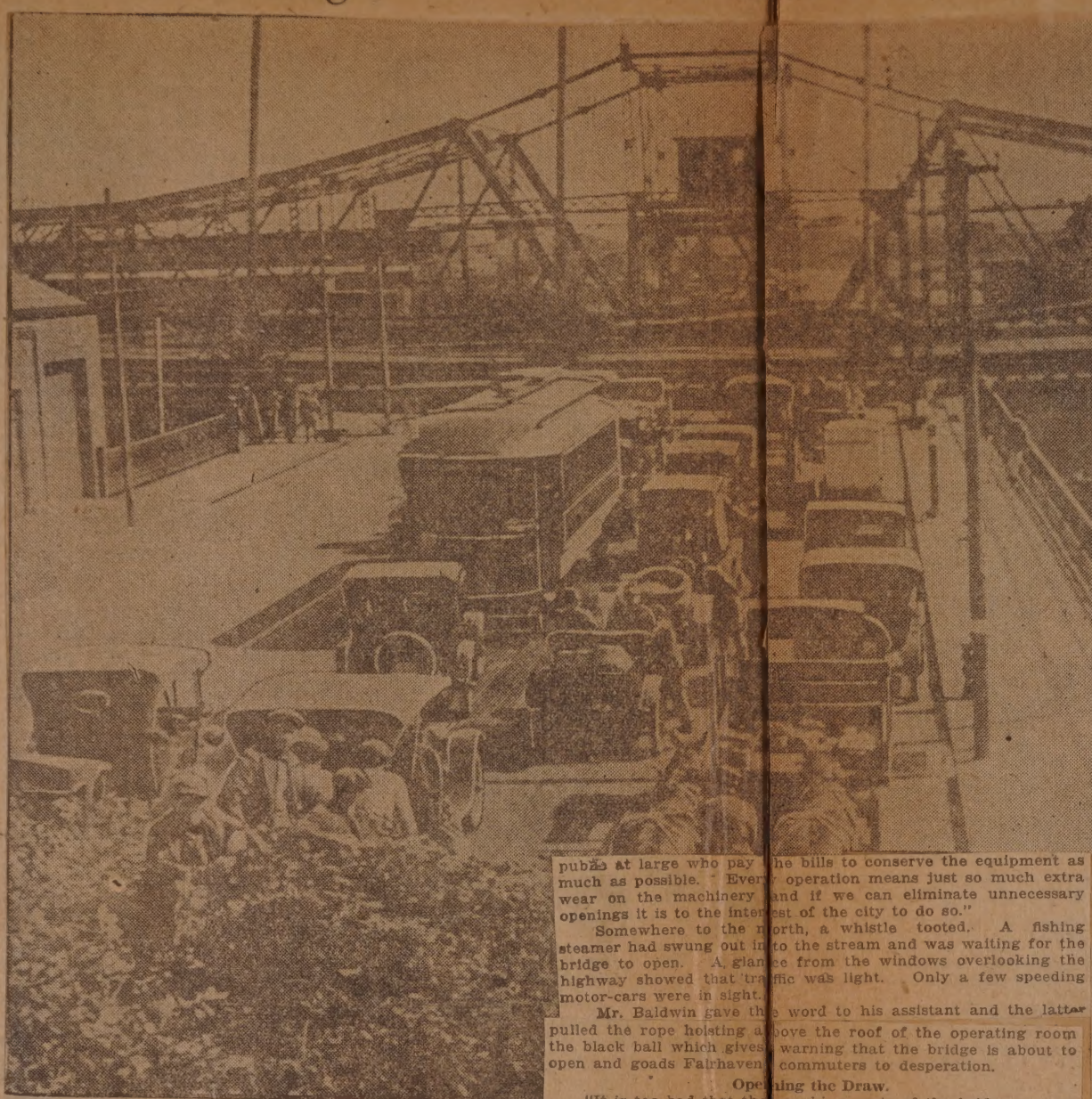
Dredges Increase Work.

"Most of the criticism about the operation of the draw has come since the dredges started to work north of the bridge. The dredging began August 27 and the number of openings of the draw started to increase."

"The extra inconvenience caused by the movement of the scows used in the dredging work will be only temporary as the contract calls for the completion of the dredging within three months."

"But it must be remembered that navigation north of the bridge is increasing steadily and that the draw will have to be opened more and more as the north waterfront is developed. Seventy per cent of the coal that comes into the city by water is handled by dealers above the bridge at the present time."

"The completion of the new oil plant also will mean more openings of the draw. There is still a big stretch of undeveloped waterfront property north of the gashall street bridge and eventually when that is improved, the bridge will



The Open Draw.

be even more of a nuisance to land traffic than it is now. The whole trend of growth along the waterfront is northward.

Record of Openings.

"Last year, the bridge was opened 3494 times. This year, up to September 16, it was operated 2200 times. Openings now average about 17 a day. Last year's average was less than ten a day. But last year was light year. In 1916 when navigation was heaviest in the history of the bridge, we opened 4146 times. In 1918, which was one of our lightest years the openings numbered 2614 but the tonnage in 1918 exceeded that of 1916."

"The time normally required for the opening and closing of the draw is five minutes. That is for the actual mechanical operation. Crippled as we are, the best time we can make is from 9 to 10 minutes. With an average of 17 openings, that means at least 170 minutes out of every day that the bridge is closed to land traffic."

"I am talking, you understand, about the time required for mechanical openings. When a vessel blows to go through the draw, we stand by, and close the gates. If we have to wait until the vessel straightens out, just so much more time is required. We cannot foresee what the captain of a vessel intends to do after he whistles for the draw. We must be on the safe side all the time."

Troubles of the Tender.

"Sometimes we open the bridge to let a cat-boat through. About the time the small boat has cleared, a tug starts to come down. Some folks complain because we don't close the draw after the catboat has passed and then open it again for the tug. The trouble is that to close the draw, let accumulated traffic go by, and then open it again would take so long that the tug might not be able to hold the scow and then an accident would result. And land traffic wouldn't be helped appreciably because two openings and closings consume more time than one."

"Another thing that must be taken into consideration is this. With the machinery in its present condition, the strain on the bridge is tremendous and it is to the advantage of the

pubes at large who pay the bills to conserve the equipment as much as possible. Every operation means just so much extra wear on the machinery and if we can eliminate unnecessary openings it is to the interest of the city to do so."

Somewhere to the north, a whistle tooted. A fishing steamer had swung out into the stream and was waiting for the bridge to open. A glance from the windows overlooking the highway showed that traffic was light. Only a few speeding motor-cars were in sight.

Mr. Baldwin gave the word to his assistant and the latter pulled the rope hoisting above the roof of the operating room the black ball which gives warning that the bridge is about to open and goads Fairhaven commuters to desperation.

Opening the Draw.

"It is too bad that the working parts of the bridge are out of sight," said the superintendent as he took his station at a contrivance like the control box of a trolley car. "If folks could see the wheels go round they would realize that we hadn't stopped work up here to play cards and that they weren't being made to wait for nothing. Look at your watch," he instructed.

It was 9 45.

From the west window, one of the "deck men" of the bridge crew could be seen having his troubles with the driver of a rubbish cart. The driver had given no heed to the warning signal but evidently thought he could get across before the bridge closed. His wagon was inside the line of the gates and the guard was ordering him to back up. He did—but it took time and delayed the shutting of the gates.

The superintendent, watching the road in both directions, turned a couple of levers. The gate bells clanged and the barriers closed.

"This is the only draw in this part of the country whose gates are operated automatically," said Mr. Baldwin.

Why the Gates Close.

With the gates closed, Mr. Baldwin stepped to a set of levers while his assistant took charge at another pair of control boxes. These boxes govern the pumps, Mr. Baldwin explained. When the bridge is working normally, the services of only one man are required in the operating house, he said, but with the machinery in its present condition, he wouldn't put the responsibility on one tender.

The assistant turned the cranks and the purr of the pumps could be heard far below. Later an examination of the lower works of the draw disclosed that it rests on four steel wedges, one at each corner. When the bridge is closed, its full weight bears on these wedges.

When the draw is to be opened, it must be lifted off the wedges, and this is accomplished by the use of four hydraulic jacks. The jacks are operated by means of a combination of oil and compressed air. When the bridge is lifted, the wedges slide out of the way horizontally. Then the draw is lowered again.

The draw is mounted on a drum which revolves on sixty rollers, each roller taking a strain of about 20 tons. When the



Lewis D. Baldwin.

How the Jacks Work.

How each jack is working can be told in the operating room by a glance at an annunciator, similar to those in common use in elevators to tell on what floor passengers are waiting. For some reason the movement of the jacks is not uniform. Those at the west end of the bridge reach their limit before those at the east. As each jack performs its duty, the annunciator records "Up." If a jack failed to work it would be known almost instantly at the top of the bridge.

As soon as the draw was clear, ready to move, the superintendent stepped to another control box, turned a crank similar to that handled by a street car motorman, and the ponderous bridge started to swing. As soon as it gained momentum, Mr. Baldwin shut the power off again.

"The bridge is very evenly balanced," he explained, "and only a little power is required to move it. It is coasting now. On a hot day when the oil is thin and the machinery works easily, we have to watch pretty closely to keep it from swinging too far."

The fishing boat passed through, while the superintendent kept an eye out of both windows looking on the water.

Watch Both Ends.

"We have to watch both ends or some craft might slip through and be squeezed," he said. Then he started the closing operations which are practically the opening operations reversed. Before the draw had swung all the way

to, another boat whistled up river. It was a tug with a loaded scow.

"That's the way we get it," commented Mr. Baldwin. The pumps were working, forcing air and oil into the jacks to boost the draw back to its place.

"This is the aggravating part of it," said the superintendent, "waiting for these jacks to fill. If the people could only see them working, they perhaps wouldn't be so impatient."

At last the jacks worked, the aprons dropped, the bells rang, the gates opened, and interrupted traffic resumed its way.

Nine minutes had elapsed from the closing to the opening of the gates.

Up the river, a tug was clamoring with shrill siren for another opening.

"Here's the S. C. Hart coming down," said Mr. Baldwin. "If we had known she was coming, we could have held up the fishing vessel a minute and saved an opening. But the man up here doesn't know that. He simply has to take and accommodate the business as it comes."

Heaviest Traffic.

"The heaviest traffic over the bridge," remarked the superintendent as he opened the draw for the tug, "is between 4 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon, particularly on pleasant Saturdays in the summer. The bridge is supposed to be opened any time between sunrise and sunset although we have operated after sunset when called upon to do so. The last official count of land traffic I think was made in 1903 and the average at that time was found to be 400 vehicles in eight hours. Now we probably have that number every hour on a normal day."

"We try to operate the bridge with a minimum of inconvenience to land travel. We make efforts to time openings so as not to interfere with trolley-car schedules."

Another whistle blew north of the bridge. Mr. Baldwin took a survey up the river. Then he looked to the south.

"A light scow coming below the bridge, a loaded one above," he announced. "By rights, I ought to open up but the fellow above will understand. The tug is just making fast to the scow to the south. The 10 30 cars should be along now but by the looks of things they're going to get stung."

The 10 30 cars were stung. But the opening of the draw was timed so that both scows could go through at once, the one passing north, the other south. The opening and closing consumed 13 minutes.

Under the Draw.

Then Mr. Baldwin resigned his post to his assistant and took the newspaperman down under the bridge and explained its inner workings, pointing out the drum and the bearings, and the wedges and the jacks, which can be seen only from beneath the span.

He explained why oil is used in the operation of the jacks instead of water.

"The reason we can't use water," he said, "is that if the temperature fell below 32 degrees we might come around some morning and find the works frozen. We use what is called a cold test oil which will remain liquid at 40 degrees below zero."

Mr. Baldwin showed a sample of the oil in a bottle. It looked like a good grade of olive oil.

"If that oil was refined," the superintendent said, "it would be about the same as Nujol."

While the inspection of the innards of the bridge was in progress, an incident occurred which helped to show that complaints about the draw are not without foundation, but if anybody is to blame, it is not the drawtender.

Closing Delayed.

The bridge was opened for a tug with a loaded mud-scow to come down the river. The tow was practically through the draw when another whistle blew. It was the whistle of a tug which was about to bring a light barge from Fish Island. The barge had not cleared and was making slow work of warping around the end of the wharf. It finally straightened out and passed down river—but it had delayed the closing of the draw.

"Some people would say 'Close the draw and open it again when that barge is ready to come through,'" remarked Mr. Baldwin. "But the tug signalled for the opening of the bridge. If the barge broke away and bumped into the draw, the city would be liable for damages. We have never had a damage suit caused by faulty operation of the draw—and damage suits are what we always have to guard against."

CUTTYHUNK FURNISHES THRILLS OF SWORDFISHING

The Maviel in Command of H. S. Hutchinson Makes
Crew Sights the Coveted Prize—Captain Allen Recalls

By W. H. B. Remington

TO the seeker for vacation rest and recreation it is my opinion that Cuttyhunk is without a rival. For a number of years the island has been my annual Mecca, and it has been my experience that no two days are alike.

Take even the days of steady rain. In the morning of such a day recently the wind was southeast, the sky was gray overcast, and the rain was falling, adding its moisture to the dew which had already made the long grass impossible of navigation without wet feet unless rubber boots are worn. Friday of last week was a day glorious and a thriller, both as to weather and events.

About supper-time on Thursday, Henry S. Hutchinson's Maviel glided into The Pond, as the Cuttyhunk harbor is called, and dropped her anchor in the basin off the landing at the Narrows. Word came ashore that the Maviel's owner intended to try for a swordfish on the morrow, and Capt. David P. Bosworth was invited to occupy the pulpit. Through the kindly interest of the owner of the Maviel I was invited to go along to watch the sport, and thereby I enjoyed a fishing thrill which I never expected to experience. Somebody has said of whale catching, I believe, that it is a sport fit for kings. If that is so, swordfishing will do for princes, and if the whaling is poor, the king himself may take a hand at it without losing much of the exhilaration which goes with the capture of the larger sea monster.

The start was to be made early, since the early morning and later afternoon hours have been found, by experience, to be the best in the day for seeing and striking the swordfish. With the first rays of the sun I peeped out from my bedroom window, which overlooks "The Pond," and saw, in a direction about two points north of east, a golden red globe supported by a pillar of molten brass—the rising sun and its reflection upon the glassy surface of the harbor. The Cuttyhunk fishing boats, tied to their stakes off Fishermans Point, pointed their prows to the southwest, and all the signs betokened a splendid day.

"How did I wake at such an hour?" I hear you ask. I'll tell you. At Cuttyhunk one goes to bed when the chickens go to roost and in the morning he has slept out and is ready to get up at the first chug-chug-chug of the motor in Tom Dowling's Ideal, which is generally the first boat to start for a day of hauling of lobster pots.

The Maviel Heads Into the Sound.

Preliminaries over, and with a piping hot breakfast under our belts, the Maviel's company made way carefully through Cannapissett channel, and with Mr. Hutchinson at the wheel headed out into the Sound. "Due south," was the course, and some of the crew were reminded of Sir Ernest Shackleton's journey to the pole, when the sailing direction was given. A gentle swell was heaving in from the southwest and the surface of the sea was as smooth in places as a mill-pond. Out through the lines of lobster pot buoys, each with the individual markings of its owner, under the new lobster law, the Maviel forged ahead. To the westward, with the morning sun shining full on it, Cuttyhunk made a picture that no artist could paint, because there was no real artist aboard.

The ship's company, if it is proper to so denominate it, was told off into one universal watch, as soon as the line of lobster pot buoys was cleared, each man to keep a special and wide-awake watch for the tell-tale fin which denotes to the fishermen the presence of the swordfish.

With the lily-iron balanced across the front of the stand, and with his eyes covering a wide arc of the horizon, Captain Bosworth stood alert and ready to strike. Captain Hall, the Maviel's skipper, overhauled the line and keg, ready for instant use, and then climbed to an improvised crow's nest attached to the foremast. Winslow Hall, the skipper's son and Captain Bosworth's grandson, representing the third generation of Cuttyhunk stock aboard, was aloft and aloft, like any alert and am-



A Sword Fish Wages a Battle Royal, but the End Means a Coveted Prize

bitious youngster, with both eyes peeled for a sight of the black tell-tale fin. Winslow's ambition was stirred by the chance of winning the fishermen's pool of a quarter a head guaranteed to the member of the crew who should be the first to raise a fish.

"Hard Left!"—And a Shark Appeared in the Offing. Suddenly a command from the crow's nest, "Hard left," and Mr. Hutchinson threw the wheel over, the Maviel responded quickly with a sweep which made a wide circular lane in the water astern. "Steady!" from the crow's nest, and the boat forged straight ahead. And dead ahead there was a black triangular sail-like object, cutting through the water, followed about six feet astern by another and sharper black sail which waved gently to and fro.

"Shark!" was the exclamation from the preacher in the pulpit.

"Why not get him for lobster bait?" was the question, and so the Maviel was tooled into position where the harpooner could strike.

As I looked at Captain Bosworth, poised alert on the stand, across my mind flashed the picture of The Whaleman, which stands in front of the Library building. The same poise, the same tense expression throughout the figure, of readiness to dart

Upper Center—Captain

Season. The iron into its object, as in the bronze figure, then, with the whole left the striker's hands body.

"You've got him, sir," and then ensued an excited him get the line, he'll bite it off," was the warning, and the fish was kept coming perforce in order that there might be no lack for him to exercise his teeth on, for it is the well known trick of the struck shark to sever the line to escape his pursuers.

Once alongside, the shark was clubbed to insensibility and he was hoisted onto the bow to await his principal piece in the banquet of lobsters.

The Pursuit of the Swordfish Continues.

After the little furore occasioned by the catching of the shark the Maviel's head was again pointed south. Gay Head was in plain sight on the lee bow. There seemed to be a sound and time and again came the warning cry from the look-out aloft or from one of the watchers on deck, indicating the sighting of a fin.

Season's First Catch—Youngest Member of the
Is His Capture of Two on Same Line



The true fisherman can tell the difference between the fins of the swordfish and the shark at a glance. The shark's fin shows as a black triangle above the surface of the water, while the swordfish fin has a curved effect, something like a parrot's beak. And again, the shark's tail, which follows the fin on the surface, keeps up a waving, sculling motion, while the swordfish's tail is still, his propelling being done by the lateral fins under water.

South and still further south the Maviel's steadily running engine sent the boat, until Nomansland was left behind and at last not a sight of land or ship or object of any kind showed around the horizon. A slight breeze had sprung up and the watchers were frequently fooled by the shadows of the little waves which looked for all the world like black fins as they tossed up and down. The eyes were often deceived, too, by the pretty little Mother Carey's chickens which occasionally resting on the sea looked like the fin of the much sought swordfish. Once or twice the prow of the Maviel was pointed in the direction of one of these birds, on the watchful cry of the land-lubber element of the crew, and then the bird would rise and skim over the surface while the real fishermen enjoyed their laugh at the expense of the landmen. It was not in order, however, to take any chances of missing a fish, and everything promising had its full share of investigation.

At length seven bells betokened that it was time to begin the preparation for the noon-day meal—a welcome sound, indeed. Ah! How good that dinner, with its smoking hot-fried fish and its freshly boiled lobsters and its piping hot coffee tasted to the famished mariners.

Then came a period of "don't care a rap whether we catch a fish or not," the noon-day siesta on the sunny deck, during which time the Maviel was headed for home. And so during the afternoon the staunch yacht plowed her way through the green seas with nothing doing except the ever watchful waiting.

Captain Bosworth, coming aft from the pulpit one time to freshly prime his pipe, repeated the saying of the whaleman who had made a long and unsuccessful voyage, "Well, we've had a fine sail, even if we haven't caught a whale," and that just about expressed it.

A little after that something happened.

"Gramp! Over There," as Young Winslow Sights the Prey.

"Gramp! Over there," shouted Winslow, pointing over star-board bow.

"Hard right!" coned Captain Hall in navy terms, from the station aloft.

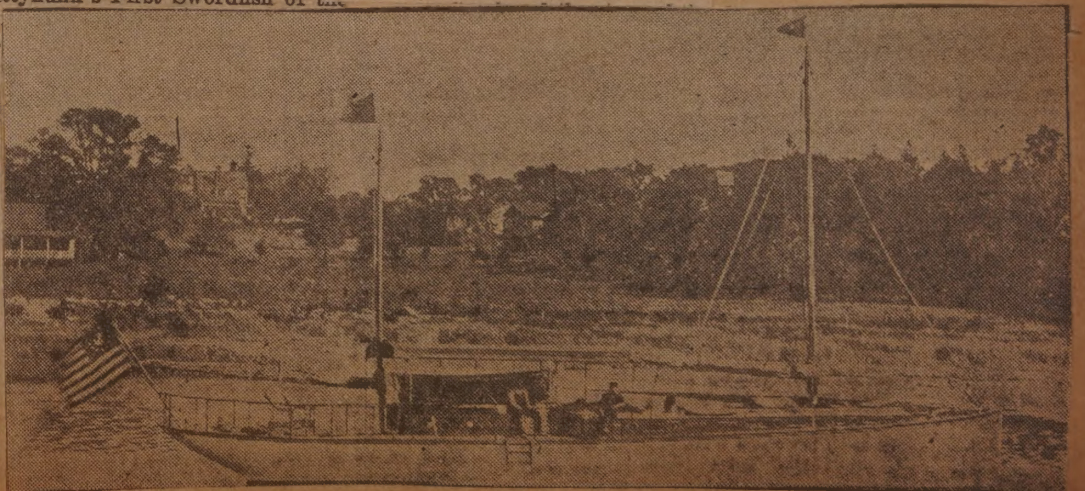
Then came a period of tension. The shape of the fin which showed above water indicated that it was a swordfish and not a shark which had been sighted. Mr. Hutchinson, at the wheel, manoeuvred the Maviel skillfully, so as to approach the fish at the right angle. Several times the fish, which was a "Milling" fish, as it is known, changed direction until it looked to the greenhorns aboard as though he was trying to dodge the boat. At last the harpooner was put directly over the fish, and with a dart the iron was hurled through the air with such force that the blow bent the shaft. The point held in the fish's flesh and the attached line

began to swish overboard as the fish started off for the Kerquellan Islands. Winslow tossed the keg over and the speed of the fish, as he travelled south, unwinding the line, made the keg whirl like a top.

Then more excitement. The tender was lowered and with Winslow at the oars and his grandfather in command, away went the little boat after the fish. In the boat were the sharp lance and a bight of strong rope to fasten to the fish's tail in case this part of the hunt was successful.

I have often heard the story of the whaling captain who was conducting the funeral service for one of his crew when the call "There she blows," came from the masthead, and who shortened the funeral service with the heartless command, "Dump that corpse overboard and lower away!" and I could never quite understand the feeling of excitement which was responsible for such brutality. But now I know. Go swordfishing yourself, and it will come to you as well.

Before leaving the Maviel's side,



H. S. Hutchinson's Yacht, the Maviel, Which Carried the Swordfishing Crews.

Captain Bosworth expressed the fear that the iron was not quite as firmly fixed in the fish as he desired and those remaining on board appreciated that the utmost caution must be used unless the iron pull out and the fish escape. And so, from a distance, keeping the Maviat far enough away from the small boat to be out of the way in case the fish changed his course, we on board watched the small boat's manoeuvres with deepest interest.

Captain Bosworth Plays the Fish an Hour.

Captain Bosworth made for the bobbing keg and on reaching it took a bight of the line into his boat, hauling up on the fish hand over hand, with the keg towing astern. It was exactly a quarter of five o'clock when the fish was struck, and for a full hour Captain Bosworth played the fish, keeping a taut line all the while, but at the same time not daring to put too much of a strain on it for fear that the fish would tear out the iron and get away. It was give and take—fisherman's cunning against the effort of the fish to break loose from the thing that was holding him. Several times the fish sounded, going apparently to the bottom, with the line almost up and down, and then again he would come toward the surface and plow through the sea at a speed which caused the little boat to toss up white water as she was forced through the waves in the fish's wake. Several times the oars which Winslow held as a drag were bent as the fish pulled the little boat through the water. The Maviat was kept on half speed most of the time, in order to keep up with the fish, which must have dragged the small boat five or six miles before the fish was finally tired out.

At length came the final flurry and the fish sounded for the last time, after which it was still. A thrust of the sharp lance finished that part of the work, and from the Maviat we could see all the water about the stern of the little boat crimson as the keen edge found its mark. With a sigh of relief Captain Bosworth made fast a rope around the fish's flukes and the struggle was over.

The Maviat was put alongside the small boat, tackle was rigged and the fish was hoisted aboard yet quivering. He measured ten feet from the tip of its sword to the end of its tail. My estimate of its weight was at least 300 pounds, but I was told that it would not "dress" that. At any rate, it was big enough, and its capture had been excitement enough to last one landsman for a whole summer.

Recalls Stories of Cuttyhunk Fisherfolk.

Mr. Hutchinson was heartily congratulated upon the success of the Maviat's first swordfishing cruise of the season, and it was a proud boat's crew that sailed into Cuttyhunk harbor that evening and tied up, appropriately enough, to the "Swordfish" stake, off the fishermen's landing point.

And then to give the affair true Cuttyhunk flavor, the fishermen went home with Captain Bosworth to supper, and found that during the afternoon Mrs. Bosworth and the girls had been after wild strawberries, and that a heaping dishful with cream "from our own cow," was awaiting fishermen's appetites.

And this is not all. Inasmuch as Mr. Hutchinson's fish was the first swordfish landed at Cuttyhunk this season, most of the villagers went to the wharf to inspect it. And there followed stories of other swordfish captures.

Capt. Tom Jones told me how he caught a 500-pound swordfish by tying the painter of his boat to its tail after the fish had stranded itself at the Narrows. Then Captain Charles Allen told me how he had once caught two swordfish on one line, off Nomansland.

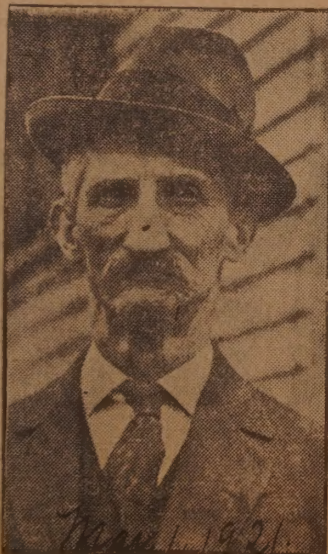
Surely, Cuttyhunk is the place for fish stories—and fish dinners.

Father deValles Memorial to Be Dedicated at Fall River May 15

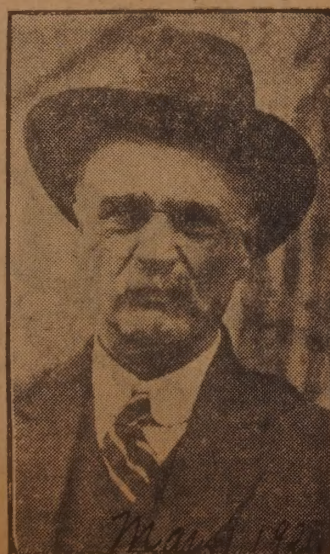


A beautiful granite memorial to Rev. John B. deValles, chaplain of the 104th Infantry, formerly of New Bedford and Fall River, is to be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies at St. Patrick's cemetery in Fall River on May 15. The fund for the erection of this monument was raised by the Rev. John B. deValles Council, Knights of Columbus, of Dorchester, formerly known as Elm Hill Council. The date of the dedication will be the first anniversary of the death of the war chaplain.

Brothers Reunited in New Bedford After 45 Years of Separation



Phillas Therrien.



Nowell Therrien.

Nowell Therrien of Minnesota arrived in New Bedford, Saturday and found his brother, Phillas Therrien, whom he hadn't seen for 45 years.



Frederick F. Ellis,
Veteran employe of The Standard,
whose funeral was held this
afternoon.
Aug. 16, 1921.

GRADUATES FROM TWO GRAMMAR SCHOOLS



BETSEY B. WINSLOW SCHOOL.

Front row, left to right—Rita Knapp, Arthur Walsh, Adelaide Huberdeau, Paul McDevitt, Gertrude Corey. Second row, left to right—Muriel Weeks, Marion Searles, Jennie McVey, Helen Wilcox, Emily Davis. Third row—Clifford Smith, Manuel Sylvia, Owen Mellody.



MIDDLE STREET SCHOOL.

Front row, left to right—Frank Carroll, William Silva, Charles Fabio, Cecilia Penton, Frances Brown, Lena Govoni, Thyra Reed, Bertha Moore, Mildred Quinn, Bertha Winterbottom, Hilda Johnson, Milton Tremblay, Janet Briggs, Ernest Gillum, Augusta Sampson. Rear row—Lily Cooke, Arthur Nunes, Hazel Dyer, Milton Lipsett, Mary Pallatrone, John Fricker, Florence Brooks, Ellsworth Cunningham, Dorothy Jones, Elmer Cunningham, Doris Hibbard, Antone Rodgers, Marion Baker, Charles Searell, Elton Drayton, Timothy Driscoll.

AT DORCHESTER
29-13-1921



Announcement has recently been made of the appointment of Rev. Everett Bryant Ellis whose home is in this city as curate of All Saints' Episcopal Church in Dorchester. Rev. Mr. Ellis attended the New Bedford High School and later entered the Nazareth Theological Seminary in Wisconsin. He was graduated from this seminary in 1920. He was ordained to the priesthood of the Episcopal church by Right Rev. Reginald H. Walter, Bishop of Vermont on Trinity Sunday of last year. He was assigned to St. Ignace's Episcopal church at Eagle River, Wisconsin. After completing a year's work there he came east becoming curate of All Saints' Church in Dorchester. He is the son of the late William E. and Mrs. Lora Ellis. He recently visited his mother here for a month.

BACK OF THE SCENES IN THE POSTOFFICE

Through Blizzard and Tempest the Postal Service Sends Its Messengers with the Mail—To Get It Ready
Army of Clerks Are on the Job 24 Hours a Day



BAG RACK

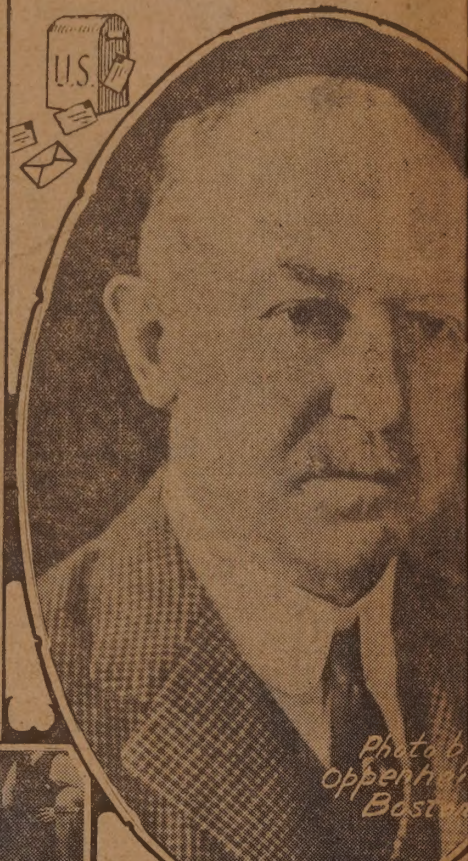


Photo by Oppenheimer Boston
Postmaster G. L. OLIVIER



PAPER OVEN

Men at Work Like Machine.

Upon entering the mailing room one is amazed by its spaciousness, the floor space being five times greater than that in the old brown stone building. Under the guidance of the superintendent of mails, the carriers and clerks may be seen going at their different tasks with machinelike precision. On the right may be seen, busily engaged, the men in the parcel post division, routing packages that are to be delivered by automobile or motorcycle. On the left, directly in back of the lobby screen, is the inquiry division; adjoining this is the stamp division.

As one stands and looks, one can see letters being dropped in the bin through a slot. A clerk rushes by, pushing a table onto which he loads the mail that has been deposited in the bin and returns with it to the facing-up table. These letters he dumps on a table. A couple of collectors have just come in and dumped a bag full of mail onto the table. A number of men are working side by side separating the letters and facing them, that is, stacking them so that all stamps are placed in the same relative position. The long letters must be separated from the short as must packages and odd sized envelopes which will not go through the machine safely. All letters that are too large or too bulky are thrown aside, to go through the canceling machine and it is seen that parcels are thrown through an opening in the table and drop into a truck which is wheeled to the bag rack to be canceled by hand and dispatched. The buzz of the canceling machine fills the ears and if one looks sharp one can see the letters passing through the automatic feeder at the rate of a thousand a minute. This cancellation process cancels the stamp and impresses upon the mail the hour of mailing.

As the letters pass through the machine they are automatically stacked. From the stacker they are removed to the primary case. This is a device by which the first separation of out-going mail is made. It is a cabinet of pigeon-holes with a ledge projecting from the cabinet at a level with the lowest row of pigeon-holes. This ledge accommodates the supply of mail which the distributor works through the case. The principal consideration of the primary case is speed, the number of separations, therefore, is small. There is a pigeon-hole for each state and a pigeon-hole for large cities such as Boston, New York, Philadelphia and the like.

From the primary case, the mail is turned over to the clerks in the secondary separation case. The secondary or final distribution demands a great deal of knowledge and skill upon the part of the distributors. They must know the name and location of every post office in Massachusetts and all bordering New England states. They must know the schedule time of all trains on which the different mails are dispatched and the most expeditious manner for dispatching mail from hour to hour. Mail for nearby states is fully separated while mail for distant states is made up in state packages and dispatched to railroad post offices for further distribution.

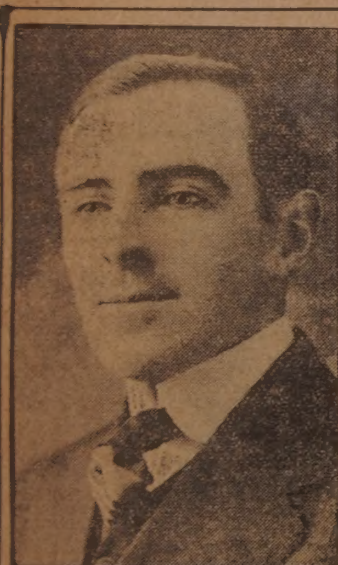
quired to know and be able to call into use instantaneously more separate facts than any other skilled or professional worker.

Sorting Out the Mail.

One may see the clerks tying out the mail which they have sorted into packages. By placing a blank slip on the bottom of the package, the next clerk handling it will know that the contents of the package are all intended for the city named on the first letter. A state package will contain mail for several offices in the same state and the slip is placed on the top of the package to let the next clerk know that the mail enclosed is to be further distributed. It is now closing time. Closing time in the post office means one hour previous to the scheduled departure of the train. The mail, all tied up, is placed in pouches and locked. A glance around the corner shows the bag rack clerk taking off sacks into which he has placed the parcel post packages and newspapers. These sacks are labeled for railway post offices or for different cities. He has several large trucks loaded with sacks and pouches of first class mail which, after being recorded on a sheet for arrivals and departures of mails, are delivered to a mail messenger who carts them to the train for dispatch to their destination.

A cry of "Mail outside" is heard from the mail messenger who has just arrived from the depot with a load. The clerks head towards the door, pushing trucks on which to load the incoming mail, coming in again with the trucks loaded to capacity. The parcels post is carried to the parcels post division, the papers to the newspaper cases and the pouches which contain the first-class mail are placed upon a dumping table. The pouches are unlocked and the mail dumped and each package is broken open. The special delivery letters which are placed on the top of packages are separated from the rest of the mail, backstamped with the hour of arrival and taken to the special delivery division for entry and the immediate delivery that the special delivery stamp insures. The other packages go to the city delivery division and are sorted into the different carrier routes. The city delivery cases are similar in construction to the mailing cabinets and are made up of pigeon-holes, each pigeon-hole indicating a carrier route or box section. It is necessary that the clerks should know the routes of 56 carriers in New Bedford.

Some streets are many miles in length and different carriers serve the residents of these streets. The clerks must know the dividing number of each carrier route.



William J. Frawley.

Americans are prone to accept the matter-of-fact and let it go at that. It is the unusual or the distant that attracts them. Every day thousands of persons pass the post office in New Bedford. How many of them can describe the process a letter must go through after leaving their hands until it is placed in those of the friend or relative to whom they are writing? Not very many.

William J. Frawley, himself an employee of the postal system, tells the story of the post office. Most persons know the post office from the lobby—take a walk with Mr. Frawley behind the doors marked "private" and see the adventures your letter has in getting started on its way.—Editor's Note.

By William J. Frawley

President of the New Bedford Postoffice Employees' Relief association, and former president of Branch 575, Federation of Postoffice Clerks.

THROUGH THE foresight of our forefathers, we were given the foundation upon which to build our wonderful universal postal system, the finest in the world. Time, invention and the character, integrity and loyalty of the men who have dedicated their lives to this service since its institution have all been factors in its expansion. Although the newest invention of man, the flying machine, is used in carrying the mail, the old "stage coach" is still in use also in some parts of the country where it is not practical or possible to use the railroad or automobile. It is a fact that every known means of conveyance is used to transport mail.

During the severe weather of last winter, when snow and

firm which maintains a parcel post delivery system presented for mailing at the parcel post window five packages for one of the local mills which, on account of the condition of the streets, he was unable to deliver. He was asked by the clerk at the window how he could expect the post office to deliver them if he could not.

"Oh," he replied, "I do not know, but Uncle Sam will find a way to deliver them, just the same. He always has and always will."

Such was this man's confidence in the postal service. While most persons' imagination is not so great, the postal system has come to be such a matter of fact that little is known of the process through which mail is handled after being deposited into a street letter box or through the slot in the screen of the post office lobby.

Take a journey through the New Bedford post office, the finest in the state and a monument to the postal system. On entering the lobby its beautiful marble walks ring with the echoes of the feet of the thousands of people who pass through it daily. The lobby is a vast hall, its floor of polished marble, its walls of light-colored stone, and its ceiling of coffered wood. The lobby is a place of great interest to the public, and it is here that the mail is first received and sorted.



WM. A. DOYLE



STANLEY G. AKIN
SUPT OF MAILS



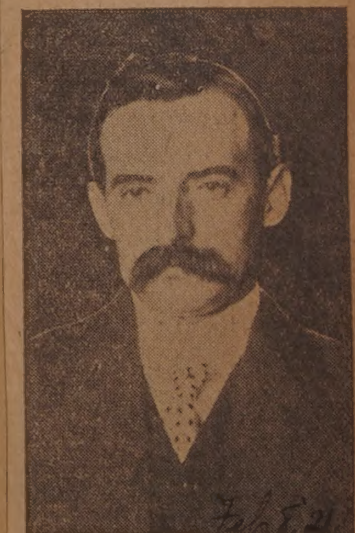
CANCELLING AND
POSTMARK MACHINE

mail, buying stamps, exchanging money orders or perhaps inquiring at the general delivery window for a letter from some distant relative. High up, near the ceiling at either end is a cast of some old whaler, a reminder of the industry that made New Bedford famous before the coming of the cotton mills.

From the lobby it is only a step into the postmaster's office where sits a man of keen intellect, tact and great administrative ability. He may be listening to some suggestion for improvement in the service from some business man or the humblest patron of the office, for the department encourages suggestions from the public and it is his duty as local head to accept or reject them.

Entering the assistant postmaster's office, the local head of the financial division, he and his assistants are busily engaged counting money, checking up stamp stock or ordering supplies from Washington. In the massive vault, neatly piled on shelves, are thousands of stamps, each one a masterpiece of art.

Well Known in Laboring Circles Died Yesterday



John Jackson of 132 Bullock street died Sunday at the age of 56 years. Mr. Jackson was well known in labor circles and had a host of friends in the section of the city where he had lived for the past ten years.

Mr. Jackson was a native of Darwen, Lancashire, England. For 13 years while employed as a weaver there he was collector for the Darwen Weavers' union. He continued his interest in the labor movement after coming to this country, settling in New Bedford in 1909.

Each carrier route means a certain section of the city and each section contains a number of separations. By the term separation is meant the first and last numbers of a carrier's route or a given street. For example, take Acushnet avenue, from one section to another would be Carrier 15 and from a third to a fourth section would be Carrier 16. In a city of this size there are about 1500 separations in the city delivery case to memorize, to say nothing of the letters that come addressed to business houses without street or number. Letters that are not addressed to street or number are often delayed because a clerk may not be familiar enough with the addressee to know to which carrier route the letter should be distributed. Such letters are thrown to one side and given directory service. In this connection large firms are the worst offenders. While it may save them a little time in their office, it causes delay in delivery of the letter to their patrons. Letters with addresses that are not easily legible or are without street and number are sorted into a section called the "Nixie Hole." These letters are given directory service and then sorted to carrier routes if they appear in the directory. If not listed in the directory, they are turned over to the inquiry division to be returned to the senders.

The mail which has been sorted into the box sections is being removed and placed in the boxes. These boxes are rented quarterly. Patrons desiring boxes make application at the stamp division and are assigned a number upon payment of the fee. Keys are given out also, a charge for each key being made and this amount is refunded to the box holder upon the surrender of the keys. In the renting of boxes, business men have the preference over private individuals and when mail so addressed is received it is placed directly in the box. Mail addressed to a person's home may be placed in his box, providing an order is left in the post office to that effect. The clerk must memorize the location of about 700 boxes so that letters intended for box holders may be sorted into their respective sections. Packages addressed to box holders are placed in a cabinet divided into sections and a notice is placed in the box notifying the patron to present the notice form and the package will be delivered to him.

Clerks are sorting the mail that came in the sacks. Small parcels are thrown into a great horseshoelike cabinet called the "Paper Oven." This oven is also divided into sections, each carrier having a section for mail addressed to his route. The flat papers, that is papers that are not rolled in bundles, are being sorted in a cabinet that is equipped with shelves. Each partition is numbered and each number signifies a carrier route.

The circular mail, that is, advertising or printed matter, is sorted into the circular case, the idea being to keep this class of mail matter separate and distinct from first class mail. Circulars are carried out by the carriers but he must give the first class mail the preference.

Step into the registry and money order divisions for a minute. Here the registry clerks are handling valuable matter with extreme care. Registered mail is always in the custody of some postal employee from the time of its acceptance until it is finally delivered. This class of mail is dispatched in a special pouch under a special rotary lock, the number of which automatically changes each time the pouch is unlocked. Registered mail must be signed for when delivered to a postal employee or to a railway postal clerk. It might be well to correct a mistaken idea that registering a letter and placing a special delivery stamp on a letter are the same. While the special delivery stamp insures prompt delivery when the mail on which the stamp is affixed arrives at its destination, no indemnity is paid for loss of the letter. This class of mail is handled the same as ordinary mail and there is no hand to hand receipt as the pouch in which it is locked is transferred from one clerk to another. Receipt is taken when the letter is delivered to the addressee. Registered mail protects the patron against loss up to and including \$50 for domestic mail and \$9.50 on a registered article addressed to a foreign country. The special attention accorded registered matter delays it in transit as it can only be dispatched in custody of a railway mail clerk and these clerks operate only on certain trains.

The money order division is similar to a banking institution. The clerks at the windows issue and pay money orders and accept deposits for postal savings. In issuing money orders a fee is charged, the size of which is determined by the amount of the money order purchased. These clerks also pay money orders upon proper identification. Patrons of the office who occasionally present an order for payment are asked to present identification if they are not known to the paying clerk. Oftentimes the patron is perturbed when this request is made but they should always remember that the clerk is trying to protect the payee of the order as well as himself. In case of a wrong payment the clerk making such payment is held responsible and must make good the amount of the order.

Passing back across the mailing room floor, one sees the men in the stamp division. Here all stamps are sold to the public, parcels post accepted and printed and plain envelopes purchased. The clerks in this division are always willing to give advice relative to postage rates, proper packing and wrapping of newspapers. It would seem, at times, that the public takes these men for postal encyclopedias.

The inquiry and general delivery division are combined. At the general delivery persons who have no permanent address or those who travel may receive their mail. It is at this window that people must comply with the necessary requirements relative to changing their address from one carrier route to another or from one city or state to another. Persons changing their addresses should send a written order or present one at this window stating their old and new address to insure prompt handling of their mail.

It is at the inquiry division that inquiries concerning mail matter may be made. The tracing of lost ordinary parcels or letters, making claim for indemnity of account of loss or damage of insured or C. O. D. matter and the tracing of registered mail should be made from this division. Here also are prepared the notices to publishers relative to non-delivery of periodicals, the sending of notices requesting return postage or undeliverable second, third or fourth class matter, the sending of dead letter mail to the department and the forwarding of articles found loose in the mails to Boston. Discretion must be used by the clerks in this division as they cannot divulge



BIRDS EYE VIEW OF MAILING

any information regarding the address of post office patrons or the mail they are receiving or sending.

Home Study Required.

Clerks in all divisions of the post office are experts and a great deal of home study is required that they may be proficient in their work, a line that is of no use to anyone but the government in the proper dispatching of the people's mail.

Stop a moment with the carriers before leaving the office. They are routing their mail at their desks, preparatory to starting on their routes. Although the clerks distribute the mail to the different carriers, it is necessary that the carrier arrange the mail according to the way he goes on his route. You will see some carrier busy with his pencil changing the address on some letter belonging to a former resident of his route but who has moved out of the city. Each carrier must keep a book containing each and every patron on his territory with the change of addresses of people who have moved on and off of his route.

The public, of course, knows something about the work of the letter carrier, more in fact, than they do of the work of the clerk. The carrier comes to everybody's house in the city bringing messages of love or good fortune. There is an opportunity for those who have an interest in individuals to pass the time of day, but of the great army of postal clerks in every office of any size, the public, in general knows nothing at all. There is an almost endless amount of detail to be memorized and the handling of incoming and outgoing mail must be done expeditiously. At all hours of the day from midnight to midnight, clerks are on duty sorting and dispatching mail. Across the front of the New York post office are inscribed these words, typifying the mail service:

"Neither time, nor heat, nor cold, nor shades of night can stay these couriers in the swift completion of their appointed tasks."



Today is the birthday of Joseph Whitehead, a letter carrier with the New Bedford post office force. He was born in this city Sept. 4, 1878 and was first employed as a clerk with Sanders & Barrows. He was regularly appointed on the post office force Dec. 1, 1902, and received his first promotion the following year.

MONEY FATHER REFUSES WAITS THIS BABY



✓ The first picture to be published of the Garland baby, daughter of Charles Garland of Buzzards Bay who refused a million dollar inheritance. While Mrs. Garland (shown with her child) and Mr. Garland refuse the money it is piling up under care of trustees and will some day be the child's.

ROOM

Captain Cleveland Again to Take the Ship's Helm



Pilots Who Will Take Steamer on Coastwise Trip to New York



Feb. 25, 1931.
Capt. D. A. Weed on the left, will take the Sao Vicente into New York harbor. Capt. Frank B. Veeder, on the right, who is to pilot the steamer out of New Bedford harbor and Buzzards Bay.

Mar. 6, 1931.

UNLESS AND UNTIL IRELAND IS FREE

Proviso Which Accompanies the Irish Bond Certificates—John Regan, City Chairman, On His Duty to His "Wife", America, His "Mother", Ireland.

By Elizabeth W. Bowie



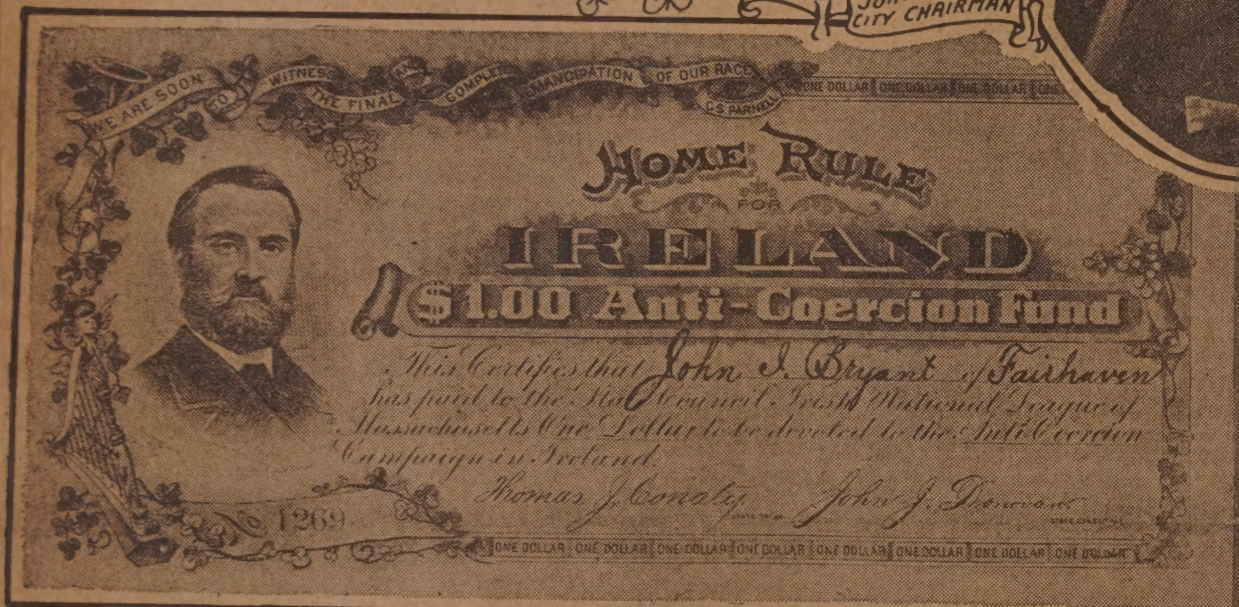
THEY MAY BE REDEEMED BY THE PRESENT IRISH REPUBLIC



JOHN REGAN
CITY CHAIRMAN



ISSUED BY THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD IN 1866



ONCE HOME RULE WOULD HAVE SATISFIED THEM

Not a Get Rich Quick Scheme.

IRELAND IN BONDS! Yet bonds must help set Ireland free! It is a little strange and a little ironic that the same word should be necessary to the discussion of the past wrongs and future hopes of Ireland. And yet it's true. How many times in the last twelve months have you heard of the bonds choking and stifling that country and its people, "the only white race in chains today." And have you heard at all of the appeal for financial aid, the first loan of the elected government of the Republic of Ireland with which it is hoped to reanimate the commercial and industrial life of the island?

A loan? Bonds? Oh yes, that's easy. Look over some of the financial journals and take their weighty advice as to the investment value of the venture. But you have looked already and in vain. Naturally, for the street does not teach you to squander your money on dreams. It prefers railroads and gold mines and even oil stocks. Bears and bulls it tolerates but never an Irish bull. It is teaching its followers the merits of gilt-edged securities par value 100, now selling at 125.

Sentiment! Bah! There is no such word. Hope! What does that amount to in the face of reality? So the street scoffs at the Irish loan. Worse still it brands it everything that it is not. It calls it a swindle, a charity drive, criminal lunacy and lets it go at that no matter how honestly and fairly and squarely the men who have launched this drive have explained it and its possibilities. It prophesies that the finishing touches in the tragedy of foreign exchange will be the subscription by liberty-loving Americans to the \$10,000,000 loan desired in this country.

As a matter of fact the Irish bonds are not launched on the American market advertised as a get rich quick scheme. From the very beginning Eamon de Valera and others of his race and his supporters have warned those who are looking for an investment to keep away. You pay your money but you do not get even a beautifully engraved receipt. You get instead a businesslike card which pledges the honor of Eamon de Valera and his people that six months after the end of military occupation by the British, the Irish republic will repay your loan with interest. A recognized Irish republic, the withdrawal of the British. Is that quite plain? Until that day for which the prayers of good Irishmen must be offered frequently and fervently the bonds bear no interest and are not negotiable. In the strict sense of the word they are not bonds. They are certificates of indebtedness. Over in Ireland where it is reported the loan is being raised with great success and expedition they have real bonds. But it was to guard against any misunderstanding on the part of the man who by subscribing has therefore enrolled himself as a "soldier in the cause of freedom that the distinction was made here.

"We do not want a single dollar from anyone except for the sake of liberty," said Eamon de Valera, and he meant it. His word is pledged that the funds when raised will be devoted to peaceful purposes, to the running expenses of the government elected by the people of Ireland, to the development of shipping, the widening of harbors, the acquisition of land to be sold on easy terms to young farmers, to an industrial survey of the country, to a process of reforestation, which shall regain for

Ireland, now the most treeless country in the world, except for the "Wood of Wood." There is the word of equal sincerity as to the purpose of the funds. And on the other side, every cent will go for military purposes—well, bullets and bayonets begin with the same letter. Perhaps it is impossible for so because of this startling fact.

Old men dream dreams and young men see visions. But ordinarily the dreams and visions of one generation bear little resemblance to those of another. Not so with Ireland. For seven hundred and fifty years, her men and her women, her boys and her girls, have waited for the day of deliverance. If you "squander your money on dreams" you will have good and sufficient precedent for the act.

The Bonds of '66. These are not the first Irish bonds to be offered in the United States. From the days of '48 there were more or less desultory efforts to raise funds in this country, culminating in the issues of 1866, which were distributed rather widely. They were sponsored by the Fenian Brotherhood and signed, many of them, by John O'Mahony, the representative in America of the Irish republic. Trou-

Nº 4626

REPUBLIC OF IRELAND

First Loan Subscription of The Elected Government of The Republic of Ireland To EAMON DE VALERA, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND

I, hereby tender to the Government of the Republic of Ireland the sum of \$..... This sum is voluntarily subscribed by me. Neither the President of the said Republic of Ireland nor the Government of the said Republic nor its agents are under any obligation to repay this sum, or to pay interest on said sum to me or to my heirs until the said Republic of Ireland is internationally recognized and until the lapse of six months from the date of the freeing from British military control of the territory of the said Republic of Ireland.

Amount Tendered \$..... Signed.....
Amount Paid \$..... Address.....
Amount Due \$..... City.....

BOND-CERTIFICATE DENOMINATIONS

Den.	\$10	\$25	\$50	\$100	\$250	\$500	\$1,000	\$5,000	\$10,000
No.									

SUBSCRIPTIONS WOULD MEAN ENROLLMENT AS "SOLDIER IN THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY"—DE VALERA

DROWNED AS CANOE UPSETS

James Tomlinson of This City Was Alone When Motor-boat Waves Struck Craft

Father Finds Body This Morning After Dragging for It All Night

James Tomlinson, son of William and Florence Tomlinson, 421 Allen street, was drowned in Lake Nequochoke yesterday afternoon shortly after 3 o'clock, when a canoe in which he was alone was upset. He was crossing the lake, returning from taking



James Tomlinson.

two friends to the New Bedford electric car, when the canoe was upset by the waves from a passing motor-boat. He was seen from the shore and Walter Murdock put out from the pavilion in a row boat, but Tomlinson went down only once and was not seen again. As the drowned man was a good swimmer, it is believed that he was taken with cramps or caught in some way.

against the conqueror of his country, rather prophesies that the two free nations will live in peace and friendship to the end of time.

Before he left County Cork at the age of fifteen, the bewitching brogue of his country had fastened itself upon him to endure in the face of "Yankee" speech. A little shy and silent at first meeting, he warms up miraculously in a discussion of Ireland and lends real eloquence to the pleading of her cause. He might have been an orator, this man with the quick wit and ready phrase, if he had not possessed also a mechanical turn of mind which keeps him occupied with the installing of mill machinery and the invention of labor-saving devices for the looms he learned to operate on his arrival in this country.

A Picture Indelibly Impressed.

He was too young to have a very burning interest in his country's cause before he left her. British rule wrought him no actual hardship, for he was the son of well-to-do parents who kept him in school until he came to America. But one of those pictures which seems to have been indelibly impressed on the minds of all his people is with him yet, as clear in outline as when he saw it in his early youth.

Many evictions he had witnessed with a passing interest. But once, boy-like, he made it his business to join the ranks of the evicted, who proceeded to their task with British soldiers. On their victorious way they an old woman, the first really old person he had seen. Fascinated, horror-stricken, he watched a woman, bent almost double with age, lead

back, in futile argument with the evictors. Then some one pushed her roughly, toppled her over into the road and set fire to her little hut.

With his father and mother the boy left the Emerald Isle where, the man insists, the grass does grow greener than anywhere else in the world, to come to America. For some time he worked in Connecticut, reaching New Bedford within a few years to help in starting up Acushnet Mill No. 2. Experience as a weaver and later as a loomfixer awakened his interest in the improvements that might be made in his chosen field. Several valuable patents have been issued on his inventions, the best known of which is perhaps the warp stop motion, which brings the loom to a dead halt when a thread breaks, avoiding thereby much anxiety for the weaver and imperfection in the finished product. The idea for an invention strikes him at all hours of the day and night. Often he gets out of bed to jot down suggestions or to make drawings of ideas that have come to him as he slept. And never once has an invention of his failed to live up to its promise.

He hadn't meant to make New Bedford his home, for he wanted to travel from city to city to visit the different mills. But soon, after his arrival here he met Mary McDonald, and he stayed. In a graceful tribute to his wife who died recently, he says that no man ever lived a happier life or was blessed with a nobler wife than his. She, too, believed in a free Ireland and was interested in all his efforts to further it.

Friend of Freedom Everywhere.

His interest in the cause of his country he ascribes in part to his acquaintance with the spirit of liberty and the opportunities of this government and this country. He is a friend of freedom, not of Irish freedom alone, but of that of Jews, Poles and other oppressed nationalities.

And he believes and proves that one can be "one hundred per cent American" and yet have a vital interest in the freedom of other lands. No one has ever questioned his loyalty to America. No one ever can. He would not sacrifice her even to the land of his birth and his dreams, but he does feel that he has a right to stress the justice of her cause whenever possible.

"You hear a great deal about hyphenated Americans," he said. "Were I to deny that I am Irish I would be unworthy of being an American. Any man who denies his mother land would also under certain conditions deny the land of his adoption."

"America is the wife I have chosen among the nations of the earth, whom I have taken my oath to serve. I have served her so far and I mean by the grace of God to keep that oath inviolate to my dying day."

"But I see nothing in my duty to America to cause me to refuse or to deny aid, sympathy and comfort to Ireland, my poor unhappy Ireland where I first saw the light. I can not deny the land which gave me birth and while she is in suffering, sorrow and distress I will never deny her what aid and comfort I can give her so long as I am not called on to violate my oath of allegiance to my adopted country."

"I believe that a man who loves, admires and marries a woman is bound to love, honor and cherish her. But he does not in any degree violate or abuse the love and esteem of his wife by showing sympathy and respect to that dear old mother who at great sacrifice gave him to the world."

A Hypothetical Case.

"Suppose for one minute that you were going along the street with your wife and were attracted by a crowd at the side of the street. You stopped to see what the trouble was and you found your dear old mother lying prostrate being assaulted by a ruffian, and you passed on without assisting her. I care not what the world would think, I from that moment would have nothing but contempt for such a man as you."

Many would have Ireland free and worry little about the consequences. Not so Mr. Regan. If he could have Ireland free tomorrow but at enmity with England he would not be satisfied. What he desires and what he believes is coming is an independent republic, "bound more closely to England than she is today. But the difference would be that today she is bound to England by galling chains, degrading to all men who love liberty. The bonds I would use would be those of friendship, love and cooperation."

"I would go to any reasonable honorable length," he declared, to safeguard the interests of both England and Ireland. It's just as if I lived next door to you and we quarreled all the time. You had injured me for the last ten years. One night I wakened up and heard a crackling sound. When I went to the window I saw your house in flames and I chuckled with glee and went back to sleep, only to be awakened with my own house in flames."

"Rather than follow such a foolish and short-sighted policy I would give the alarm and do all that I could to save your house, not only because the instinct of justice and fair play had been instilled into my youthful mind, but because my own interests were at stake. If an enemy attacked England it would be my duty as a near neighbor to aid her and to fight against the invader for the sake of justice and my own safety."

Admirer of English Race.

Evidently just as all that glitters is not gold, so Mr. Regan believes in common with many of his countrymen, all Englishmen are not to be despised and hated and reviled. On the other hand he is a great admirer of the English race.

"During my long career, I have come in contact with thousands of Englishmen," he said, "and I know them to come of a noble and well-meaning race. I would be willing tomorrow to place our cause and the justice of Ireland's claim in their hands. It is the British aristocracy and not the English people who today and always in the past have oppressed Ireland. It is the wish of my heart that these two great races, the English and the Irish will in the very near future be good friends. If England does full justice to Ireland by giving her independence, I can vouch for the Irish people that they, too, will do justice to England."

"One thing is certain. The Irish will never cease their efforts to gain their freedom. Nothing short of absolute independence is acceptable. And there can be no peace on earth until it is attained."

And so John Regan and other loyal Irishmen who are also loyal Americans are asking new for funds to prepare Ireland for the day that is coming. Throughout the ages of their torture she has remained to them the Enchanted Isle of their hearts. Enchanted she has been perhaps like the princess who slept until the magic of the prince's kiss. It is the magic of freedom which a slumbering country is awaiting.



JOHN F. HARRIGAN, STATE CHAIRMAN



BERNARD C. MCCABE, ACTING CITY CHAIRMAN

WOMAN'S CLUB OBSERVES TERCENTENARY



Participants in the Tercentenary observance at the Woman's Club Friday. In the foreground, Mrs. Charles Spooner; first row, Miss Stella Hay, Miss Virginia Shockley, Mrs. H. C. French, Mrs. Edith Prescott Woodcock, Mrs. Annie Metcalf, Mrs. John Gibson.

Second row, extreme left, Miss Louise Hinckley, Miss Ruth Brownell; Mrs. Maude Horsfield, Mrs. Lemuel White, Mrs. Caroline Wilson, Mrs. A. H. Andrews, Mrs. G. Walter Williams, Mrs. Nell Clafin Cooper, Miss S. Flora Spare, Mrs. A. L. Shockley.

Back row, Miss Lucy Wilson, Miss Louise Congdon, Miss Lucy Kern and Mrs. C. E. Howland.

The flag at the extreme right bears 13 stars and is the property of Mrs. H. P. Willis, in charge of the tercentenary celebration.

JOHN KELLEHER IS APPOINTED

Governor Names New Bedford Man on State Board of Pharmacy

Abbott P. Smith and Herbert E. Cushman Continue on Commerce Commission

(Special to The Standard).
Boston, Nov. 17.—John M. Kelleher of New Bedford was appointed this noon by Governor Coolidge a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Pharmacy. He succeeds John F. Hayes of Fitchburg. The governor also reappointed Abbott P. Smith and Herbert E. Cushman of New Bedford as members on the Commission of Foreign and Domestic Commerce.



John M. Kelleher. / 420

Mr. Smith was appointed for four years and Mr. Cushman for one year. Willard P. Staples of Fall River was appointed a member of the Massachusetts Board of Registration in Embalming in place of William H. McManus of Brookline.

Mr. Kelleher was mentioned for a place on the Board of Pharmacy in 1916. At that time New Bedford druggists sent out a letter of endorsement signed by many to members of the State Pharmaceutical association. He is a native of this city, the son of Daniel and Mary (McCullough) Kelleher. He received his education in the schools of New Bedford and is a graduate of the High school. For a number of years he was engaged in the druggist business with James D. W. Atkins, Charles E. Church and Henry T. Corson, finally opening two drug stores here, the Kelleher pharmacies.

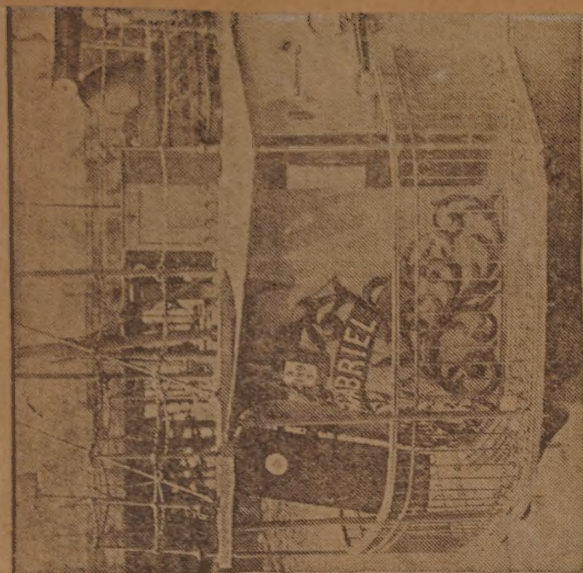
HERE'S COMMITTEE ON GIRL SCOUT WEEK



Front row: Miss Lucy Wilson, Mrs. C. E. Hunt, Miss Emma R. Hall, Miss Huldah Hathaway, Mrs. H. D. Prescott. Back row: Miss Eleanor Van Buskirk, Miss Gladys Smith, Mrs. A. Farnham Dunham, Mrs. Joseph C. Nowell.

PORTUGAL VISITORS HERE THIS WEEK

July 11, 1900



LEARNING TO COOK IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS



A group of new and exclusive pictures taken for The Standard by A. F. Packard, when he was a guest on the Portuguese cruiser Sao Gabriel in Boston Friday.

Above, the cruiser Sao Gabriel in the foreground, at her stern the Japanese battleship Kasuga; below, the officers of the Sao Gabriel, left to right, Engineer Bruno, Doctor Raymundo, 2nd Lieut. Lanco, Consul Fernando Abecassis of Boston, the commander, Captain Joao Manuel de Carvalho, Chief Officer Assis Ferreira, 2nd Lieutenants Oliveira and Mascarenhas; above on left, the cruiser's stern showing seal of Portugal; below, a member of the crew.

Miss Jane Allen Sickel to Wed George W. Lewis of New Bedford

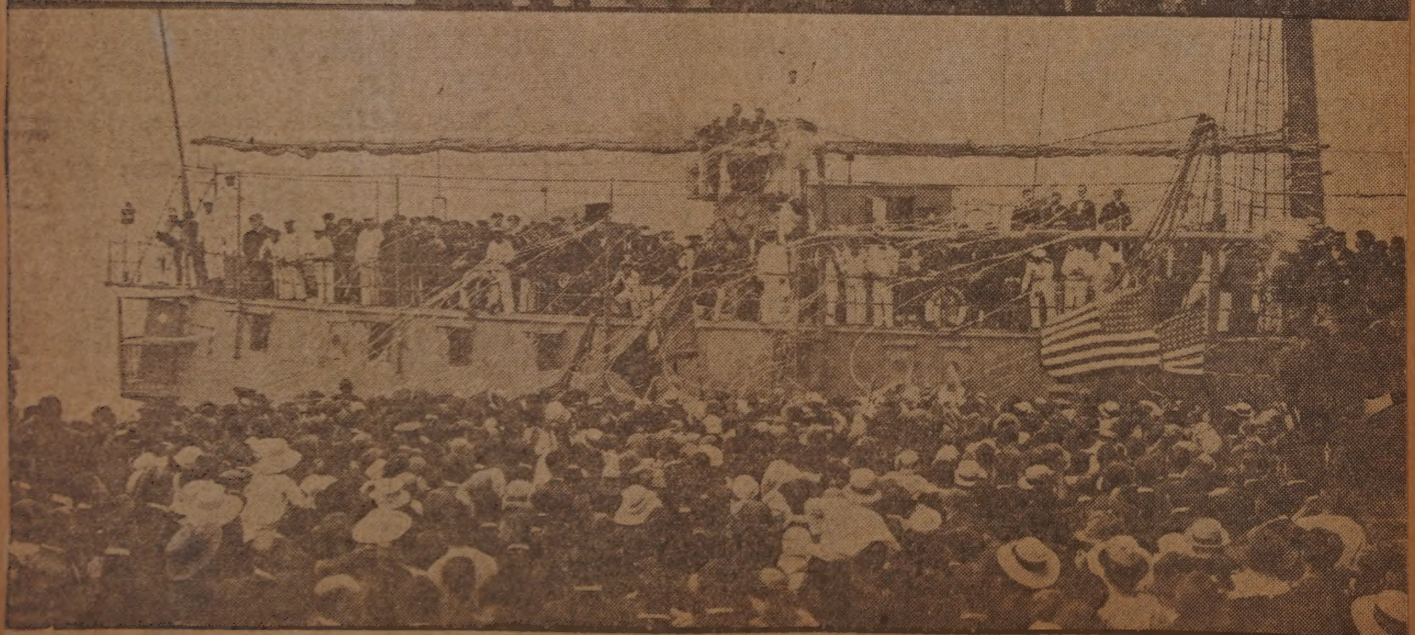
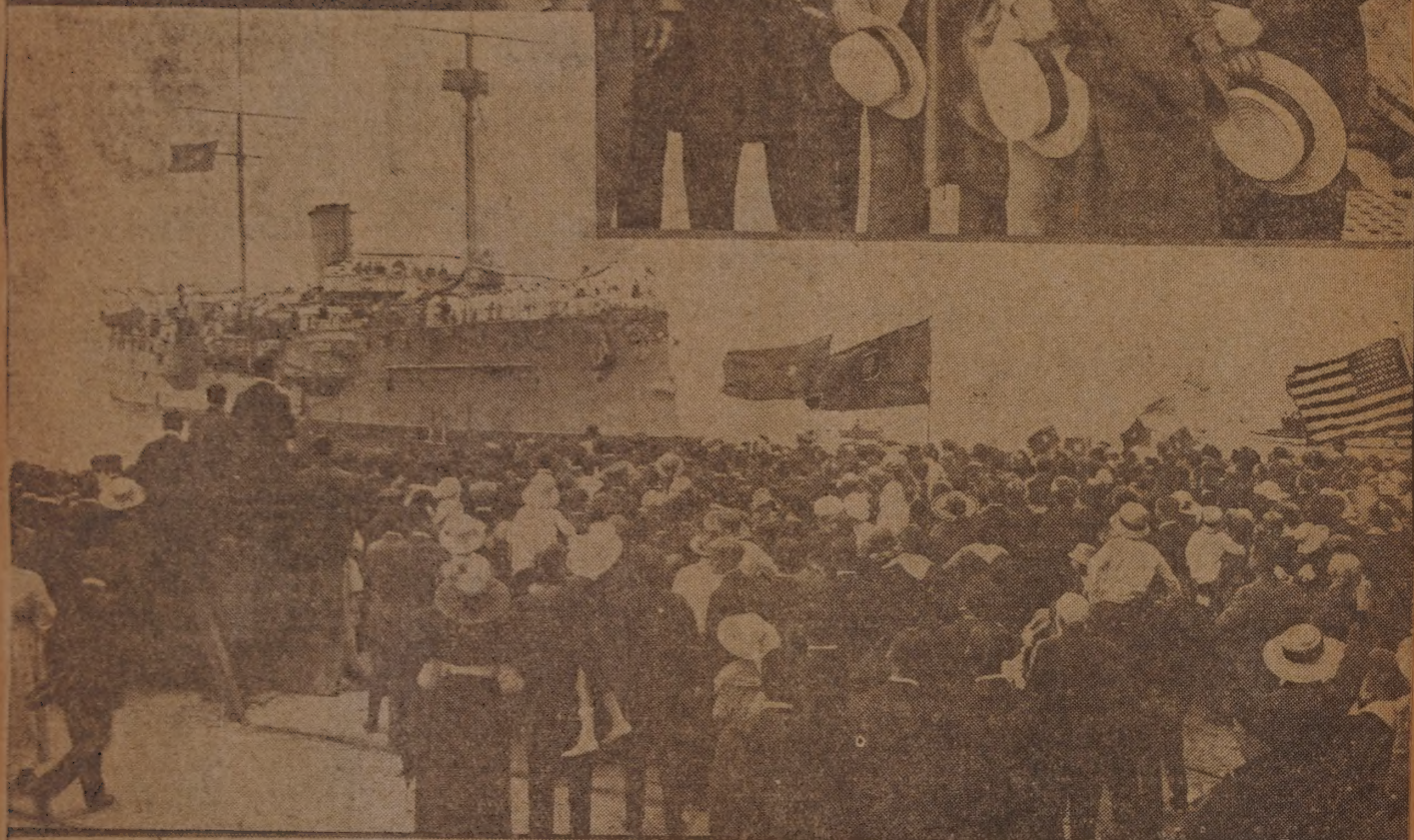


W. G. Sickel of New York, assistant to the president of the American Ship & Commerce Corporation, and Mrs. Sickel announce the engagement of their daughter, Jane Allen Sickel, to George W. Lewis of New Bedford, son of Dr. and Mrs. George F. Lewis.

Miss Sickel is a graduate of Bryn Mawr. It was while he was stationed at Fortress Monroe, Va., that Mr. Lewis met his bride-to-be. He was graduated from West Point in 1919 and was one of the group of West Pointers who made an extensive tour of the battlefields of France and visited the entire area in that year. Last spring he resigned his lieutenancy to enter the employ of the Mercantile Bank of America in New York city.

NEW BEDFORD WELCOMES THE SAO GABRIEL

July 15, 1920.



In the center, Commander Carvalho of the Sao Gabriel and the welcome committee from New Bedford; above, visitors and welcomers join in confetti throwing; below, as the cruiser steamed into its dock.

—Photo by A. F. Packard.

July 13 CENTRAL FIGURES IN THE RECEPTION *July 13*



—Photo by A. F. Packard.
Captain Joao Manuel de Carvalho, commander of the Sao Gabriel, with Consul Fernando Abecasis of Boston and Vice Consul Charles N. Serpa of New Bedford. Mr. Serpa is on the commander's left.

Flag Pole Raised
and Painted Over
Our New Hotel



Nov. 16, 1921
Riggers yesterday put the finishing touches on the flag pole above the New Bedford hotel.

DAINTY LACES MADE BY NEW BEDFORD WOMEN



Reticella Lace Made by Clever New Bedford Women.

Feb. 13, 1921.

SONG OF HIS SOUL

Some Day, You May Hear Orcha Halprin Play It and Love for Country Which Has Brought

By Elizabeth W. Bowie

A LITTLE boy, cold, hungry and oppressed, working hard for his daily bread with no time for school and no heart for play. And the heart that he had, gnawed and broken with desire, desire to know the fulfillment of his great ambition which lay forever beyond his power.

This is the Orcha Halprin who might have been if fortune hadn't chosen America for his birthplace and made possible for him the fulfillment of his dreams. You have his word for it: never cold, never hungry, not suffering from oppression, and far more important, with his heart's desire. This is the Orcha Halprin who is, the real flesh and blood boy, to whose mind the dream boy he might have been is real enough to make him shudder even now. It is the sixteen-year-old violinist for whom all signs point to a brilliant career as a master of the instrument that sings its way into men's very souls.

A Memory of Happy Boyhood.

Little boys, girls, too, for that matter, have a way of sidling up to their fathers and asking for a story of the days when they were six or eight years old, a long, long time ago. It's usually an easy matter to dig down into the past and produce a memory of happy boyhood that before it is finished makes the particular little boy in question wish he could have lived in the days of real sport. But one can't help wondering what Orcha Halprin's father said when his son asked that question.

Sometimes you can write about a person without mentioning his relatives. Many times you'd be glad if you could. But with Orcha Halprin, it's different. You wouldn't any more leave his father out of the reckoning than—well, than you'd think of dissociating Damon and Pythias or David and Jonathan or any of the other famous inseparables. Orcha admits that he owes everything to his father. And that fond parent doesn't conceal the fact that his hopes are centered in his gifted son.

So it's natural to wonder what Orcha's father said when the child asked him for memories of his happy boyhood. A guess at the answer? One man's guess is as good as another's. There isn't much doubt that he evaded the hard details of life in Vilna, Russia, a generation ago. And it's quite probable that to make up for it he sang the praises of his adopted country, the country that he admits he loves so dearly that he worships its very ground.

With the love for music that like Topsy herself, just grew in the wavy-haired, big-eyed little boy went the love for America, fostered and fed by a father, whose own boyish desires were thwarted, and who had made up his mind that nothing less than their hearts' desire was due his children in America, the land that brought freedom and prosperity and therefore fulfillment. Though it isn't to be supposed that the child Orcha was any more aware of his debt to America than he was of the fact that he was a born musician. Knowledge of both came later, and normally.

You must have always sighed a little or wondered whether it was worthwhile after all when you read of geniuses of the piano and the violin who sacrificed youth to ambition, who knew nothing but the deadly grind of practice from the age of babyhood. And you must always have had a secret dread of the infant prodigy. So it's a relief to know that in the strictest sense of the terms, Orcha Halprin was neither in his early childhood.

Child Sang All Day Long.

To be sure, he sang all day long from the time he was three or four years old until quite recently. This gift was probably inherited from his father who has sung in synagogues all his life. But it wasn't such an extraordinary thing for the child to be so fond of singing, and no one discovered the fact that he was a genius.

His voice served him well enough at the contest between Standard newsboys, when the youngster, who could "hollow" as Orcha put it, in the loudest and most piercing tones, "Evening Standard! All about the big fire," won him the prize. He trudged home that night all dressed up in the large-sized raincoat and cap which enveloped his six-year-old frame in generous folds. And being a conscientious little boy, he announced his approach.

"Ma, don't get scared," he piped; "I won a raincoat," for he was afraid his mother might take him for a burglar in his unexpected costume.

When he was ten years old he went to a concert and heard some violinists. That finished it. Instead of making up his mind to be an engineer or a policeman as most boys that age would have done, he decided to be a virtuoso of the violin.

For six long years he has studied. He has played on instruments ranging in price from \$5 to \$10,000. He owns one worth \$2500, which is heavily insured and is never far from his side when he travels or even when he sleeps. He has taken lessons, first in New Bedford, then in New York, under assistants of the great master, Leopold Auer, for the last two years of the professor himself. And he's on the way to sure success, say the critics and the experts in his art.

His First Long Trousers.

Last week he came home to New Bedford. His father gave him the trip, same home to New Bedford. His father

What America Has Done



Orcha Halprin



—Photo by Brown.

If I told a story of what I wanted just as I left Russia where he would have had the don't think I much I wanted at all.

My father was almost gone for Russia was to England and couldn't make and he came.

When he was a strange from Russia a five dollars' little shoe store he never gave real estate be children and

That could that he and the country in the turn gave me of them.

When I was a very quick father did, too.

When I was in New Bedford came home at myself. Just very good, but remember how so hard on it.

Then I was years ago I was professor, Leopold under his assistance giving me lessons a week, and played a big concert able to pay

I've never done everything him. He says from the "old" think I'm just

You can't talents are better money to devote the violinist. world, has moved here at rest in possibly have I could have which my father

If I had have stayed the peasant today, violin no matter different because States has done

when he heard Professor Auer's verdict on his lesson.

"Very good," he said, and then, turning to Mr. Halprin, he admitted that he had never believed that the boy could do such remarkable work as he is doing today.

So Orcha came home. And he consented to be interviewed. He looked quite grown up in his new clothes, different from the long-legged boy who played so enticingly at the Olympia only two months ago.

He came with his father and they took turns talking. It was gratifying to note that not once in the course of an hour did Orcha volunteer a remark in his own favor. You might

expect a boy of his past turned just the tiniest bit.

He seemed much more going to be than what he amount of self-assurance hadn't. And then, he's been two years.

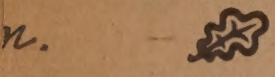
He knows a good deal of syllabic names of famous tongue with amazing speed violin that makes it valuable

ON HIS VIOLIN

en to His Gratitude to His Father and Him Heart's Desire

920

ae for Me



America has done for me, it would be more than I have done for my father. He might have had to do things for his children if he hadn't. I was eighteen years old but I'm afraid that I didn't take it out in wishing, for he wouldn't let me. And if I had been born over there I never would have been a musician, no matter how I might have been in Russia a boy hasn't any opportunities

born in Vilna and he lived there until he was five. But as soon as he had a chance he left, and he went to a very good place to live. He went straight there he married. But he discovered that he was living there for his wife and two children and he had to find his fortune.

to New Bedford he had thirty shillings. It was a strange city, but it was very different from where he was. He was lucky from the first. He borrowed a lot of leather from a merchant and started a business. He had a pretty hard time just at first, but now he owns two stores and has some money. And he's been able to bring up eleven children everything they need.

Gave Father His Chance.

have happened in Russia and it's no wonder that the family think America is the best place. It gave my father his chance and he in turn gave me opportunities. I've tried to make the best

a little boy I used to sing all the time. I had a voice and I suppose I started singing because my

about ten years old, I went to a concert here where I heard some people play the violin. I was so interested that I told my father that I wanted one. He bought me a \$5 violin. It wasn't long after a few months he got me a \$25 one and I was so happy with it and how I used to practice

was taking lessons here in New Bedford and two to New York for an interview with the great Auer. He was interested in me and put me in. Not so very long after that he began himself and I am still taking from him once a week five or six hours a day. I hope to give my father for all he has done for me.

Is Grateful as His Father.

am hungry or cold in America. My father has done for me and America has done everything for me. He doesn't think that any man who came from Russia was ever so thankful to America. I am grateful as he is.

a musician without money. Thousands of people go abroad all the time because there is no money in Russia. America has great opportunities for a musician. Auer, who is the greatest teacher in the world here to stay and he says that he's glad to be in America. So I couldn't get better instruction than I have, any more than I could in Russia. I bought a violin like my precious Camille Camilli, which cost \$2500.

the misfortune to be born in Russia and to be a musician instead of coming to America I might be a starving and without any instruction or any money. Now much I wanted to play. Everything is so good here. I am an American. This is what the United States has done for me, and I'm grateful.

present to have had his head. It wasn't apparent. I was interested in what he hoped he was doing. Of course, he has a certain amount of money. It would go hard with him if he were living in New York for more than

about violins. All sorts of polyanthes of bygone days trip off his mind. It's not so much the age of the violin as anyone except the collector,

he says. It's the workmanship. They could make just as good violins today if they would, and if they possessed the patience of the ancients rather than the racing speed of the Twentieth Century, and if they knew just what trees to cut down when the spirit moved them to make a violin or so. Is there anyone who can tell, off-hand of course, just what is the best sort of wood to make a violin from?

You may have thought, too, when you were on the subject of genius, that the precious temperament without which technique is helpless might make even the established violinist jealous of aspiring youth. Not so, if you believe Orcha. He's met them all, men whose names you utter with the utmost respect if you can pronounce them at all. Violinists who can take even the meanest instruments and then make music that is the food of love itself. They welcome newcomers and Orcha Halprin vouches for the warmth of the reception they give.

Knows Famous Violinists.

He knows them all, the warm-hearted Kreisler, Toscha Seidel, Max Rosen, Thelma Given, Efreim Zimbalist, Jascha Heifetz, most of them pupils of the celebrated Auer who was once court violinist to Czar Nicholas and besides being a master teacher can play with the best of them in spite of his seventy-five years. He is the same Auer who gave lessons in Russia for five roubles at a time, who commands \$30 an hour now, and who refuses to take a pupil for love or money unless he sees in him marked signs of genius.

Orcha tells rather ruefully of his near ejection from the master's presence a year or two ago, when he was warned that if he couldn't play any better than that the next time he came, he needn't appear for another lesson. And there was another time when the professor hit him over the wrist with a bow so hard that it pained for a week.

"He's still full of boyish ways," says his father deprecatingly. He's perhaps just a shade too eager to cut down on the boy's playtime, to make him grow up with a bound, when Orcha, willing and eager to practice his five or six hours a day, and spend another two hours with a private tutor, shows positive signs of being a boy in spite of it all. He was always fond of sports and he still is, and he's probably always going to be.

Orcha is quite aware of his good fortune. It seems to actually hurt him to think of the other boys and girls of genius whose talent and desire is swallowed up in poverty and the despair that is Europe. You can imagine that when he has an opportunity, after great concert tours have enabled him to pay his debt to his father and thus to America, he won't forget to be on the lookout for less fortunate if similarly endowed boys. He has none of the big brother attitude when it comes to discussing his younger brother David, who is also headed starward on the violin and who is now taking lessons from Professor Auer's assistant.

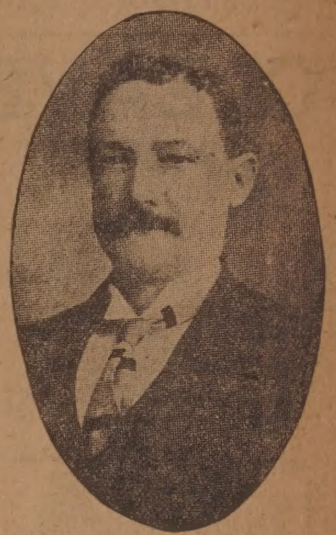
Russia, the Nation of the Violin.

Children of Russia particularly occupy his mind, for as he says it is Russia that gives the world great violinists, just as Italy gives it great singers. It seems strangely in keeping with the tragedy of their lives that the Russian Jews are most successful masters of the violin, that they above all other people can make it wail and sob and tear at the restraint of any man who hears it.

Fate tried to play a scurvy trick on him once, long before he was born. For when his father, a frightened, eighteen-year-old Russian youth, appeared before a gruff English immigration official and stammered the musical syllables of his name, said official grunted and said, "Your name is Cohen." And Cohen he has been ever since. His son was Harry Cohen, until at the beginning of his career he was in a sense rechristened, this time with his rightful name, a name that seems to sing a little on its own account.

They talk about the song of the soul. If any instrument can interpret such an ethereal, dreamlike air, it must be the violin, which can make men laugh and cry, can hold the worst of them spellbound for hours, can inspire the best of them with ideals never to be realized perhaps, but well worth having. And when his own beloved violin sings the song of Orcha Halprin's soul, would you wonder if woven into its melody, recurring again and again, were delicate, passionate, poignant strains to tell of his gratitude to his father and his love for America, the land of fulfillment of his heart's desire?

John Flood Who Was Loomfixer Head Dies at 60



Mar. 25 John Flood. 1921.

John Flood, for many years an active member of the Loomfixers' union and its president in 1914, died at his home, 27 McGurk street, yesterday, after a short illness. He was 60.

Mr. Flood has been a loomfixer in this city for many years, and was a former officer of the old National Loomfixers' union. He was treasurer of that organization when it was at its greatest strength. He has held various offices in the local union of which he was a charter member. For

Miss Richardson Wins High Honor in Junior Year



Miss Alice M. Richardson, daughter of Mrs. Deborah Richardson, 109 Bedford street, this city, has been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Zeta Chapter, at Smith college. In Miss Richardson's case this is an unusual honor since it has been conferred upon her, in her junior year.

Miss Richardson was the valedictorian of her class which was graduated from the New Bedford High school in June 1918. The following fall she won the entrance prize which is offered by Smith college to the student who passes the best entrance examination.

FOREIGN-BORN CITIZENS PAY TRIBUTE TO AMERICA

PRIZE WINNERS IN LOYALTY CONTEST

Feb. 5, 1920.

- First prize, \$50, to Maurice Nefussy, 45 Beetle street.
Second prize, \$25, Melina Noel, Sassaquin Sanatorium.
\$5 prize to Thomas P. Payne, 966 South Water street.
\$5 prize to Joseph J. Kazan, 233 North street.
\$5 prize to James J. McGrath, 1321 Pleasant street.
\$5 prize to William Cunnane.
\$5 prize to Joseph Gabriel Coury, 225 Rivet street.



Joseph Gabriel Coury.

Joseph Gabriel Coury of 225 State street was born in Mt. Lebanon twenty-six years ago and came to this country with his parents when 13 years old. During the war he was a corporal in the army, being drafted from Utica, New York, but did not see service overseas.

Mr. Coury is a spinner by trade and is employed nights at the Passaic mills.



Joseph J. Kazan.

Grateful to Standard For Opportunity

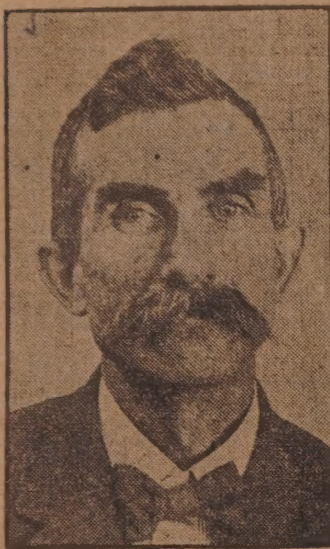
Joseph J. Kazan is a Bohemian and came from Horice-by Kuoiggralitz, Czecho-Slovakia, six years ago last month. Upon landing he came immediately to New Bedford and learned the baker's trade at Wilde's Bakery. He is now employed as a baker by Bates and Kirby and is 36 years old. He is taking advantage of the free schools of the city and attending the Swain Free School of Design.

Regarding the Loyalty Contest he said it was a very good proposition and is grateful to The Standard, as he knew many other foreign-born were, as it gave him an opportunity to express his appreciation and gratitude to this country.

What Has America Done for You? That was the challenge. And it has been answered repeatedly by foreign born readers of The Standard, who did not take the advantages of their adopted country for granted but willingly expressed their gratitude for what they found there.

Human Dynamite of Union Affairs

William Cunnane was born in England, of Irish parents. At the age of ten he entered a Blackburn cotton mill, and entered the same industry when he came to New Bedford in 1890. He began to take an active part in union affairs within a few years of his arrival and was president of the Weavers' union during the great strike of 1898. He has been called "The Human Dynamite of New



William Cunnane.

Bedford Textile Organizations."

No controversy over the union problems of the city or in late years over the Irish question has been complete without a word from Mr. Cunnane, who yet prefers his adopted land to any other. He has written many communications to The Standard, including poems on such varied subjects as a St. Patrick's Day Ode, The Price of Cloth, Overproduction, and an ode to New Bedford at the semi-centennial.

U. S. Has Helped Her Fight Her Battle SECOND PRIZE LETTER.

Why I think America is the best country to live in? What she is doing for me to merit this feeling?

America, Mr. Editor, has kept me alive, through the state and New Bedford city, for I have been fighting tuberculosis for the last ten years! Is it not as bad as the four years' war with the Germans? For I certainly have seen many people fall right and left of me in this length of time in this institution!

Is it not worth mentioning, Mr. Editor, that I have not given up the fight, nor abandoned the battlefield during these ten years? Is it not something to be thankful to America for, that she has given me the advantage, the means, the privilege to fight my own battle through the state and New Bedford's city sanatorium under the supervision of a kind, worthy superintendent and the entire devotion of the personnel of our institution which I cannot praise too highly. My occupa-

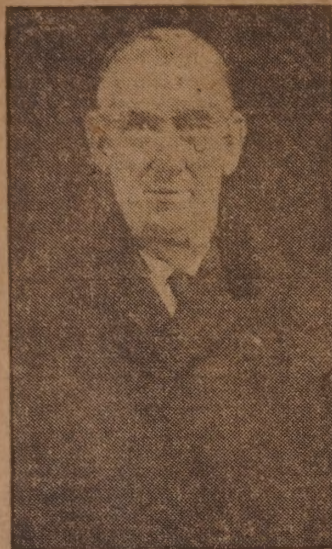
tion, Mr. Editor, is to give a glass of cold water, (in the Lord's name) to my friends of misfortune!

Mr. Editor, I was born in Canada, half a century ago, and having been in the states thirty years, I consider myself a citizen in my regretted husband's name. Please, Mr. Editor, offer my heartfelt thanks, my sentiment of deep gratitude, "ma profonde reconnaissance" to America, for the services rendered to me and for those to come, for, Mr. Editor, I have not decided to surrender just yet!

Very humbly, a patient.

Melina Noel.

N. E. Sanatorium.



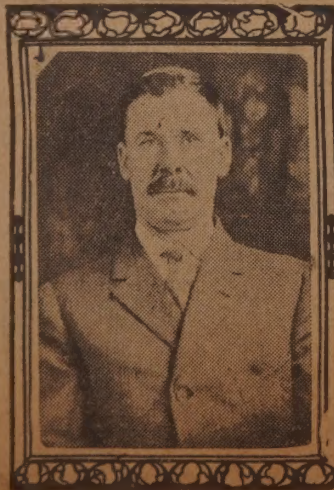
James J. McGrath.

Mr. McGrath was born in Liverpool, England, coming here 34 years ago when 26 years old. He came immediately to New Bedford and has spent most of his time since in the employ of the city. He is now employed as a laborer in the street cleaning department. Mr. McGrath has eleven children, three sons being voters of New Bedford.

RAISED 10 AND BOUGHT HOUSE

Law 1920
**Martin Barry Says Children
Have Enjoyed Greater Advantages
Than He Had in
Old Country.**

What perseverance, native thrift and a desire to "get ahead" will do for a man when they are coupled with the opportunities of the United States is illustrated by the story of Martin Barry, assistant engineer of the Municipal building, who is "not



Martin Barry.

knocking the old country" but blessed the day when he landed in America.

"I was born in County Cork, Ireland," said Mr. Barry, "and nowhere on earth does the grass grow greener than it does in County Cork. But there was no money there. When I was 18 years old I was working as a clerk in a store for ten shillings a week, with no prospects. My brother who had been in the States a year at that time sent for me and I packed up my clothes and sailed for Boston.

"After I got off the boat I headed for New Bedford. That was a good many years ago but I have never slept out of New Bedford since. I got a job as fireman in the old Whitman mill and I tended fires 16 years. Nine years ago, I went to work as fireman in the Municipal building and two or three years later I got my engineer's license. So much for that part of the story.

"Twenty years ago, I married a girl from the old country. We have had ten children, five boys and five girls and with the opportunities of this country, we have been able to give them far better schooling and easier living than we ourselves ever enjoyed. The three oldest graduated from grammar schools and then we put them through business college and they have good positions. The fourth girl is going to High school and wants to be a school teacher, so we will probably send her to normal school. With the exception of the youngest, who is only 3½ years old, all of the other youngsters are in school.

"Raising a family of ten may look like a pretty big job to a lot of people but we have been able to lay aside something for a rainy day. A few years after I was married, I had a hundred dollars saved up and I started to buy a house. It is nearly paid for now.

"My children have been a comfort to me and they have enjoyed advantages here which they never could have had in the old country. To the man who is willing to work and saves what he can out of his earnings the opportunities for success in the United States are unlimited."

Kopel Cohen Came Here as Peddler But Is Now In- fluential Citizen.

**Expected to Find Freedom
Here and Was Not
Disappointed.**

Among the residents of New Bedford who have achieved Americanism through the melting pot is Kopel Cohen, chairman of the board of overseers of the poor. Mr. Cohen is one of the most influential and most successful members of his race in the city.

"Whatever success I have won I owe to America," he told a Standard reporter. "I came here because I expected to find freedom, political, religious, and social, and I was not disappointed. America is a nation of success and the success of the individual citizen brings about the success of the United States government."

"I was born in Serec in the state of Suwalki, Russian Poland. My father was a flour manufacturer. I came to this country because I was dissatisfied with conditions in the homeland and because my older brother, Maurice, had come here before me. I was 18 when I landed, and that was 28 years ago.

"I started in peddling dry goods and clothing, with a pack on my back. In three years I had saved money to start a little store in Weld square. The business grew and I entered into partnership with my brother. Under the firm name of Cohen brothers we opened a larger store and it became one of the largest department stores in the north end. Five years ago we sold out the business and engaged in real estate trade. I have no complaint to make about the measure of success we have enjoyed."

Mr. Cohen could not speak a word of English when he came to New Bedford. Through his own efforts, without any schooling in this country, he has mastered not only English but also German, French, and Portuguese in addition to the Polish, Russian, and Yiddish which he spoke when he came here. He is a member of the board of directors of the New Bedford Textile Trust company, and is a leader in charitable work.

He has been a citizen of the United States 21 years, having taken out his papers just as soon as the law allowed.



Maurice Nefussy.

**"I Was a Wanderer,
You Gave Me Rest"**
FIRST PRIZE LETTER.

I wish I had the pen of a writer so I could express in words that I often think of the country whose unequally beautiful banner has stood, always, beyond the shadow of a stain.

I have been but four years and one-half in this country, which I reached with no knowledge of the language I may naturally be considered as a foreigner yet; but how anxious I have been and am still waiting for the day that will make me a citizen. No matter how well you are treated, being a guest is not like being a member of the family.

I travelled from country to country, nothing attracted me, nothing could make me stay in any of them. I thought I had seen all the pretty places of the earth; met all the good people of the world, until I came to this Canaan. I came to stay, for I found at least rest and peace.

Some one might perhaps object to my speaking of our wonderful working conditions, the healthy and spacious housing, the admirable water and light systems compared to any other country on earth; but I defy anyone to contradict me when I state that the educational system, for a foreigner or even for a citizen, in this country is far superior to any system in the world.

Besides, where on earth did any one ever see a doctor, or a lawyer, or a prominent business man, or a superintendent or an overseer or even a foreman seated next to a plain workingman and talking with an inviting smile, excluding the slightest conception of superiority? Where did any one ever see a judge or a district attorney patiently waiting in line, behind a shabby looking young man, for his turn to be attended at a certain counter?

Where can that place be if not here? Here modesty and democracy are not only words, but action; not only symbols, but convictions; not only sayings, but facts. And they are all unanimous to carry them on, forever, for they all know that the air, and the sun, and the rain are for us all, from the man of intellect to the man of strength; from the man whose hand holds a pen or a book, to the man whose hand holds a shovel or a shuttle, they all have equal shares.

You don't know what it means to a workingman, a friendly nod, or a smile, or an occasional talk with one of his superiors. Why, it is what makes his work seem much easier; it is what gives him new strength; it is the thing that makes him feel equal to the rest of humanity; it is the hope of life; it is the life itself. And all our superiors know it too well, for we all feel at home with them.

I have searched for all these things until I found them here, waiting for

me. To those that look for comfort, civilization, equal rights, democracy and liberty, there is only one place on God's earth and that is Right Here.

America! I was a wanderer, you gave me rest, you gave me peace, you showed me how to live; no words are expressive enough to tell you of my gratitude, but I assure you that all my respect, all my thoughts and soul are in these three words: I Thank You.

Maurice Nefussy,
45 Beetle St., City.

Born in Spain, age 23, weaver, first papers out, four years and a half in U. S. A.

Mr. Nefussy, who is convinced that the Loyalty Contest was a good thing and has read many of the letters with interest, was born in Barcelona, Spain, twenty-three years ago, but moved to France in his early childhood, where he was educated. He has also lived in Italy, Greece, Egypt and Algeria. He speaks seven languages, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Greek, Turkish, French and English. During the draft he volunteered his services as interpreter in this city.

He arrived in this country little more than four years ago, and came to New Bedford within a few months of his arrival, entering the Beacon mill as a weaver. Although he has a slight accent, he speaks English fluently. He was self taught in this respect, never having attended school in this country. The method he employed was to talk with people and to go the theatre frequently. Words that he did not understand he wrote down in a note book and later looked them up in the dictionary.

He reiterated his belief in America as the best country in the world and said that he was very much attached to New Bedford. He had tried living in New York, but he disliked the high buildings and prefers this city where he can easily reach the country. He likes the people here, too, and speaks of New Bedford as a cosmopolitan city, and the finest place he ever knew.

He is ambitious to advance in the world, and does not plan to spend all his life in a cotton mill. If he had been a citizen he might have been accepted as an interpreter by the management of Cook's Tours. Now he hopes to pass a civil service examination and qualify as an interpreter here. But both possibilities must wait until he is finally made a citizen, a day which he awaits with the greatest eagerness.



Thomas P. Payne.

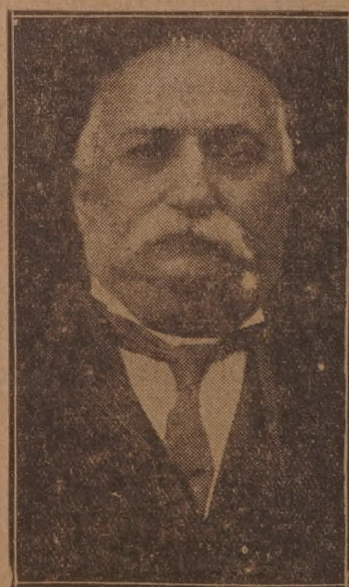
Mr. Payne was born in County Wexford, Ireland. When about 14 years old he came to this country with his parents, coming first to Fall River and engaging in mill work. After a time he became an outside salesman, and about twenty years ago took up the study of optometry at the Boston College of Optics. Upon graduating he came to this city and opened an office. He is married and has seven children.

**CAME IN SEARCH
OF ADVENTURE**

**Carlo D. Finni One of First
Italians to Take Out
Papers.**

**Has Had to Work But that
Hasn't Hurt Him,
He Says.**

"I have never had occasion to regret my coming to this country," said Carlo D. Finni of 328 Acushnet avenue—Italian born—who has witnessed the growth of the Italian population of New Bedford from a few scattered families to nearly 3000 men,



Carlos D. Finni.

women and children, and who has been prominently identified with all their affairs for nearly half a century. "I have had to work hard for my living," he continued, "but work has done me no harm that I know of."

"I arrived in New York from my home in the little village of Filatierra, in the Province of Massa Carrara, Tuscany, near the city of Spezia, September 10, 1872. I had come in search of adventure more than any

thing else, so I traveled about a bit, staying at Brooklyn, in Tennessee, at New Haven, Framingham, Providence and Fall River, finally coming to New Bedford in 1880. I became a naturalized citizen a short time afterward. I was not the first Italian to take out my citizenship papers, but there were very few ahead of me.

"I have seven children in all, and I have been able to give them all a number of advantages I did not have myself in Italy. Of course, I cannot complain of my treatment in my home-land. Italy is a free country—the people rule and there are no class distinctions when it comes to government. But everything considered, I prefer the United States—and I am a true American."

Feb. 2, 1920

**OPPORTUNITIES
GREATER HERE**

**Dr. E. D. Osborne Realized
His Ideal in
America.**

**Born in British West Indies,
Where He Saw No Hope
of Rising.**

Dr. E. D. Osborne of this city, a practicing physician here for nearly twelve years, is numbered among those who are glad they came to America to make this their home. The doctor was reluctant to talk much about it and he was still more reluctant to speak of some things that he thinks might be corrected in this country. In fact, he said he thought it in poor taste at this time to inject any spirit of criticism, especially in view of the fact that we are now mainly concerned with what there is good that America has to offer. And the doctor thinks America is a wonderful country, the country that offers the greatest opportunities to those who wish to rise. He thinks America has most to offer to those who come from countries where a caste system has grown up, and without knowing it the people come to accept the feeling that the caste into which they are born is the caste in which they must remain. It was to get away from this that the doctor came to America as a young man, and in the twenty years since that he has found here what he came for. America is henceforth his home.

There is one man in America to whom Dr. Osborne looks as his best friend, N. F. McCarthy. To this day Mr. McCarthy remains one man to whom Dr. Osborne feels that he could turn for disinterested aid for it was this Boston merchant who helped Dr. Osborne more than any one else to realize his ideal in life.

The doctor was a son of a well to do sugar plantation owner and grower in the British West Indies, and while he was a younger son there were financial reasons why he might have remained in the West Indies to continue in his father's business. He attended school in the islands and for a year he taught school there. He found that school teaching was not his forte, and all during his younger days he continued to entertain a vague plan for leaving the islands to continue his education. Some of the sons of wealthy sugar planters were sent to England for their higher education, but this was not desirable for those who had to help themselves in providing the means of living while studying.

There were in the islands differing conceptions of what America was like. Dr. Osborne's father was the owner of a "Life of Frederick Douglass" and this probably planted the seed that grew into the son's ambition to come to America. America, in the eyes of some, was a place where the colored people occupied altogether a menial position, their position all over this country was pictured like the conditions in the south, and even this was distorted, so that it was a variegated picture of America that the doctor had

in his find when he came to this country 20 years ago. But all the time he knew that here others had risen and that he might embrace the same opportunity.

His father held business relations with a large sugar importing house in New York, and Dr. Osborn landed in New York with a little money and also a letter of introduction from his father to the head of the New York house. The letter didn't do him much good, for the New York man advised the immigrant that he had arrived at a bad time, that America was passing through a business depression and there was little hope for the newcomer. The young man took his hat and left.

Then he went to Boston, for he had a friend there to whom he carried a letter of introduction. Within a week after arriving in Boston he had his first job, that of errand boy for the McCarthy wholesale florist house. He was paid \$6 a week, and the owner told him he was paying him a dollar more than he paid the other errand boys, for he knew young Osborn had to support himself. After six weeks time Osborn thought he was worth a higher wage and he made application for it. Mr. McCarthy, however, denied his request, at the same time telling him that he was already paying him more than he was worth, and he followed with some advice to the effect that a good many people who came to America were simply lazy and afraid of work. Mr. McCarthy continued with a dissertation on the philosophy of work as one panacea for trouble of all sort, and it was a course of study that the doctor never forgot.

He remained in the McCarthy establishment for six years, and at the end of that time was the manager and buyer of the establishment. During this employment he came in touch with New Bedford through doing business with New Bedford florists, and this business friendship has continued to this day as a personal friendship. Mr. McCarthy knew of young Osborn's ambition to pursue a course of study with a view to becoming a physician, and he offered to help finance him while going to Harvard.

The young man had decided, however, that he wanted to make a change, and he selected Washington, D. C., as his next place of residence, and picked Howard university as offering him the best opportunity to realize his ambition. He continued his study in Howard university, having the opportunity to take up direct medical work in the Freedmen's hospital in Washington, and some eleven years ago he came to New Bedford to begin practice. During all that time he has had his office on Second street, just south of Spring street, and while the doctor counts America a fine country in which to live, he also counts New Bedford as a good city in which to live.

What the doctor has found here, he said, is the freedom of choice, the opportunity to live his own life and make that life the best. Underlying everything, he says, he looks upon America as embodying the spirit of freedom and opportunity, and on this foundation he is willing to build.

Jan 24 1920
**FOUND ALL HE
SOUGHT HERE**

**All That Was Necessary for
Him Was to Plug in
Earnest.**

**Can Be Happier Here Than
Anywhere Else on
Globe.**

Traffic Officer Ivar V. Nelson of the local police dept., for the last six years in charge of traffic at the corner of Pleasant and William streets, telling what America had done for him, said, "I came to this country from Sweden in 1901. I have been on the regular force of the police department for six years and spent two years on the reserve. I had just turned 18 years old when I landed. I went to the middle west first, where I learned my trade, that of a glass cutter. I spent some time in St.



Ivar V. Nelson.

Louis and Chicago and New York. I was an employe in a cigar factory in Sweden before I came across, working for starvation wages. I had heard of America as the land of promise and plenty and opportunity, and I came. I have never regretted my decision to leave the old country. It was an adventurous move. I was the first of my family to come over and I was only a boy at the time, but I found in America all that I sought for—and more.

"I found that I could make a better living here than I possibly could in Sweden. I found that in order to succeed all that was necessary was to be in earnest and to plug. I am now living comfortably and happily with a wife and family of four children, and I own my own home. I can sincerely say that I believe the United States to be the best country in the whole world and that I am heartily glad I came over here. I was the first to come and then I helped my two brothers and a sister to come. They are here now. A man or a woman, either, can make the best living in the world right here if they really mean business, and because of the good laws and the advantages of citizenship, they can be happier here than anywhere else on the globe."



Paul W. Williams

A Man's a Man in This Country.

Jan. 24, 1922.



T. H. Haggerty.

"Speaking right out from the bottom of my heart," says Timothy H. Haggerty, who has served for the last six years in the New Bedford police department as a traffic officer, "I want to say that there is only one flag in the world for me and that is the Stars and Stripes; there is only one country in the world that I love, and that is the United States. It is impossible for me to express in mere words all that it has done for me. I came over here as a young fellow with everything to learn, and here I have found peace and contentment and enough of prosperity to make me happy and satisfied with life.

"There is prosperity in the United States for every man who seeks it. There are no classes and no barriers or distinctions. There is nothing to hinder a man from achieving success except himself, and when a man who comes to this country from

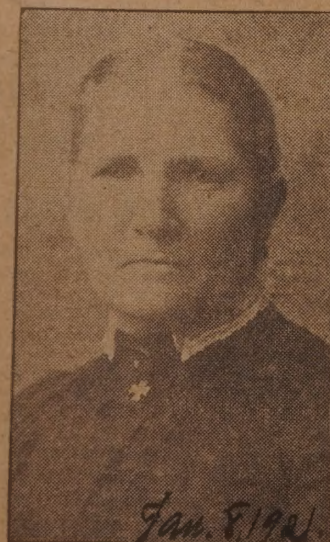
the old world fails to find success, nine times out of ten the trouble is with himself,—it is his own fault.

"There is no prouder day in my life than the day when I became an American citizen and was enrolled as a participant in the sacred privileges of citizenship. All that a man must do in this country to be prosperous and satisfied is to live up to those privileges and respect himself. Here, a man is a man. The government of this nation is sound and the sound sentiment of 90 per cent of its people is expressed in the loyalty letters that are being printed every night in The Standard. I have read every one of them and they express far better than I can the things that are in my heart which my tongue cannot utter. All this talk about Bolshevism and anarchy doesn't amount to a row of pins. I believe that what The Standard really wants is to find out what America has done for the foreign-born people in it, not what might happen to it at the hands of a small group of misguided fanatics. The Reds can never succeed as long as the sentiment of the majority of the people is sound and loyal,—as it most certainly is.

"Everyone, myself included, who comes to this country comes to better himself. I have done so and so have thousands of others. If any have not, it is their fault and not the country's. I am not worth a whole lot of money, but I have enough and I am happy and contented. If I wanted to pay the price I could have as much more as I wanted, but I consider myself as prosperous as though I had ten millions.

"I love America; my heart is with the country. I wouldn't go back to the old country if they gave me the island. Of course, my sympathies are there, as they are with every oppressed people, but I wouldn't go back to live there for anything. Comparing Europe with America, I can sum the whole thing up in one sentence: I wouldn't have my washing done in any part of the eastern hemisphere."

**Eight Members of This Church
Moved with It 62 Years Ago**



Mrs. Jane F. Thompson.

County Street M. E. church has the distinction of having eight living members of the church who 62 years ago, when the present County Street M. E. church was built to replace the former house of worship at the corner of Elm and Second streets, were either members of the church or Sunday school.

The one in this group of eight who has the distinction of being the oldest member of the church is Mrs. Matilda (Gomley) Reed, who joined the old Elm Street church in 1848, thus making her a member of the church for 72 years. Mrs. Reed is now 84. She is still regular in her church attendance.

The other seven, who with Mrs. Reed, date their connection with the church since the time of its removal from Elm and Second streets to its present location, are Mrs. Patience (Allen) Ellis, Mrs. Mary C. Perry, Mrs. Jane (Forbes) Thompson, Mrs. Mary (Woodard) Price, John Woodard, Mrs. Ella (Ellis) Anthony and Mrs. Clara A. (Wilson) Slocum.

It will be noted that there is only one man among this number, John Woodard, the brother of Mrs. Mary (Woodard) Price, whose father, the late Addison Woodard, was an elder in the Elm Street church. Elder Woodard had been a travelling preacher, but the health of members of his family made it necessary for him to settle down and he chose New Bedford as his home, and here the family has since remained. Elder Woodard was one of a committee of Methodists from this section that chose Oak Bluffs as a campmeeting site for the Methodists back in 1835.

The construction of the present church edifice at the corner of Elm and County streets was begun in 1853, but it was not dedicated until 1859. The first minister at the new church was Rev. Mark Trafton.

Jan. 8, 1921

June 13, 21

WOMEN WHO HEAD NEW COLLEGE CLUB HERE



Officers of the new Simmons Club, (left to right), Mrs. Lena Willis, president; Mrs. Edward F. Hiscox, vice-president; Mrs. Ruth B. Jackson, secretary and treasurer.

GRADUATES FROM JAMES B. CONGDON SCHOOL



First row, left to right—James Pilkington, Rose Harrison, Herbert Lawrence, Elsie Smith, Nellie Bebehick, Eva Lopes, William Chester. Second row—Evelyn Mello, Charles Hayes, Florence Yates, Helen Cunha, Arthur Thomas, John Crumley. Third row—Clifford Kendall, Paulina Pedroza, Dorothy Parsons, George Gracia, Elizabeth Smith, George Bauer, Adele Booth, Thomas Egan.

THEY GET OUT THE HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY



This is the hard working group of High school students who form the staff which puts out the school monthly, "The Alpha". From left to right in the front row are: Henry Quinn, athletic editor; Leah Bessey, exchange editor; Joseph Mechaber, circulation manager; Antoinette Demers, school notes; Ruth Noyer, music editor; Milton Handford, cartoonist; Frances Taber, associate editor, and Eugene Bisallion, art editor. Second row: Roland Turner, associate editor; William Perry, Jr., editor-in-chief; George Hume, advertising; Paul Hayden, advertising; and Stewart Gilston, advertising manager. Rear row: Andrew Smith, joke editor; Edward Altman, R. O. T. C. notes, and Henry Viera, associate editor.

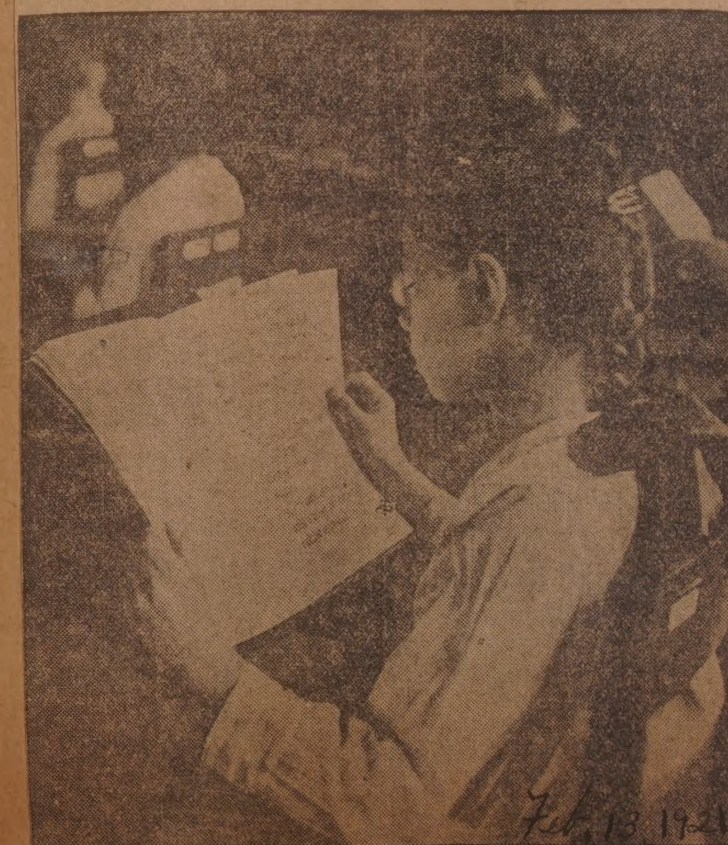
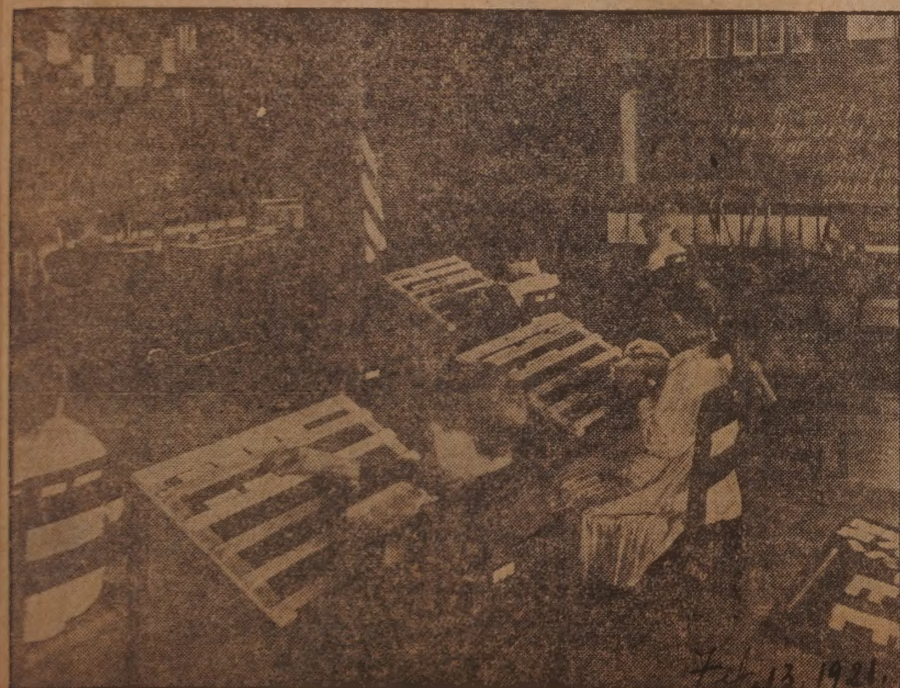
ANOTHER BATCH OF BRIGHT YOUNG GRADUATES



FEBRUARY GRADUATING CLASS AT ALLEN F. WOOD SCHOOL. Front Row: (Left to right), Charles Shapira, Ellis S. Morris, Bradford F. Swan, Leonie E. Best, Anna Herman, Rowland Bowen Cook. Second Row: Lilla Lubato, Edith A. Fine, Betty Fox, Catherine Ferguson, Edith K. Mack, Dorothy M. Layton, Doris Stuart. Third Row: Ruby Goldsmith, Florence Cohen, Mabel J. Cartwright, Ethel Westgate, George L. Schofield. Fourth Row: Marion Mackler, Henry R. Schaffer, Pearl Koffman. Back Row: Auto A. Santos, Ida Cohen, Olivia Fernandes, Matilda Souza, Kacial Shuster, Arnold W. Carlson, Theodore E. Carlson.

Big Type Is Specially Prepared Textbooks Protects Weak Eyes

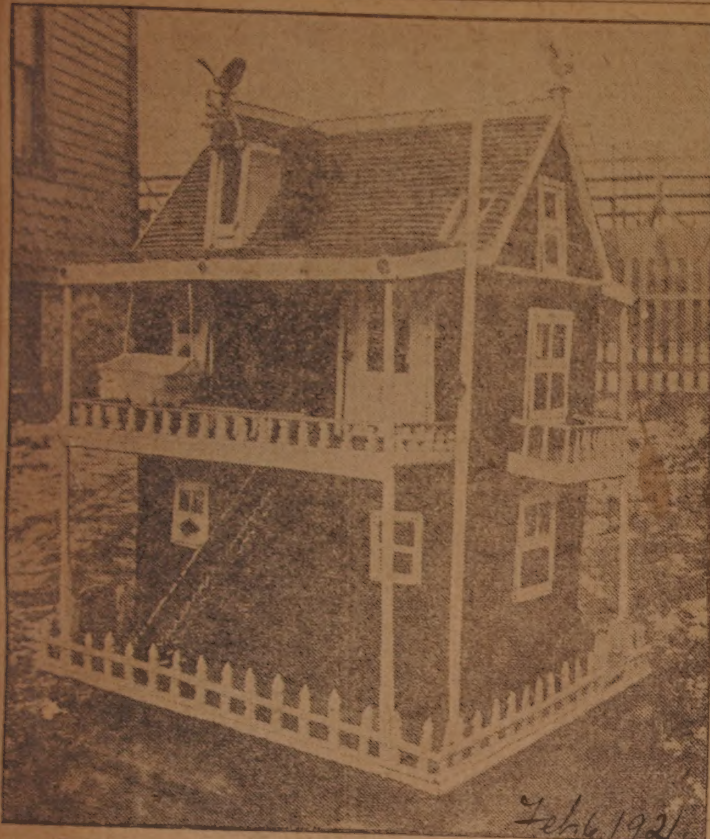
HOW OUR SCHOOLS PROTECT THEIR PUPILS' EYES



CLASS FOR THE CONSERVATION OF EYESIGHT Desk frame to enable myopes to work at the proper angles of vision.

The noon meal.

Hand Knife Only Tool Used to Make 11-Room House, 4 Feet High



Being thrown out of work by the industrial depression gave Fidel Monturo of 520 Maxfield street an unexpected opportunity to complete a doll house on which he started work in the fall of 1918. The house which stands about four feet high is fashioned after the regular three-story dwelling, is an excellent piece of work and was made by Monturo with the aid of only one tool, a common hand knife.

Monturo, started work on the house with an idea of using this as a method of passing away his spare time. Six months ago, however, he lost his position at the Quisset mill when it closed down and since then has spent considerable time working on the model.

When it was completed and there was still no sign of the mill re-opening, Monturo continued work with his knife until last week he had completely furnished the 11 rooms.

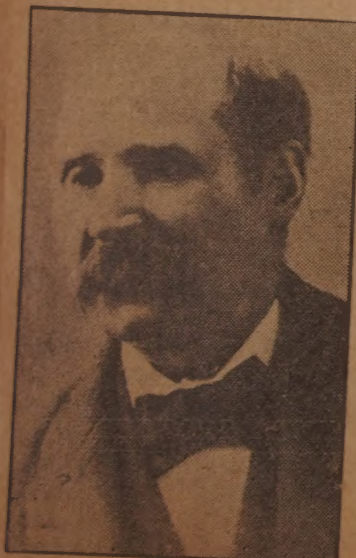
Miss Hawkins Begins Reading Early—Father Is Newspaper Man



Photo by
J. M. Oppenheim
Boston

This fair haired child is Shirley Hawkins, two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Hawkins of Fairhaven. Mr. Hawkins is "Bill" Hawkins of The Standard Staff.

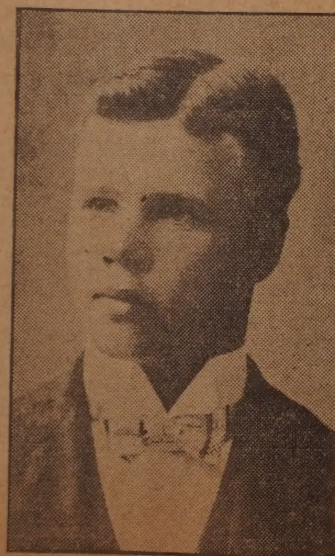
FOUR OF ELIM BAPTISTS CHARTER MEMBERS



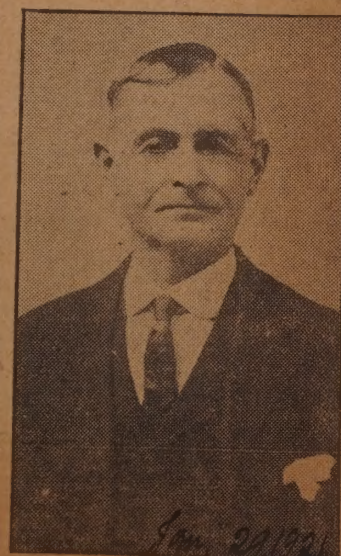
Charles Norlander.



Christian Banks.

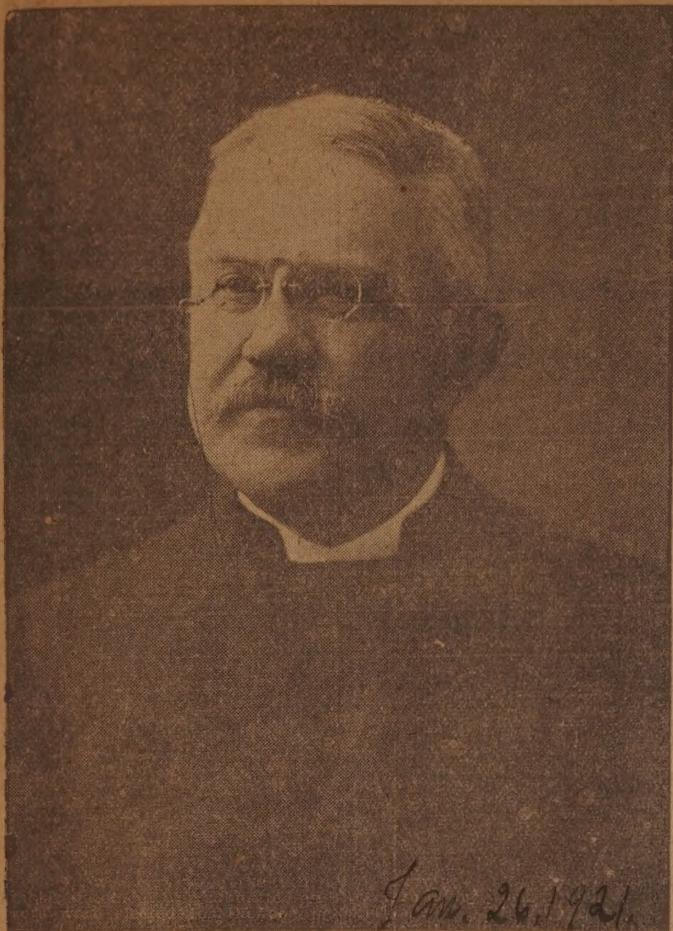


John Johnson.



Oscar Johnson.

Dean Rousmaniere Once Rector Here May Succeed Bishop Burch



New York, Jan. 25.—The first ballot at the special Episcopal diocesan convention summoned to meet here tomorrow to elect a successor to the late Bishop Charles S. Burch is expected to show three leaders, each of whom may have sufficient strength to cause a deadlock. This sentiment is believed to favor the Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stires, rector of St. Thomas's; the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Slattery, rector of Grace church, and the Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity church. The three ecclesiasts are from New York.

Dean Edmund S. Rousmaniere of St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, looms as the most formidable compromise candidate. His name will be presented for the first ballot. He is understood to have developed such strength as to be in a favorable position for election in the event of a prolonged contest.

Dean Rousmaniere was for 10 years rector of Grace church, New Bedford. He came here from All Saints' church, Pontiac, R. I., in 1889. In 1899 he accepted a call to the Grace church in Providence. He spent 10 years as rector of the Providence parish, when he was called to St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston.

He was born in Boston Oct. 27, 1853, was graduated from Harvard in 1882 and in 1886 from the Episcopal theological school in Cambridge. He was ordained in 1887. Dean Rousmaniere's first parish was at Pontiac, R. I., where he went in 1886.



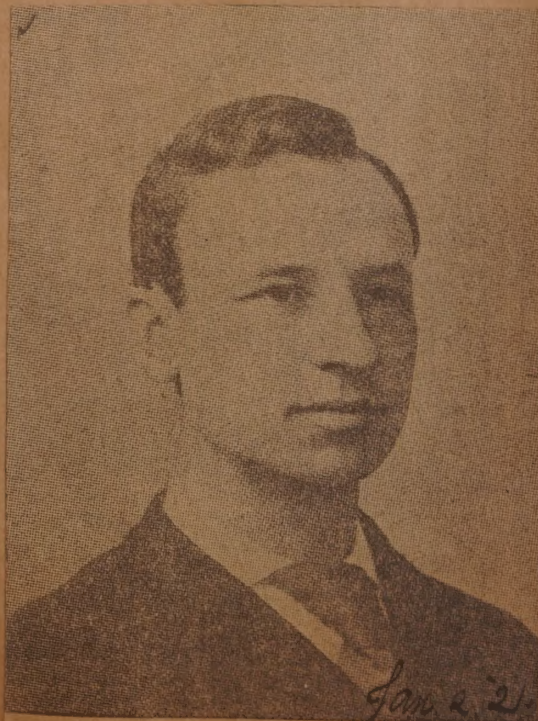
Miss Thelma Holm, 24 Buttonwood street, is now secretary to the advertising manager of the Fifth Avenue section of Scribner's Magazine.

Tiny Miss Barbara Wehl Is One of New Bedford's Interesting Children



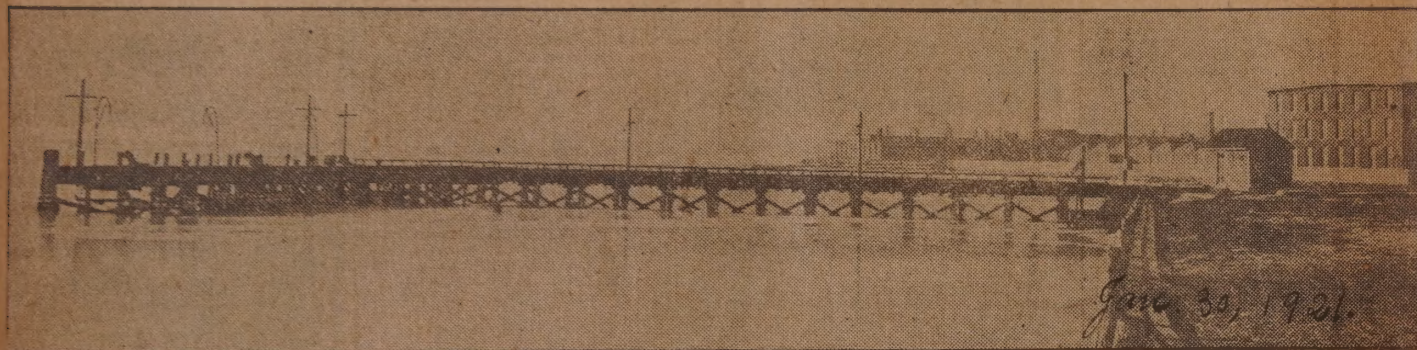
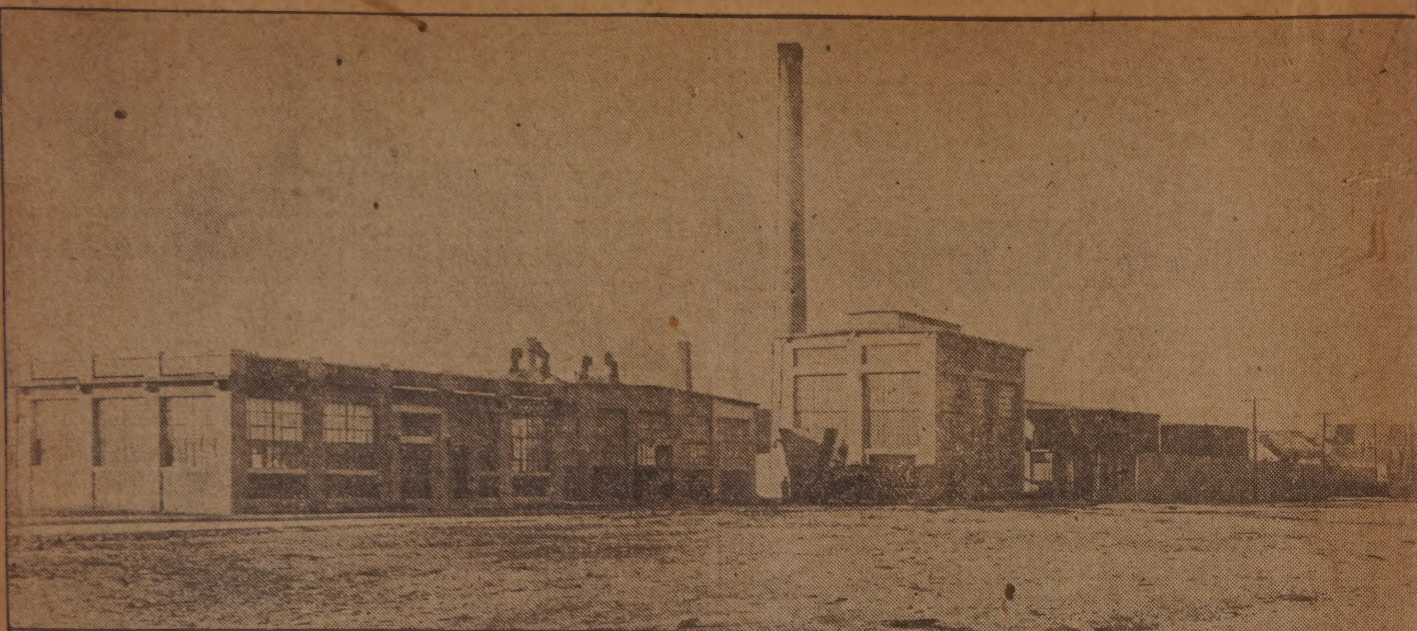
Photo by J.M. Oppenheim
Jan 9, 1921.

Among New Bedford's interesting little children is Barbara Wehl, tiny daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wehl of 171 Maple street. Miss Barbara was just three years old last Thursday.



Gov. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL

FUEL OIL STORAGE PLANT NEARLY COMPLETED



June 30, 1921.

WAS 46 YEARS ^{July 2} IN MINISTRY

Rev. T. M. Bateman Dies at 74—One of the Leaders in Primitive Methodist Church

Rev. T. M. Bateman, D. D., for 46 years a minister and for 43 years of that time a minister of the Primitive Methodist church, died at his home in this city yesterday at the age of 74 years. Dr. Bateman had been making his home here since his retire-

ment from active service at the annual conference in April, 1919. For some time he had been in poor health.

Dr. Bateman was one of the best known men in this country in the denomination in which he spent such a large part of his life. He had held the highest honor that can be bestowed on a minister by the Primitive Methodists when he was made president of the general conference. He had previously held the office of president of the Pennsylvania and Eastern conferences. He was for twelve years secretary of the home missionary society.

Dr. Bateman served his longest pastorate in this city, and it was here that he wished to spend his days after retiring from active work. He was at the First P. M. church on Weld street from 1904 to 1912, succeeding Rev. Elijah Humphries, who had preceded Mr. Bateman with a long pastorate. It is also of interest that when Mr. Bateman declined to serve this New Bedford church for a longer period he was succeeded by Mr. Humphries.

Dr. Bateman as a preacher and lecturer, was well known, and he delivered more lectures than any other man in the Primitive Methodist denomination in his 46 years as minister. As a vigorous student, great reader, splendid moralizer, and clear and pointed writer, Dr. Bateman was known wherever Primitive Methodism has made a mark.

He was a member of Eureka lodge of Masons in this city and a former chaplain. He leaves a widow, four daughters and two sons.

Dr. Bateman was born in Bristol, Eng., Nov. 21, 1845, and a devout parentage caused him to have, early in life, leanings toward the ministry. His father was a lay minister. After his early education was received, he attended Kingswood school, which was founded by John Wesley for the education of ministers' sons. By consent of his parents, at the age of 17 he visited the United States with an older

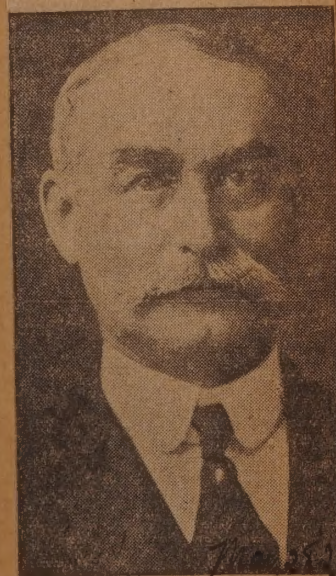
brother. Desiring a long sea voyage, they crossed in a sailing ship, named "The American Congress," the trip lasting five weeks.

He was given permission to stay here a year, but traveled in the United States and Canada for a year and a half, after which his brother, a coach builder, decided to embark in business. His father allowed him to remain here with his brother. The conviction which had been growing upon him through his early training and school life, took hold of him, and he decided to consecrate his life to the Christian ministry.

He became a lay minister of the Methodist Protestant church in New Jersey and in 1873 was ordained to the ministry at a conference of the church in Pennsylvania. After three years he transferred his church relationship to the Primitive Methodist church. During the 46 years of his ministry in that church he served nine pastorates as follows: Newcastle, Pa., 1875-78; Pottsville, Pa. 1878-80; Girardville, Pa. 1880-83; Tamaqua, Pa., 1883-85; Hazelton, Pa., 1885-88; Lowell, 1888-93; Girardville, Pa., 1893-97; Pittsburgh First church, 1897-1901; Fall River Second church, 1901-04; New Bedford First church, 1904-12; Fall River Second church, 1912-19.

At the age of 40, Dr. Bateman took a post graduate course at Taylor university in Indiana, from which he received the degree of doctor of philosophy. Later, he was given an honorary degree of doctor of divinity from Gail college, Wisconsin.

Charles O. Brightman Today Celebrating His 68th Birthday



Charles O. Brightman.

Today is the birthday of Charles O. Brightman. He was born in this city, March 28, 1853. Mr. Brightman was elected to the City Council in 1887. He has built many of the best known of the public buildings in this city and some of its finest private homes. He is a member of the Wamsutta and Dartmouth clubs, Rosewell Lee Lodge of Springfield, Adoniram Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, Sutton Commandery of New Bedford and a 32nd degree Scottish Rite Mason.



Rev. T. M. Bateman.

SHE ONCE WAS SINGER HERE

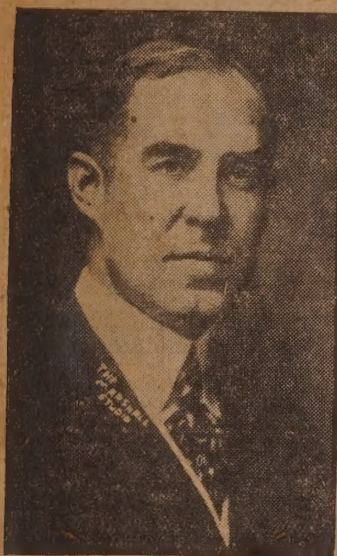
Wife of Somerville Man Seeking to Succeed Langtry,
Good Musician

July 18, 1920.

Was Miss Kathleen Russell,
Prominent in Musical
Circles as Contralto

Especial interest is felt here in the candidacy of Frederic W. Cook of Somerville for the Republican nomination for secretary of the commonwealth, because of the fact that Mrs. Cook was for several years prominent in musical circles in New Bedford.

As Kathleen Russell, Mrs. Cook, before her marriage, was contralto of the Unitarian quartet, singing with



Frederic W. Cook.



Mrs. Kathleen Russell Cook.

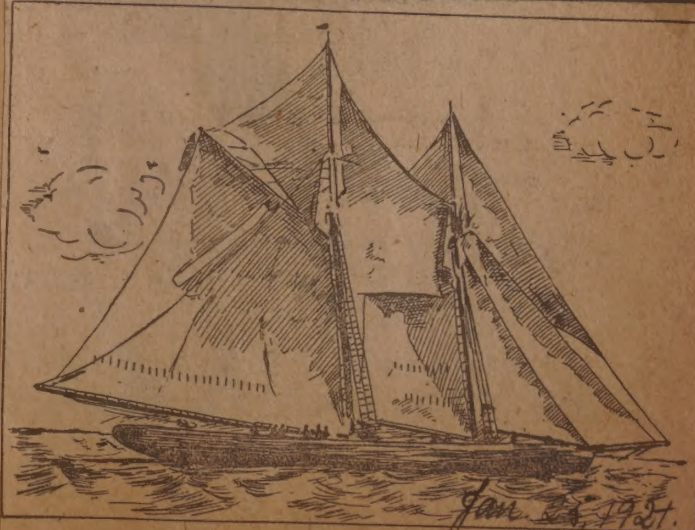
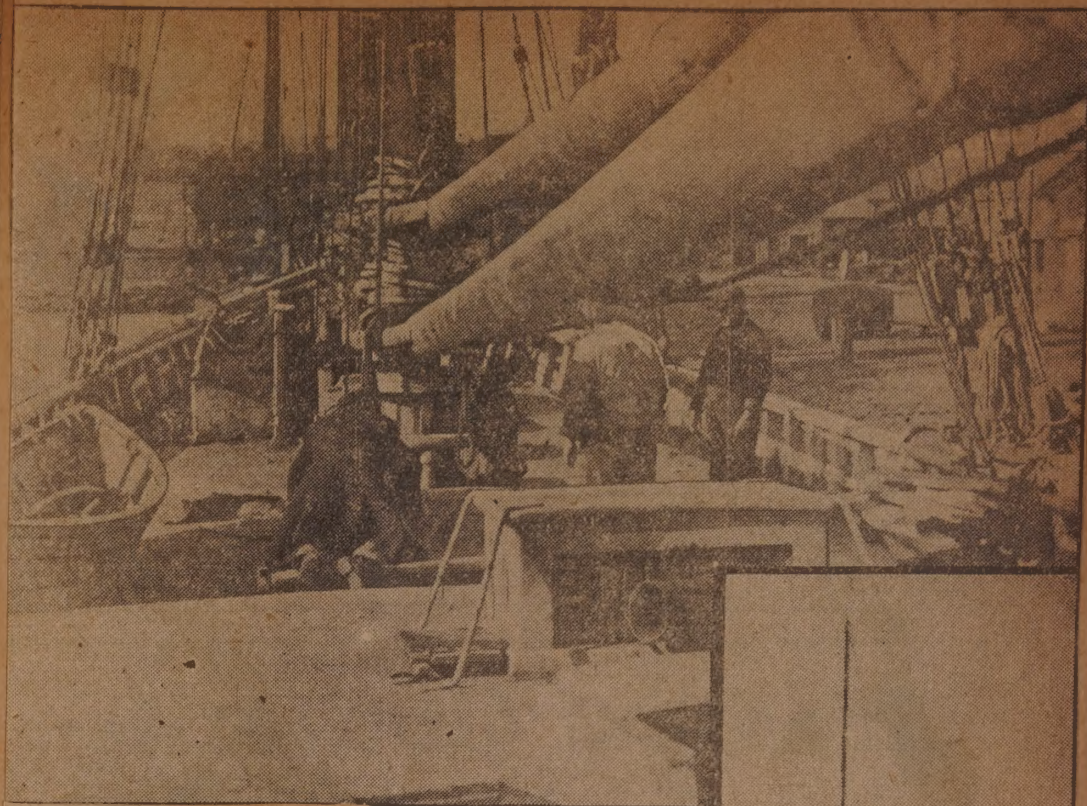
Mrs. Kate Spary, Louis B. Walker and the late Fred Sprague. The Unitarian choir at that time was the best in this section of the state, and the reputation it enjoyed opened many opportunities to the members for concert work. Miss Russell, by reason of the fine quality of her voice, and the artistry she possessed as a vocalist, was frequently heard here in solo parts and was a favorite with New Bedford music-lovers during the 12 years she sang at the Unitarian church.

Mr. Cook, whom she married at the time she gave up her work here, has for many years been city clerk of Somerville. He is secretary of the Massachusetts City Clerks association, and is rated an expert on vital statistics and election law, two of the most important questions the secretary of the commonwealth has to deal with. If elected it will be his purpose to create a better understanding and closer co-operation between city and town clerks on the one hand

and the state secretary on the other. As showing his recognized familiarity with the work of the office he seeks, it may be said that when there was a vacancy recently in the office of Secretary of State Langtry, who is a candidate for the party nomination for lieutenant governor, the Massachusetts civil service commission had City Clerk Cook of Somerville and Chairman Henry V. Cunningham of the state ballot law commission to prepare a set of questions for a civil service examination for the position.

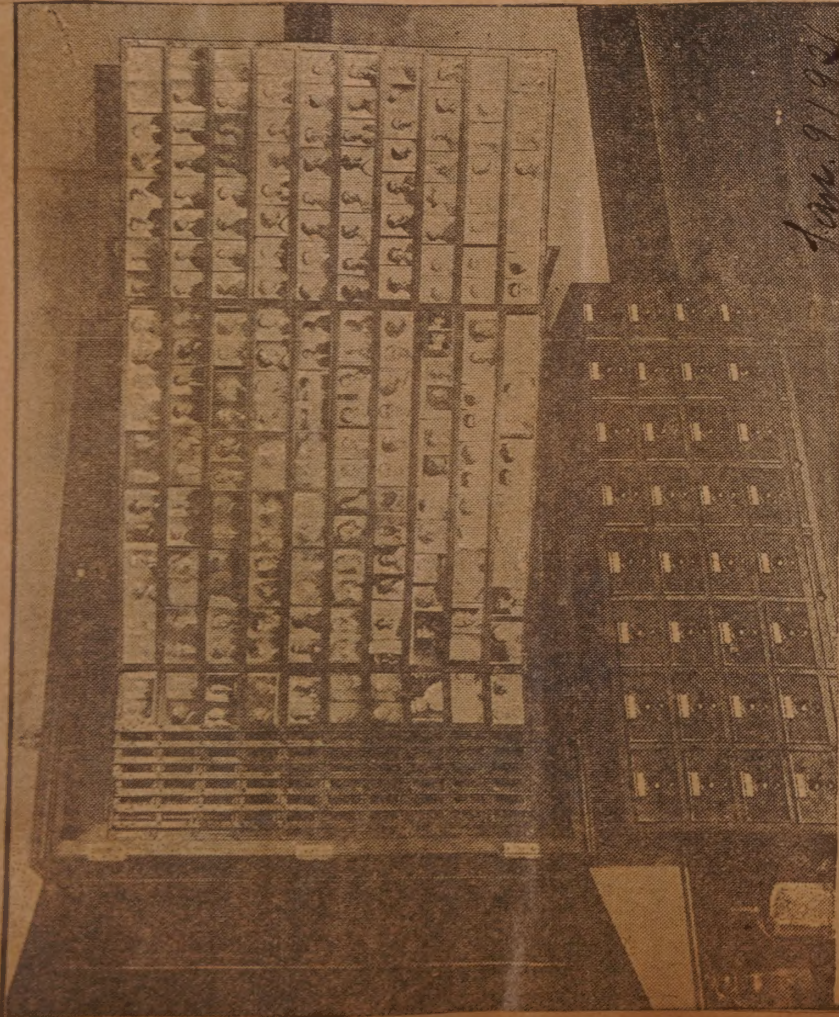
In referring editorially to City Clerk Cook's candidacy, the Somerville Journal, last week stated: "Somerville presents a worthy candidate for secretary of state in the person of Frederic W. Cook, who in years of service as city clerk has developed fine administrative capacity, ability on a high order and a genius for work. If the civil service should be extended to cover the secretary of state's office it is doubtful if another man in Massachusetts could secure a higher mark in the examination. During all his service City Clerk Cook has been in politics, but not of it. All parties and candidates are equally beholden to him for advice and help in starting the machinery of campaigns. No partisanship nor favoritism has marred his administration.

The state is a wide field to cover, but Massachusetts respects ability and fitness and as the campaign opens there seems good reason to hope that Somerville's city clerk may be raised to secretary of state, an office which he would fill to the satisfaction of all."

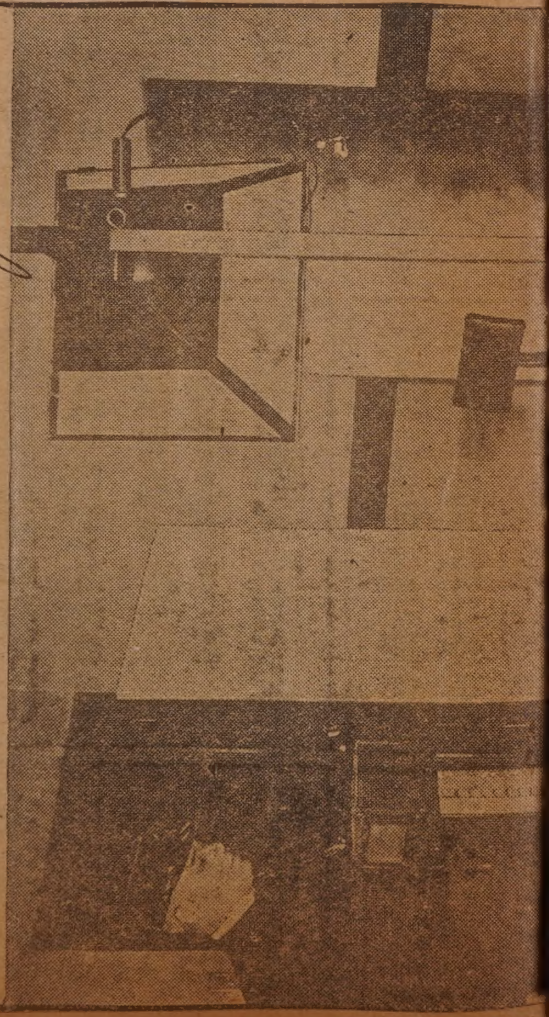


This is the latest recruit to the New Bedford whaling fleet—the Athlete. She is a sister ship of the successful Gloucester racer Esperanto. Whaling captains who congregate in the Horvitz back shop have prepared a challenge to the Esperanto on behalf of the Athlete. The sketch is of the Esperanto made during the Nova Scotia race.

GLIMPSES OF POLICE IDENTIFICATION BUREAU



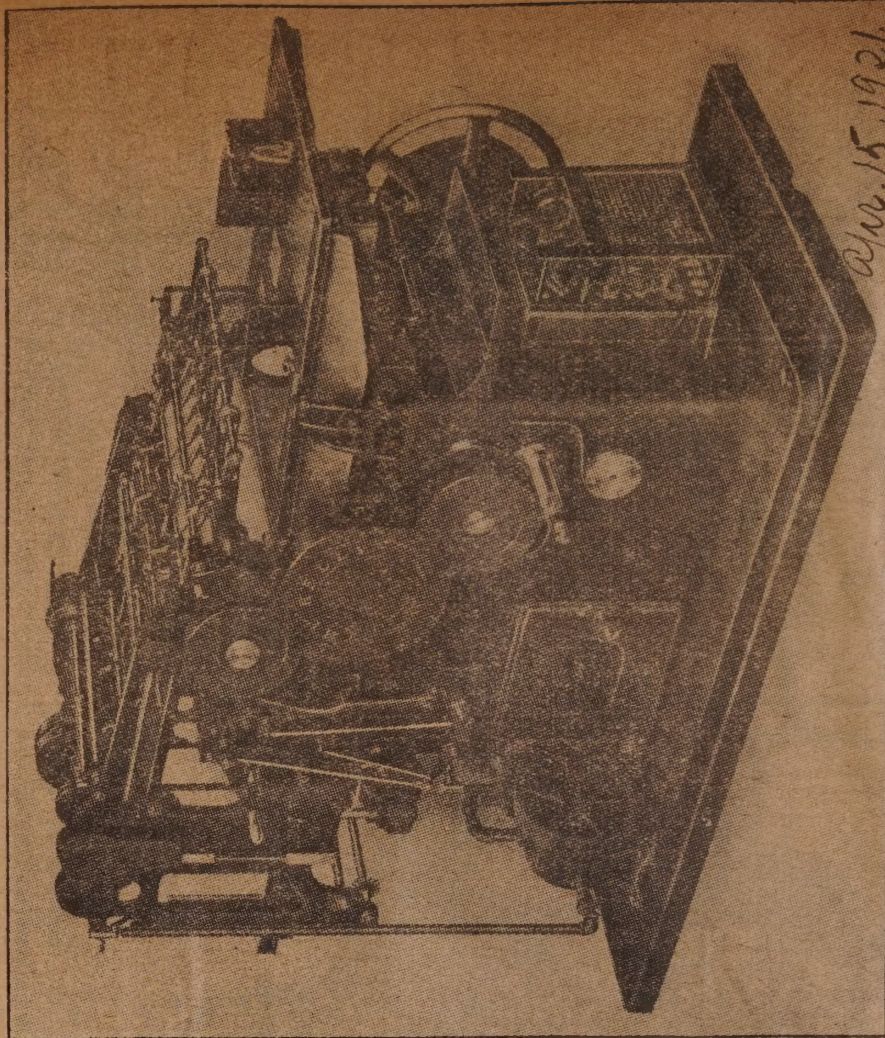
Jan. 9/1921



HER GRANDPARENTS WERE NEW BEDFORD PEOPLE



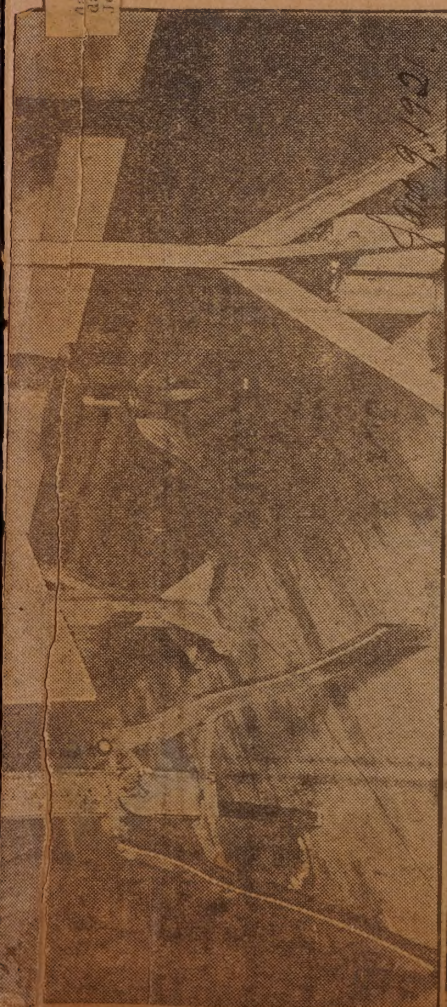
Standard Commercial Print Installs Automatic Press



Dec. 15, 1921

The Standard Commercial Printing Department has in operation a wonderful automatic printing machine which does all grades of printing, three times as fast as the press which, a few years ago, the average printer considered the best fitted for his needs.

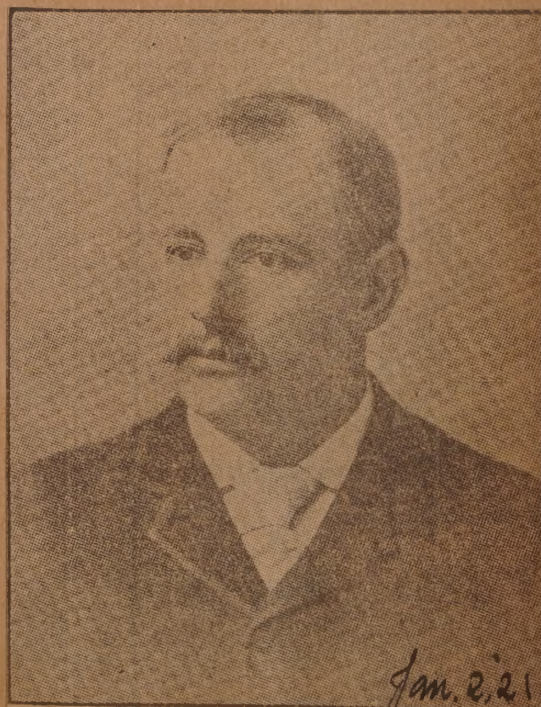
This machine will enable the Standard Printing Department to take care of a larger volume of general work as well as color plates. The Standard invites the public and printers in this section to see the press in operation Saturday afternoon between one and four o'clock. After that time no visitors are allowed in that department except those with a special permit.



Jan. 9, 1921

RIGHT HAND			
1. RIGHT THUMB	2. R. FORE FINGER	3. R. MIDDLE FINGER	4. R. RING FINGER
			

Two views of the equipment with which Lieutenant Raymond Chase, yesterday appointed head of the Police Criminal Identification Bureau, will work. Above, the Rogues' Gallery; below, the photograph outfit. At the bottom, fingerprints of one of the criminals caught last week.



JAMES F. JACKSON

Jan. 2, 21

SOME JUNE GRADUATES AT HIGH SCHOOL

June 13, 1920.



FATHER SMYTH LEAVES CHURCH FOR LAST TIME



Feb. 8, 1921.

THE WORK OF TWO SNOW ARTISTS

March 5, 1922



Columbia with her cornucopia of wealth and plenty and Abraham Lincoln served as models for at least two snow artists following two of the recent snow storms.

Abraham Lincoln, modelled by Laurent Comeau, of 45 Beetle street, took two and a half hours to complete while Miss Columbia made by G. Barnes Oliver, 25, a salesman, took but little more than an hour and a half. Mr. Oliver built his statue as a model of prosperity. Mr. Comeau, who finished the remarkable likeness of Lincoln, is 38 and an artist by profession.

Maurice Nefussy, of 45 Beetle street, took the photograph of Mr. Comeau's Lincoln.

SIX PREACHERS OF ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH IN QUARTER CENTURY

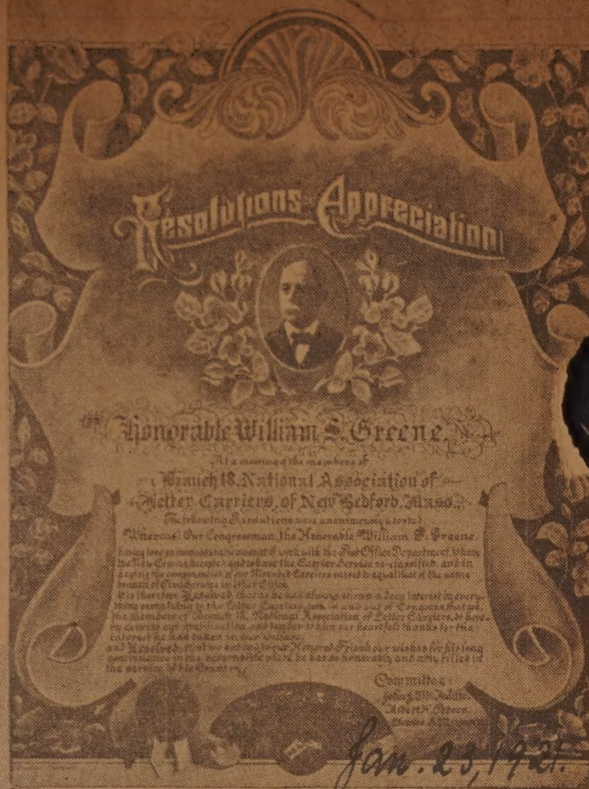




Rev. Charles H. Cook.



Rev. John F. McKeon, P. R.
New Pastor of St. Lawrence's.



ing the appreciation of the Letter Carriers' Association of New Bedford for obtaining a reclassification of service giving the carriers an increase in pay.



CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM S. GREENE.

Mrs. Edward Fowler,
Full Blood Indian,
Now More Than 70



Mrs. Edward S. Fowler.

One of the few full-blooded Indians remaining around here is Mrs. Edward S. Fowler, who makes her home in a modest little house at 12 Walnut street close by the side of the road.

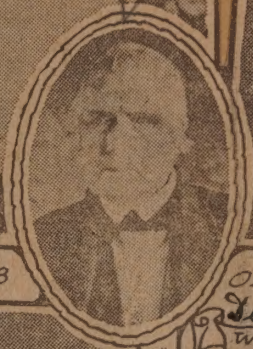
More than 70 is Mrs. Fowler—not very much—but just how much more she does not care to say. Born in a tiny house out in Dartmouth, just over the Gulf bridge, where her father and grandfather before her were born. Mrs. Fowler has spent her entire life in this vicinity.

Many are the changes that have taken place in her time, national as well as civic. Many are the buildings that have gone up and been taken down all over the city, and great is the growth into what was formerly out-lying districts.

Mrs. Fowler came to New Bedford from Dartmouth when she was but seven years old, making her home with Mrs. Nathan Johnson on Seventh street until she was 16. For 20 years she has been living in her present home, but for the last three years has not been able to go far on account of trouble with her eyes.



Mr. Greene and his sister Anna
Ormsbee Greene, ages 5 and 8



Mr. Greene and his sister Anna
Ormsbee Greene taken at the ages of 12 & 15
Dec. 5, 1920

William Jones Greene, grand-
father of Congressman Greene



Chester Washington Greene, father
of Congressman Wm. S. Greene

Charming Group of Children in Home of Dr. Harrison T. Healey



PHOTO BY
J.M. GREEN
BOSTON

Among the interesting family groups in the city is that of Dr. and Mrs. Harrison T. Healey of 1174 Pleasant street. In this household there rings the laughter of five children, four hearty sons and one dainty daughter.

THEY ARE TEACHERS IN SUMMER BIBLE SCHOOLS

July 18, 1920



DORIS ACHINSON



Miss T.E. Williams



C. MELISSA TASKER



LOUISE HOSP



KATHERINE HOUTH



GLADYS KEEN



FAITH DUDGEON



HELEN L. NEWTON

Most successful was the opening week of the Daily Vacation Bible school under the supervision of Mrs. G. Walter Williams, supervisor. The attendance and response to the teacher's efforts was most gratifying.

At the Second street school, Miss Helen L. Newton is in charge. Miss Newton taught in the same school last year. She is assisted this season by Mrs. Maude Cayer and Miss Doris Achison. Miss Gladys Keen is director of the Weld street school, assisted by Miss Faith Dudgeon and Miss Katherine Houth.

At the Elm street school, Miss C. Melissa Tasker is principal. Her assistant is Miss Thelma Elizabeth Williams. Miss Marion Watkins is the principal at the Dennison Memorial school, with Miss Mary E. Williams, Miss Lucy Allstine and Miss Florence McDonald as teachers. Miss Charlotte H. Stetson will have charge of the kindergarten, assisted by Miss Louise Hosp and Miss Gladys Mason.

AGED SHOEMAKER DIES

C. R. Tilton Conducted Shops Here and on Vineyard

Calvin R. Tilton died at the Emergency Hospital at South Dartmouth early last evening after a long illness, aged 84 years, six months and five days. Mr. Tilton who has recently been living with his son Albert A. Tilton, was born in North Tisbury, Duxbury, 1836. He was a shoemaker by trade and for years was an employee of Hathaway, Soule & Harrington. Later he embarked in business for himself, conducting shops both in this city and on Martha's Vineyard.



Calvin A. Tilton.

He was active in religious life and was affiliated with the Pleasant St. M. E. church of this city. He is survived by a son A. A. Tilton, of South Dartmouth, and a daughter, Mrs. Calvin Raymond, of this city. There are three grandsons, Walter T. Raymond, employed at the New Bedford post office; Alfred Tilton of South Dartmouth and Myron Tilton of Boston. There are also three granddaughters, Mrs. Clifford Pratt of New Bedford and Misses Gladys and Jessie Tilton of South Dartmouth.

Jan. 23, 1921.



ACCEPTS CALL TO ST. MARTIN'S

The Rev. L. H. White Began Ministerial Career in Church of Ascension in Fall River

One Time Owner of Porto Rico Sun Now in St. Louis

The Rev. Linden Harris White has accepted the call to become rector of St. Martin's Episcopal church in this city. He is now stationed at Ferguson, Mo., but will leave that parish to



Rev. Linden Harris White.

come to take charge of St. Martin's the first of February.

Mr. White is a native of Philadelphia, and in returning to the east and to New Bedford he is coming to a city where he already has many friends through his having been for several years associated with two of the Episcopal churches in Fall River, first as assistant to the rector of the Church of the Ascension and later as rector of St. James church in that city. Mr. White left Fall River in October, 1912, to go to St. Mary's church in St. Louis, Mo.

His education was received in the schools of Philadelphia, at the German-



town Academy, and at Haverford College. In 1900 he graduated from St. Stephen's college. He followed this with one year of teaching at the Hudson River Military Academy. In 1901 he went to Porto Rico and the same year became the owner and editor of the Porto Rico Sun. Another newspaper venture was as business manager of the San Juan News. Mr. White returned to the United States in 1903 and took up his studies for the ministry at the Philadelphia Divinity school, graduating in 1906. In the same year he became assistant to the rector of the Church of the Ascension in Fall River, remaining in this position until August, 1907, when he accepted a call to St. James church in the same city. He remained as rector of the church for five years before going west.

Was Here Last August.

Mr. White has a wife and three children. Mrs. White was Miss Elizabeth Heatley, the daughter of David Heatley of Fall River. Mrs. White's brother, Thomas E. Heatley, was formerly superintendent of the Taber

mill of this city, leaving here to go to the Seaconnet mill in Fall River. Mrs. White's sister, Miss Grace Heatley, is now an instructing nurse at St. Luke's hospital in this city. Mr. White was a classmate of Rev. F. B. Boyer, a former rector at St. Martin's, and was also a classmate of Dr. Arthur V. Pierce of this city.

St. Martin's was supplied during the month of August by Mr. White, when the people of the parish formed a fine regard for him. At that time the Rev. Henry Uphill was still rector of the church, being absent on leave for a period of six months, so that it was not until recently that the church was free to call a new rector. Mr. Uphill is now stationed as rector of a church in England.

Until Mr. White comes to take charge of the church, it is being supplied by the Rev. L. O. Parsons, now on a year's leave of absence from active work as a rector. Mr. Parsons spent last summer at Lambert's Cove, on the Vineyard, and this winter he is at Vineyard Haven.

Paul G. Archambault
Will Join Ranks of
New Bedford Lawyers



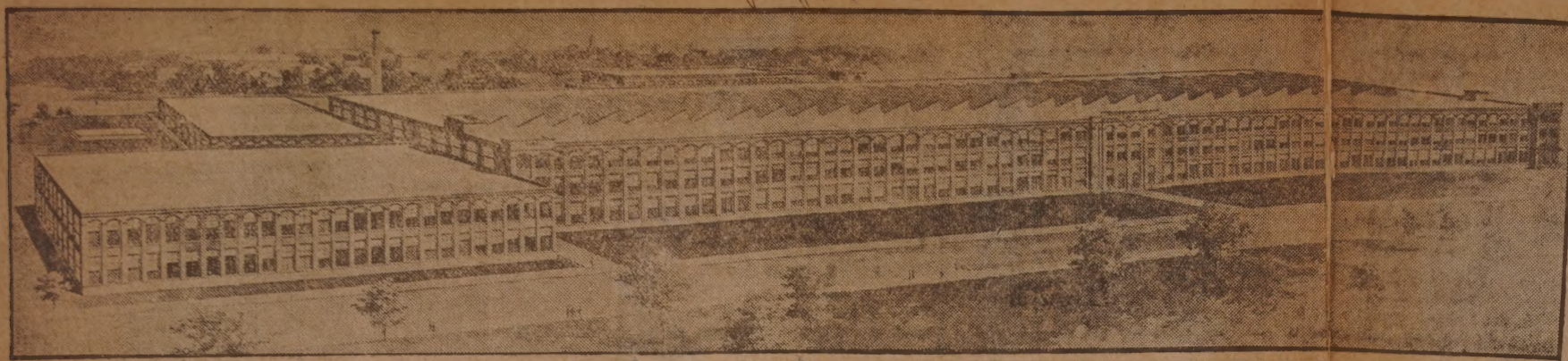
Paul G. Archambault, who passed the Massachusetts Bar examination in January, has just been sworn in as an attorney. Mr. Archambault is the brother of Charles F. Archambault, attorney of this city. Mr. Archambault took the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy at Harvard in 1915, entering Harvard Law School the following year. In April, 1917, when war was declared, he left the law school and enlisted as chief boatswain's mate in the Navy. In August of the same year he was transferred to the Army Intelligence Department and sent to France where he served for two years with the Intelligence Corps attached to General Headquarters. On his return last year he finished his law course at Harvard. He will take up the practice of law with his brother.

City's Harvard Club
Awards Scholarship
of \$350 to Geddis



The Scholarship Committee of the Harvard Club of New Bedford has awarded the club's annual scholarship, amounting to \$350, for the year 1921-1922, to Clarence R. Geddis of 123 Chestnut street, New Bedford. Geddis was graduated from the High school in February, and is now taking a post graduate course. He will be a candidate for the degree of B. S., and intends to specialize in chemistry. He is the son of William R. Geddis, engineer at the Whitman mills. He stood third in his class at graduation.

HOW CITY'S NEWEST MILL, MANOMET NO. 4, WILL LOOK



MANOMET TO RANK WITH BIGGEST MILLS OF COUNTRY IN OUTPUT

With Addition of Mill No. 4 Its Cotton Consumption Will Be Second Largest in U. S.—Largest Producer of Combed Yarns in World—Payroll Will Be \$7,500,000 Yearly

With the completion of the new Mill No. 4 now under construction north of the Belleville Warehouse, New Bedford will have in the Manomet mills, not only one of the largest cotton manufacturing corporations in the United States, but one of the largest in the world. There is no other single company in the entire world which can even approach the Manomet's output of combed yarns. It will be by far the largest producer of combed cotton yarns the world has ever seen, for it will turn out, including the new mill, no less than 750,000 pounds of combed yarns per week, and is expected at times to turn out over 800,000 pounds per week.

Sir Herbert Dixon, president of the British Fine Cotton Spinners' and Doublers' association, when he was in America at the time of the World Cotton conference last fall, said that the output of all the plants in that association, comprising some 3,000,000 spindles in a large number of different mills was in the neighborhood of 800,000 pounds per week. The Manomet, at times, will alone equal the entire production of the huge British association of fine yarn spinners. The Manomet's output of combed cotton yarns will be approximately as large as was that of the great New England Cotton Yarn corporation when it was getting its maximum production.

Some idea of the tremendous volume of yarn that will be turned out from the Manomet plant can be gained when it is stated that the spinning frames will yield 10,831,697 miles of yarn per week, or 3,761 miles of yarn per minute. It would take the plant only one hour and four minutes to spin enough yarn to reach from the earth to the moon. In two months it could turn out enough to stretch all the way from the earth to the sun. Its daily output of yarn would girdle the earth dozens of times.

Based on the amount of raw cotton consumed, the Manomet will rank second in the United States. Its annual requirements will be approximately 100,000 bales, and the great Ameskeag plant at Manchester, consuming approximately 125,000 bales yearly is the only mill in the country using a larger quantity of raw cotton. In value of the cotton used, however, the Manomet will rank first in the United States without any doubt, as the character of the product that it makes is such as to require especially high grade extra long stapled cotton for which extremely high prices are asked.

Based on present day values of raw cotton, the Manomet's output for a year will be worth no less than \$43,000,000. It will employ 4,500 workers, and will distribute in wages each year, on the present scale, approximately \$7,500,000 a year. With the addition of the new mill No. 4, the plant will have 320,000 spindles, and a capital of \$8,000,000 or exactly \$25 per spindle capitalization.

The new mill will measure 1167 feet over all and will have a total floor space area of 553,818 square feet or over twelve and a half acres. The main mill will be 397 feet long and 168 feet wide, being one of the widest cotton mill buildings in this section of New England. It will be three stories high, with windows extending from floor to ceiling with a saw tooth roof similar to a weave shed.

Big Twisting Equipment.

The first floor will be devoted to spooling, warping and twisting machinery, the equipment including one of the biggest installations of large size twisters to be found in the United States. The alleys will be wider than usual, in order to give freer access to the machinery; the main alley will measure nine feet in width and there will be three foot alleys between the machinery.

The second floor will be given over to carding and combing machinery together with drawing frames and speeders. There will be three rows of speeders running lengthwise of the mill with twelve foot alleys between them, and the arrangement of the other machinery will be made with the same idea of giving plenty of room around each.

Giant Spinning Room.

The entire third floor will be occupied by spinning frames, of which there will be no less than 430 carrying 115,200 spindles. With one exception, this will be the largest installation of spinning machinery on one floor in the city and one of the largest in New England.

A mill office building, finished inside in tile brick will be erected in front of the main mill.

Voracity of Looms.

Adjoining the main mill on the south will be the weaving mill, which will measure 270 by 110 feet and will be two stories in height. On the first floor will be the looms, of which there will be only sixty four. They will be huge machines, however, built especially for the production of tire cord fabric, and will constitute the largest installation of this type of machines in this country. An idea of their size and production can be gained from the fact that they will require 175,000 to 200,000 pounds of yarn per week to keep them running.

Character of Product.

The tire cord fabric which they will produce will be five feet wide and will be made usually of combed 28s yarn, five ply of which are first twisted together and three ply of the resulting plied yarn again twisted together making a fifteen ply yarn or a five ply three-ply as it is called.

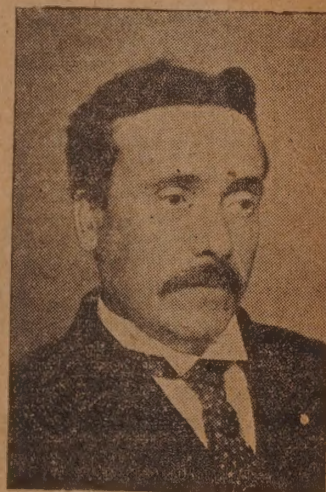
This very heavy plied yarn is then used as a warp, the strands of which are loosely held together by a lighter weight filling spaced sometimes as low as two and one half picks to the inch and sometimes as high as seven picks to the inch but hardly ever any closer than seven strands to the inch. The resulting fabric looks something like a heavy net. This fabric, wound criss-cross diagonally round the tire adds greatly to the strength of the walls and consequently to the wearing qualities of the tire, and is coming to be more and more generally used.

The fabric, however, is so loosely woven that a tremendous quantity of it can be turned off of one loom in a day. In fact, it is planned to put new warps in each machine almost daily and for that purpose the weave room will be equipped with an elaborate overhead trolley system which will make it possible to handle the

MANY YEARS IN GLASS BUSINESS

Richard Thatcher, Aged 60, Dies in Fairhaven--Was a Member of Firm of Thatcher Brothers

Richard Thatcher died at his home in Fairhaven yesterday at the age of 60 years. He had been a resident of Fairhaven for many years. He and his brother, George T. Thatcher were engaged in the glass cutting business for about 15 years, having their factory on the west side of Main street, Fairhaven, opposite the shop of Herman H. Hathaway. The business was established in 1891 and was conducted under the firm name of Thatcher Brothers. The factory was



Mar. 7 Richard Thatcher, 1921

burned a number of years ago after it had been idle for a considerable time.

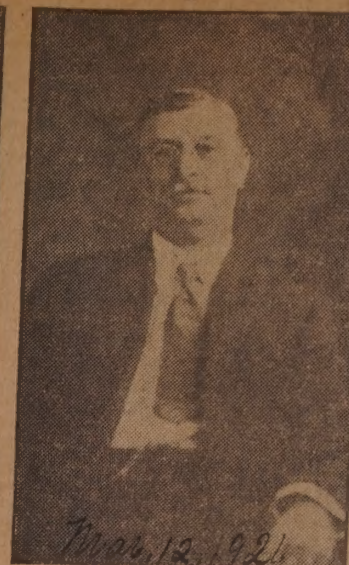
Mr. Thatcher was born in Staffordshire, England, the son of Richard and Elizabeth (Mullard) Thatcher, Dec. 22, 1861. He received his education in English public schools and his first work was in learning to become a stationary engineer. He followed this trade for a time and then learned glass cutting. He came to this country in 1887 and here followed his trade until he and his brother established the factory in Fairhaven.

Mr. Thatcher was prominent in the Sons of St. George, having been an officer in Gordon Lodge, and also a member of the George H. Taber Lodge of Freemasons, A. F. and A. M. He married Sarah Tomlinson on March 26, 1882, and they had five children, Frederick S., Charles P., Richard T., Mary E. and Lucy E. Thatcher.

These Two Have Been Ardent Workers in the Immanuel Baptist Church



Mrs. Sarah Ardrey.



James Whitham.

The Immanuel Baptist Church counts itself fortunate in a number of loyal supporters who have made their influence felt in the growth of the church ever since it was first organized as a parish. The oldest of these in point of long continued service is James Whitham, who dates his connection with the church from the time when it was nothing more than a mission Sunday school. For more than 30 years he has been a faithful worker in various Christian organizations, beginning with the old Acushnet avenue Sunday school, and for the last 23 years through the Immanuel Baptist church. Mr. Whitham has for seven years served the church as its efficient Sunday school superintendent, and during the greater time of the past 20 years he has served as one of the church deacons, an office he now holds.

The oldest woman worker in the church and also the oldest member in point of age is Mrs. Sarah Ardrey. She joined the church soon after its organization, and though there are several charter members, she is the senior member of the church in point of age. Though for many years she has lived a long distance from the church, yet she has maintained her interest and attendance throughout. She is now living at 53 Brigham street, and attends the services regularly.

George A. Thomson
✓ Accepts Appointment
at Press Convention



George A. Thomson.

George A. Thomson of this city, recorder of the National Amateur Press Association, has accepted an appointment to the convention committee of the 46th annual convention of the association to be held in Boston next July. The national association is the oldest organization of amateur journalism. It was founded at the Centennial in Philadelphia, July 4, 1876. As recorder of the association, Mr. Thomson keeps a complete activity record of every member of the association, which is quite some job.

"END MEN" OF THISTLE TROOP BROWNIES MINSTRELS



Brown Studio

The Brownie patrol of the Thistle troop of Girl Scouts repeated Friday evening for the benefit of the Acushnet Grange the minstrel show which they gave several weeks ago at St. Andrew's Church for the benefit of the church building fund. The "end men" who took part, all lassies less than ten, were, left to right—Hazel Hunt, Onalee Bolton, Alice Byron, Dorothy Bloomer, Ethel Boothroyd, interloctor, Mary Salisbury, Doris Howarth, Hazel E. Manley, Winnie Boothroyd.



Mrs. Anna Maria Johnson of 219 Arnold street. Her death at 93 was reported in last night's Standard.

SHE WAS 93

MID-WINTER GRADUATES AT LINCOLN SCHOOL



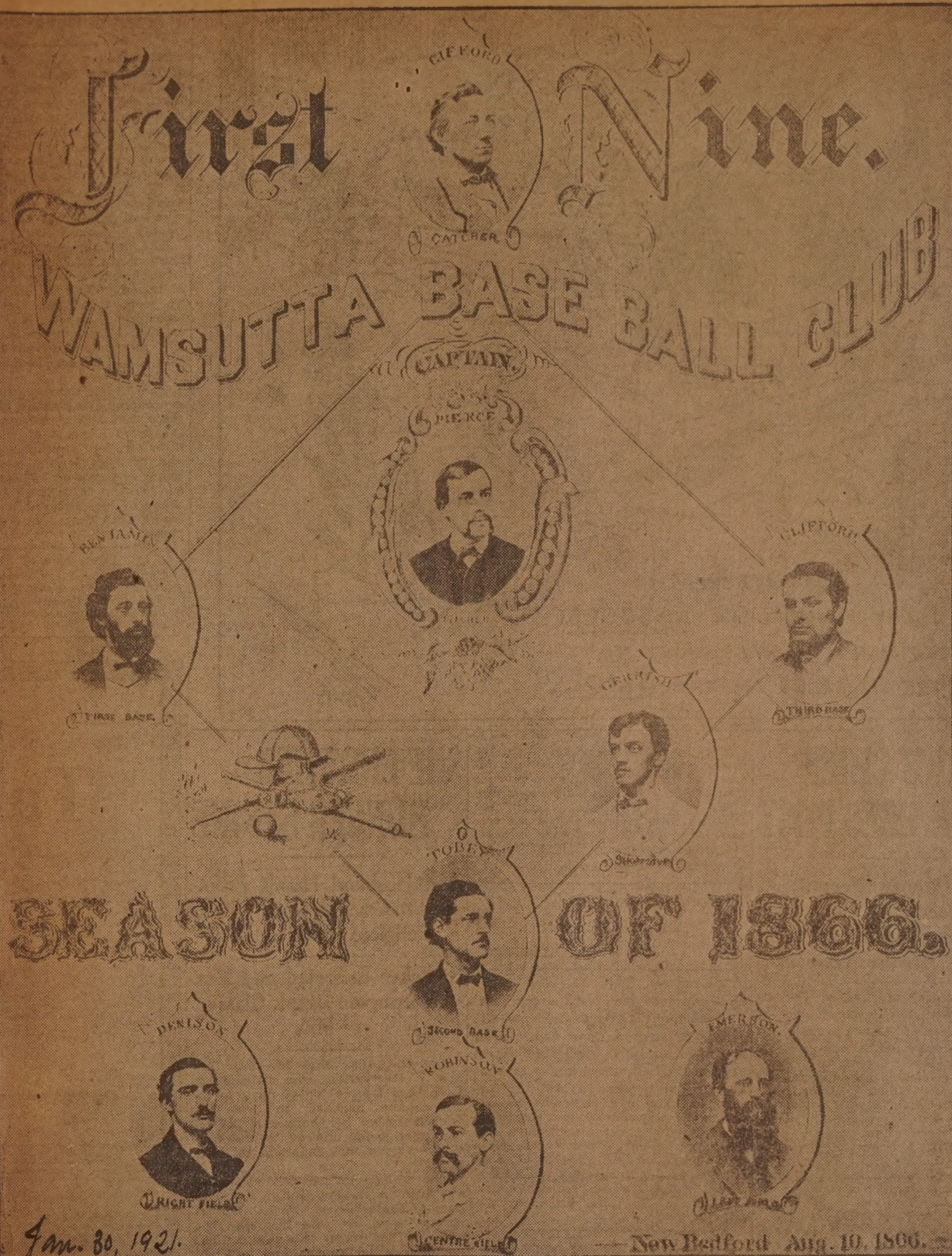
The February graduates at the Abraham Lincoln school. Front Row—Manuel Nunes, Henry Pickup, Harry Barlow, Manuel Bartholomew, Joseph Spragg, Olive Burrows, Adrienne Messier. Second Row—Laura Tavares, Wilfred Touchette, Edmond Hirschlog, Harry Messier, Manuel Aguar, Ethel Schroeder, William McCann. Third Row—William Grundy Ernest Trembly, Rudolph Blanchette, Doris Tomlinson, Marion Carmen, Oscar La Veigne, Francois Gagne.

ROBERT C. INGRAHAM SCHOOL GRADUATING CLASS



Back row: James Reilly, Cecilla Serpa, Mary Pendlebury, Yvonne Vien, Alice Kenyon, Betsy Aspin, Alice Holt. Third row: Alvin Hacking, William Sutter, Harry Walmsley, Elizabeth Aspin, Victoria Podgorska, Eleanor Brown, Catherine Wunschel, Antone Brazil. Second row: Henry Sypek, Abram Horvitz, Philip Shuster, Elsie Marvel, Lydia Thomas, Mary Hendricks. Front row: Antonio Francis, George Clare, Adam Zych, Vincent Hodziewicz, Condu Andrade, Emily Perry, Christina Medina.

Years Ago These Were Diamond Heroes Here



Only the old-timers will recognize in this picture the members of one of New Bedford's first baseball teams. And only the old-timers will recall that what is now the great, grand and glorious national game was introduced in this city by Charles W. Clifford, of the law firm of Crapo, Clifford & Prescott. Mr. Clifford was a student at Harvard when in 1863 he saw the "New York game of baseball" played for the first time. He became enthusiastic and while at home in the summer and fall of 1865, he took the initiative in promoting games of ball under the "new" rules.

The game "caught on," public interest was aroused and in the winter of 1865-66, Mr. Clifford organized the "Wamsutta Baseball Club." Albert B. Russell was president and Otis N. Pierce was captain of the first nine. Ball players at first were shy of the new game but interest gradually increased and mod-

ern baseball was in New Bedford to stay. Otis N. Pierce twirled for the nine and on Aug. 10, 1866, headed the team whose pictures are in the accompanying layout. The players were:

Catcher—George Gifford.
Pitcher and Captain—Otis N. Pierce.
First Base—Isaac W. Benjamin.
Second Base—Charles Tobey.
Third Base—Charles W. Clifford.
Shortstop—William Gerrish.
Left Field—Henry C. Denison.
Centre Field—W. A. Robinson.
Right Field—H. W. Emerson.

Mr. Clifford served as president of the New England Association of Baseball Players in 1868 and he was president of the Wamsutta Baseball Club the same year.

AND HERE ARE THE REST OF THE GIRL GRADS

Feb. 6, 1921



Top Row—Florence Lanagan, Ethel Winsper, Marion Lipnik, Mildred Peek, Millicent Kent. Middle Row—Eleanor Potter, Ruth Reynolds, Jane Joseph, Mildred Parsons, Lucy Sisson. Bottom Row—Miriam Eastwood, Eileen Doherty, Sarah Nisson, Thelma Robinson, Caroline Santos.

A MUSICAL GRADUATE



Miss Helen Weeks, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. Frank Weeks, of Lund's Corner, was graduated last Wednesday from the Faelien pianoforte school, upon the completion of a four years' course. Miss Weeks recently gave a successful recital in Boston with Frank MacDonald, violinist, and Karl Zeiser, cellist. Miss Weeks was vice-president of her class. She has been preaching for the past season both in New Bedford and Fall River.

Photo by
1/2
Craftsman
Boston

HERE'S HALF OF FEBRUARY GIRL GRADUATES

Feb. 6, 1921.



Top Row, Left to Right—Clara Morris, Edith Gregson, Matilda Abrams, Audrey Knapp, Mildred Nickerson. Middle Row—Barbara Rooney, Leah Bessey, Helen Podgorski, Jeannette Fournier, Mildred Lindberg. Bottom Row—Yvonne Lapointe, Marjorie Spooner, Alice M. Crosby, Dorothy Bridgham, Myra Knowles.

WAS CLASS POET

June 26, 21



Miss Elizabeth Keyes.

Miss Elizabeth Keyes, who was graduated from New Bedford High in 1918, has just completed a three years' course at the Framingham Normal School. Miss Keyes was class poet at Framingham, which recalls the fact that she also wrote the class hymn at her high school graduation.

Miss Keyes was a member of the Glee Club, and attended the Canning school, from which she received a certificate. She has been chosen to do playground work for the summer and will begin teaching in the New Bedford Continuation School in September.

VAIN SEARCH TO END COLLINS MYSTERY



Searching for the body of James F. Collins, Jr., yesterday. Above, around an old saw mill; below, digging about an abandoned moonshine cache; insert, Chief Inspector Walter Almond examining a possible clue.

Former Superintendent of the
Star Store Had Been
Ill for Weeks

Death Comes During Sleep in
His Cambridge
Home

William E. Brink, formerly superintendent of the Star Store, later assistant to General Secretary Wilfred H. Chapin at the Y. M. C. A., and more recently identified with a department store in Roxbury, died at his home, 18 Bowdoin street, Cambridge, Thursday morning at 2 o'clock. Death was due to heart failure.

Mr. Brink had been ill for about seven weeks. He returned to work again, worked three days and then came home completely exhausted. He went to bed and death followed a day and a half later.

Mr. Brink came to New Bedford to assume the position of superintendent



William E. Brink.

at the Star Store early in June, 1915, for the purpose of managing the employees and their systematic organization. He came directly from the position of assistant manager of the Shepard-Norwell company in Boston, where he had been employed two years and a half. For two years previous to that, he was superintendent of the Gilchrist company's store there. He came to that position from a four-year management of a store in Davenport, Iowa.

Mr. Brink "grew up" in the dry goods business. His father was a merchant in St. Paul and he spent his early spare hours and vacations behind the counters of his father's store.

After college, seven years were spent with a wholesale house, three as a salesman on the road. The only year previous to his coming to this city that Mr. Brink did not spend in the dry goods business was one spent in the office of a small town paper as manager and advertising solicitor.

When the war broke out, Mr. Brink donned the uniform of the Y. M. C. A. and was stationed for some time at Fort Bliss, El Paso, Texas. Upon his return to this city, after illness had forced him to give up the work in the southern camp and serve as auditor for the Y. M. C. A. headquarters of the southern division, he became assistant to W. H. Chapin at the New Bedford Y. M. C. A. In 1918, he did much public speaking throughout the South in the United War Campaign.

Mr. Brink was prominent as a public speaker and church worker while in this city. He was identified with the County Street M. E. church, teaching one of the largest Sunday School classes in the city while there. He also conducted religious services in neighboring country churches when occasion required.

He is survived by a wife, and four children. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity.



Jan. 26, '21.

First row (left to right)—Irving Sykes, Elizabeth Rowe, Nancy Halprin, Beatrice Prevost, Gordon Burns. Second row—Grace Phelan, Thelma Donaghy, Horace Wilde, Eveline Hill, Theres Haran, Annie Pickup, J. Roland Parquette, Helena Moore. Third row—Hudner Kennedy, Kathrine Justly, Earle Warte, Edna Reynolds, Evelyn Smith, Alice Huxford. Fourth row—Angelo Funaro, Mildred Franklin, Rose Alina Proulx, Gladys Wood, Shirley Hallowell, Dorothy Edgar, Gordon Turner. Fifth row—Julia Buckley, Elizabeth Woodward, Lois Drayton, Olive Daignault, Elizabeth Read. Sixth row—Evelyn Tripp, Rita Powers, Mary Snell, Ruth Kingsley. Seventh row—Louise Burgess, Hilda Vincent, Richard Johnson, Ethel Wood, Marion Crapo.



Jan. 16, 1921.

Above—Some of the youngsters entertained at a potato pie dinner by the Washington club yesterday. Below—Ensign Malpass of the Salvation Army and the children at his songfest and rally yesterday.

FEBRUARY GRADUATES AT NEW BEDFORD HIGH



Front row, left to right: George Lareau, William Perry, Marietta Abrams, Audrey Knapp, Jeanette Fournier, Yvonne Lapointe and Leah Bessey.

Second row: Emily Monuha, Margery Spooner, Millicent Kent, Jane Joseph, and Ruth Reynolds.

Third row: Victor Chase, Helen Podgaska, Preston Gifford, Mamie Lipnick, Sarah Nason, Miriam Eastwood, Dorothy Bridgman, Caroline Santos, Edith Gregson, Clara Morris, Mildred Nickerson and Mildred Parsons.

Fourth row: Leo Milotte, Fred Donaghy, Florence Lanigan, Ethel Winsper, Alice Crosby, Mildred Linberg, Lucy Sisson, Eleanor Potter, Barbara Rooney, Thelma Robinson, Antoinette Demers, Eunice Williams and Mildred Peck.

Rear row: Charles Deasy, William Knox, George Correia, Roland Turner, Edward Foster, Joseph Novick, Walter Fox, Norman Converse and George Hume.

ASK THEM IF THE DAY WAS COLD AND BREEZY



Three of the many whose duty kept them out in the cold all day. Do they look as if they liked it? Left: Traffic Policeman Albert Woolfenden; centre: Car Starter Horley of the Union Street Railway; right: Traffic Policeman Henry T. Ashley.

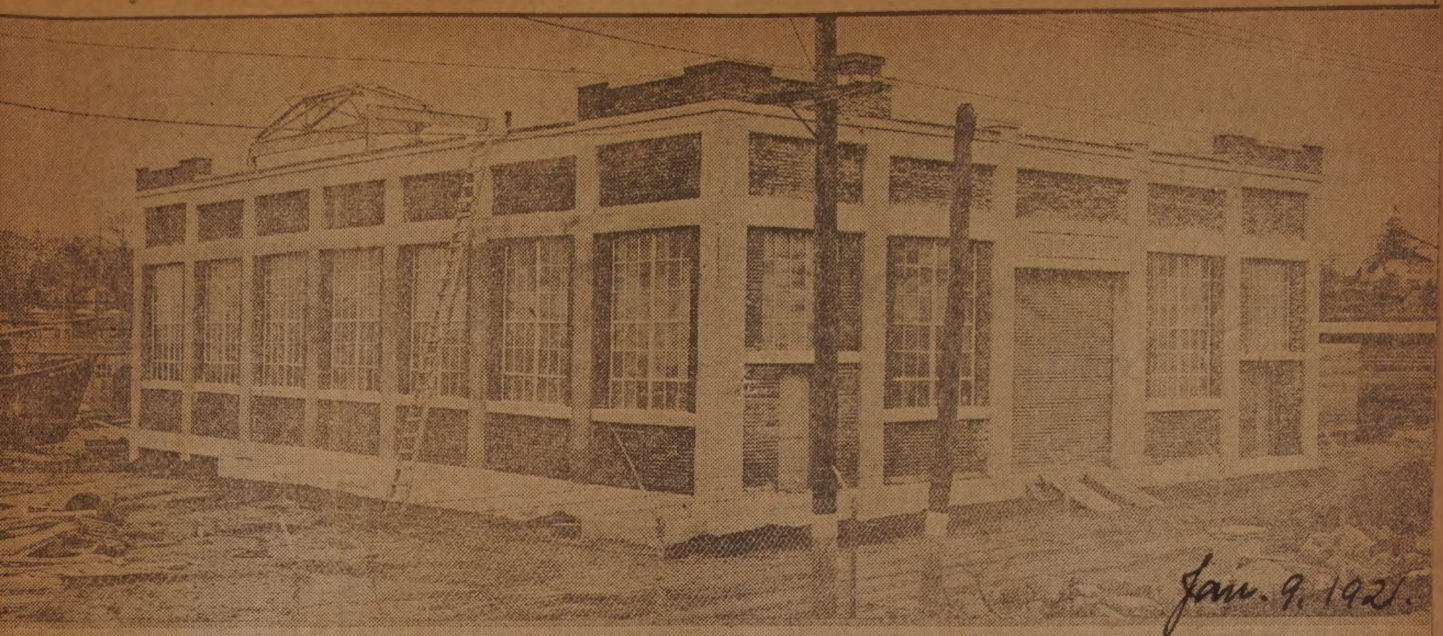
First National Bank Truck Collector Who Died Yesterday



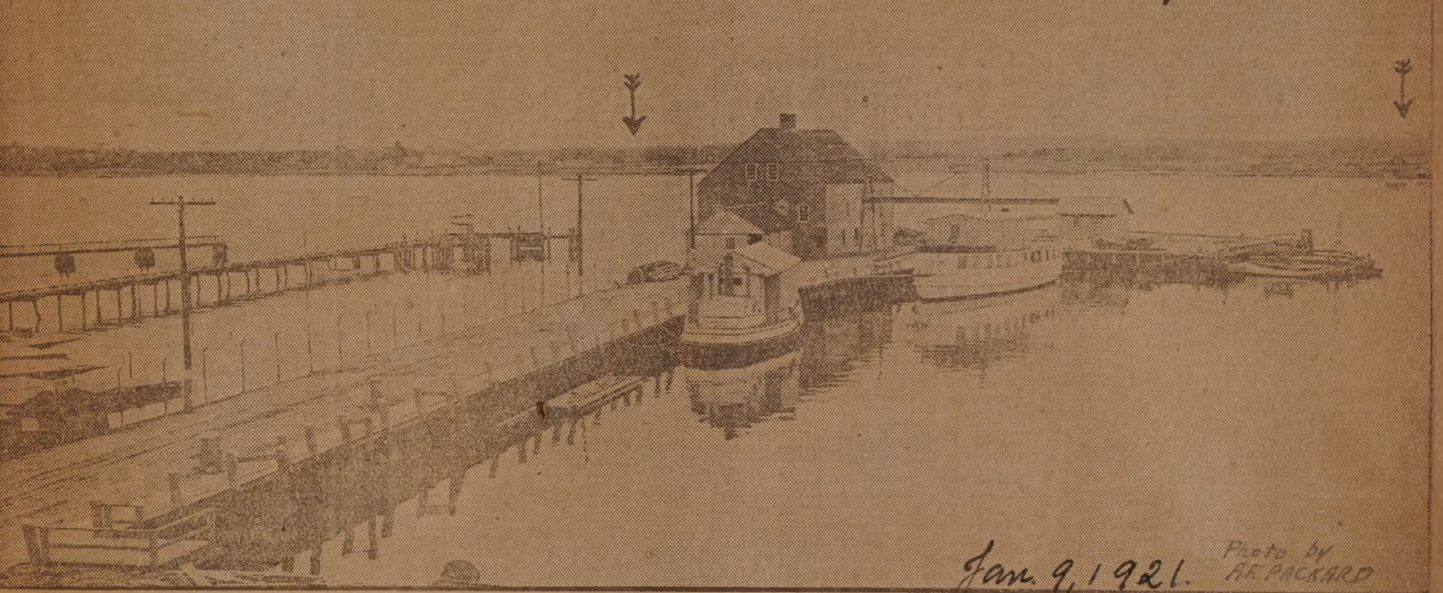
Everett E. Jones.

Everett E. Jones, collector on the First National Bank truck, died yesterday at his home, 453 Cottage street, of tubercular trouble.

GREEN ESTATE'S NEW MACHINE SHOP AND WHARF



Jan. 9, 1921.



Jan. 9, 1921. Photo by A.E. PACKARD

Top, new machine shop; bottom, wharf built by Colonel Green at Dartmouth estate—the arrows indicate, north and south, extreme limits of added shore space.

NEW BEDFORD MAN COMPOSES PILGRIM MARCH

By HERBERT HARPER

CHORUS. Con Spirito *a poco cresc.*

Laud we those brave men, no - ble and free, — Thanks for that glad glorious

day! — It has since been home and comfort to all nations of the earth, — Hur-

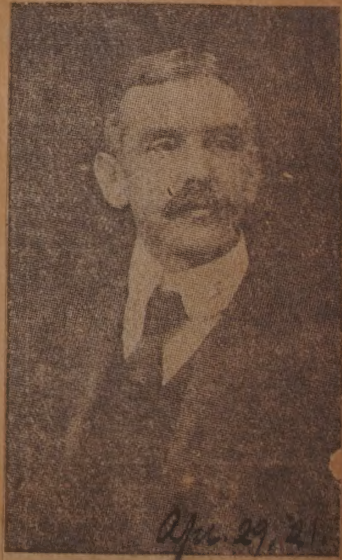
ritard *1* *2*

rah for the grand U. S. A. — A. —

As New Bedford people stand in the throngs watching the Tercentenary pageants at Plymouth this summer it may be that they will hear as the long lines of men and women, clad in the somber grey costumes of the Pilgrims, which are to feature so many of the pageants, go marching by, the words and music of a stirring Pilgrim march composed and written by a New Bedford man. For Herbert Harper, of 5 Willis street, has composed and written "The Pilgrim Fathers," a Tercentenary march song which it is expected will be used in a number of the Plymouth pageants.

The story of the landing of the Pilgrims on the drear Plymouth coast and their thankfulness at having found "peace serene" is told by Mr. Harper in the verses and he has so arranged the music that it is suitable not only for use in pageants but also for rendition by choirs or Sunday schools at special Pilgrim services. A rousing patriotic chorus makes a fitting end for this appealing commemorative march. A most attractive Pilgrim design is used on the cover of the march while on the back are pictures of Plymouth Rock; Forefathers Monument, Plymouth; the Miles Standish monument at Duxbury, and the Pilgrim Memorial monument at Provincetown. Mr. Harper is also the composer and author of "Good Luck Greetings."

Apr. 21, 1921.



Rev. Percy Gordon. —Photo by Notman.

HOW SOME FANS SAW CRUCIAL SOCCER GAME



More than 8,000 enthusiasts saw the Whitman mill soccer team trim the Dartmouth mill at Brooklawn park yesterday. E. D. Ashley, Standard staff photographer, picked out this tree full as the most interesting group he saw. The Whitmans, by reason of their 3-1 victory, are practically assured of the championship honors of Division A of the Industrial Soccer league for the second time. The story of the game will be found in the sporting section.

DEATH TAKES THOMAS BROWN

**Superintendent of Almshouse
Died There Yesterday—
Had Been in Charge There
14 Years**

Thomas F. Brown, who last Friday completed his 14th year of service as superintendent of the Almshouse, died in his apartments there yesterday. He had been suffering from diabetes for several years. About two weeks ago, he contracted a severe cold and complications developed.

Mr. Brown was born in this city 54 years ago and was educated in the public schools. For a while he was



Thomas F. Brown.

employed in a grocery store but quit to take a job in the street department. He was a foreman in this department for about 16 years and for several years prior to his appointment at the Almshouse served as foreman at the city yards.

Mr. Brown was designated for the Poor Department position in 1907, ranking first on the eligible list of the Civil Service Commission. Under his management the New Bedford Almshouse has been regarded as one of the most efficient institutions of its kind in the State and Mr. Brown himself achieved wide popularity.

His competency and his popularity were both manifested during the two years when Mayor Ashley was out of office. Mr. Brown was known to be a strong Ashley man but while the heads of other Citizens party office-holders fell thick and fast he was not disturbed.

Mr. Brown was president of the Massachusetts Wardens' and Matrons' Association in 1920. He was a member of the Elks, Knights of Columbus and the Plymouth Club, at one time serving as secretary of the latter.

He leaves a widow and two daughters.

GETTING FREE MILK IN SPITE OF THE COLD



Above: Outside the Washington club. Below: Two youngsters getting milk.

HAD BRILLIANT COLLEGE CAREERS



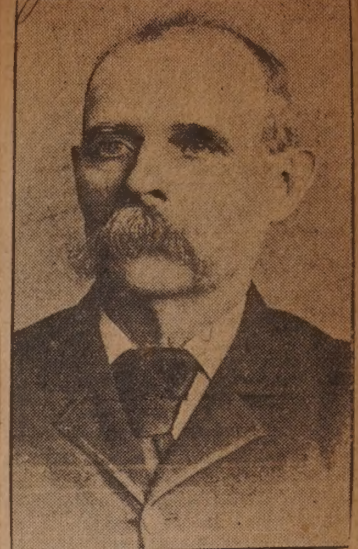
Miss Mary E. Williams.



Miss Annie M. Williams.

DIES SUDDENLY

29 - 3 - 1921



George A. Simmons of 11 Fairmount street, whose death was reported in last night's Standard. Mr. Simmons was in his 90th year.

Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham Draws Up "Ten Modern Commandments"

Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, D. D. pastor of the Arlington Street church in Boston, former pastor of the Unitarian church in this city, has written "Ten Modern Commandments" to supplement, in a way, those in the Bible. They are reprinted here from the Boston Globe:

These are the commandments, the statutes and the judgments, which it is well that we should listen to, and learn; for as we observe and do them,

anese, nor cherish "an ancient grudge" against the British; for "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

4. Thou shalt not deal unjustly with the negro people at the South and in the North. Thou shalt not lynch, nor burn them, keeping them a subject people still, and denying them the ballot.

5. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; and thou shalt make it a full day's work.

6. The seventh day is a day of rest. On it thou shalt give some time to religion as well as recreation. For we are not physical beings only; we have spiritual natures also, and these natures need to be renewed and strengthened.

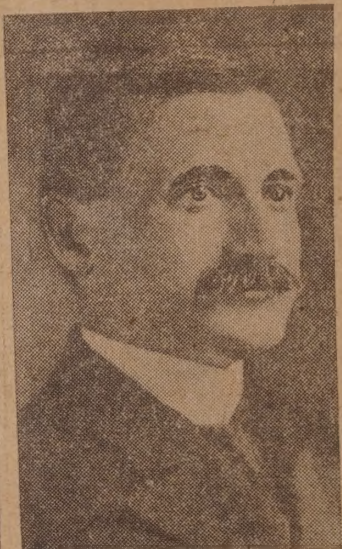
7. Honor the marriage bond, and keep it holy. The home is at the very centre of our civilization, and the life of the family is the symbol of all civic, national and international existence.

8. Thou shalt not dance the dances of savage tribes, neither shalt thou dress as primitive people dress. For the object of clothing is to conceal, and not reveal the person, and modesty is an essential element in civilized existence.

9. Thou shalt not steal thy neighbor's purse, nor seek to rob him of his reputation, whether by gossip, slander, or abuse. This law applies to those elected to high office, and burdened by heavy public cares.

10. Thou shalt not avoid all public office, nor leave to others the discharge of social, civic and political duties. The Lord will not hold him guiltless who is educated at the public expense, and then gives nothing in return.

We know what has happened in the past to all peoples who lost respect for higher law; but if we keep these laws we shall deserve to prosper and can continue still to call our land the land of God's own people.



Rev. Paul R. Frothingham.

peace, prosperity and happiness will be for individuals and nation.

Hear, O America! We are all dependent on a Higher Power, and that Power makes for righteousness. After this manner, therefore, our Fathers made a covenant with one another and with God; and we are their descendants, having inherited the promise of their principles and the glory of their works.

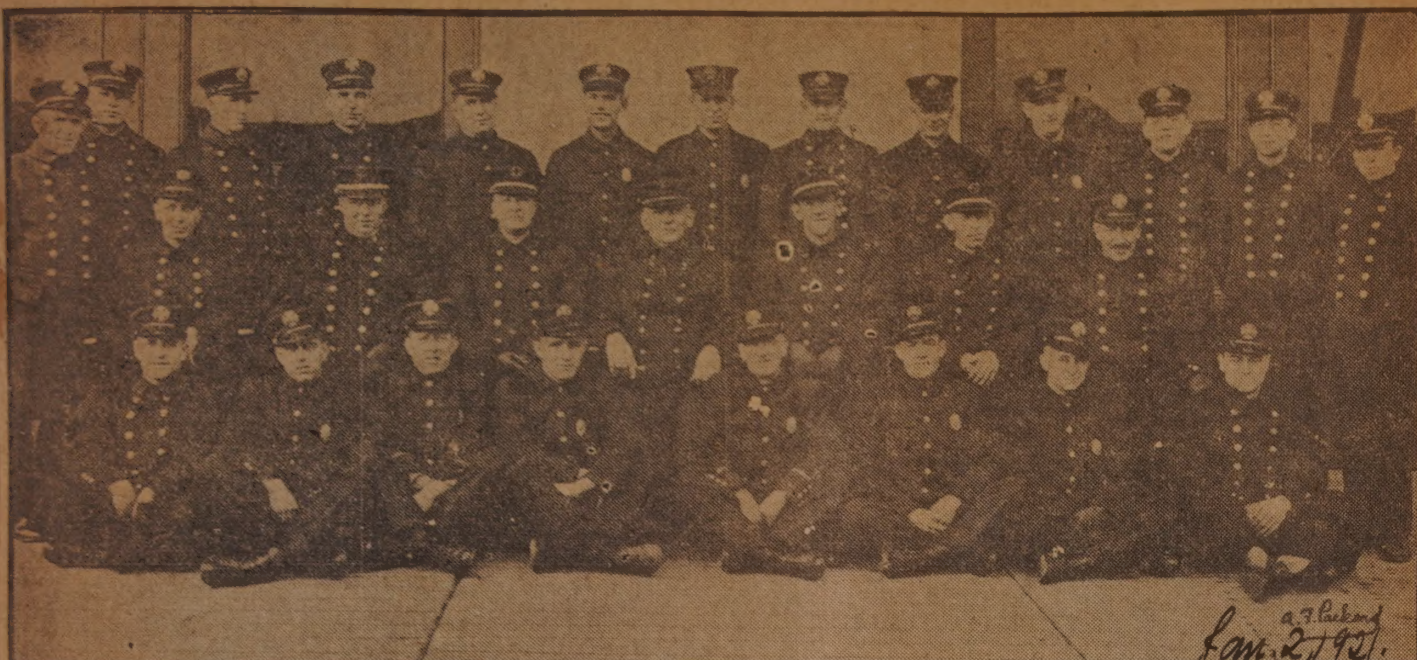
Hear, therefore, O America!

1. Thou shalt obey thy country's laws, neither seeking to get around them, nor to render them of none effect; for Law is more essential than Liberty itself to a nation's welfare, stability and progress.

2. Thou shalt love thine own country, and a due respect for other countries; for the Lord does not consider him a patriot who hates, distrusts, and insults the other nations of the world.

3. Thou shalt no slander the Jap-

THESE FIRE ENGINES HAVE LATEST DEVICES



Above is the entire force of fire station 10. The men in the picture belong to the first and second platoons and are seen in front of the station house grouped with their officers who occupy the centre of the picture.

From left to right in the front row are: A. J. Abrain, J. W. Coyne, T. J. Simmons, R. W. Nelson, J. T. Conway, P. A. Rainville, E. J. Ross and G. D. Daudelin. Middle row: Percy Shepherd, Lt. J. E. McDonald, Engine 10, Capt. A. F. Merchant, Engine 10, Engineer J. W. Donaghy, Capt. James Doran, Ladder 2, Lt. J. E. Murphy, Ladder 2, and William Selleck. Rear row: W. H. Green, A. B. Bochman, T. A. Bond, A. E. Duvetoir, W. E. Martin, Edward McKay, R. H. Cobb, William Belisle, W. A. Lenhart, J. C. Wing, A. P. Volaine, H. Hesford, Jr., and Albert Berry.

Below is the crew of Engine 10 which is housed at Fire Station 10 at Purchase and Cedar Grove streets. Standing in the foreground is Captain A. F. Merchant and the two men standing and sitting at the rear of the machine are A. P. Bochman and Henry Hesford, Jr. From left to right the men in the first row in the engine are John T. Conway, James W. Coyne, Thomas A. Bond, Albert J. Abrain and N. S. White.

Standing in the rear row from left to right are: Edgar J. Ross, Thomas J. Summers, G. D. Daudelin and W. H. Green. In the driver's seat are Chauffeur Percy Shepherd and Lieutenant J. E. McDonald.

In bitter cold weather when fire hydrants will freeze despite all precautions to keep them open, New Bedford firemen will appreciate one feature of the new Ahrens-Fox motor engines which were delivered recently. This is a device for thawing frozen hydrants. In case of need the gasoline-driven engines will generate live steam which can be shot into the hydrants melting the ice and giving the water a chance to run.

Thawing of hydrants in this manner was possible when the old-fashioned horse-drawn steam fire engines were in service but until recently motor engines did not possess such a device.

The new pieces of apparatus were acquired at a cost of \$11,975 each. One of them has been put into service at station 10, replacing the old Robinson engine which Chief Dahill characterizes as "a pile of junk." The other is at station 3, taking the place of the White machine. The White is in the repair shops undergoing a general overhauling. It is being equipped with a chemical tank, making it a triple combination machine and will be held in reserve.

KNOWLTON SCHOOL'S FEBRUARY PRODUCTION

Jan 28 - 1921



Front row, left to right—Jehn Drinkwater, Herbert Bochman, John Galloway, Eva Fegarsky, Carl Cohen, Hilda Cohen, Jacob Lipnik. Second row, left to right—Nathan Saperstein, Manuel Roderiques, Jr., Lillie Rushton, Walter Grezlak, Antonia Wypych, George Barker, Annie Cohen. Third row, left to right—Alice Des Marais, Bertha Rothman, Edward Wolfe, Hazel Dine, Blanche Thuot, Omer Bellenoit.

ENGINE 3 AND COMPANY OUTSIDE STATION



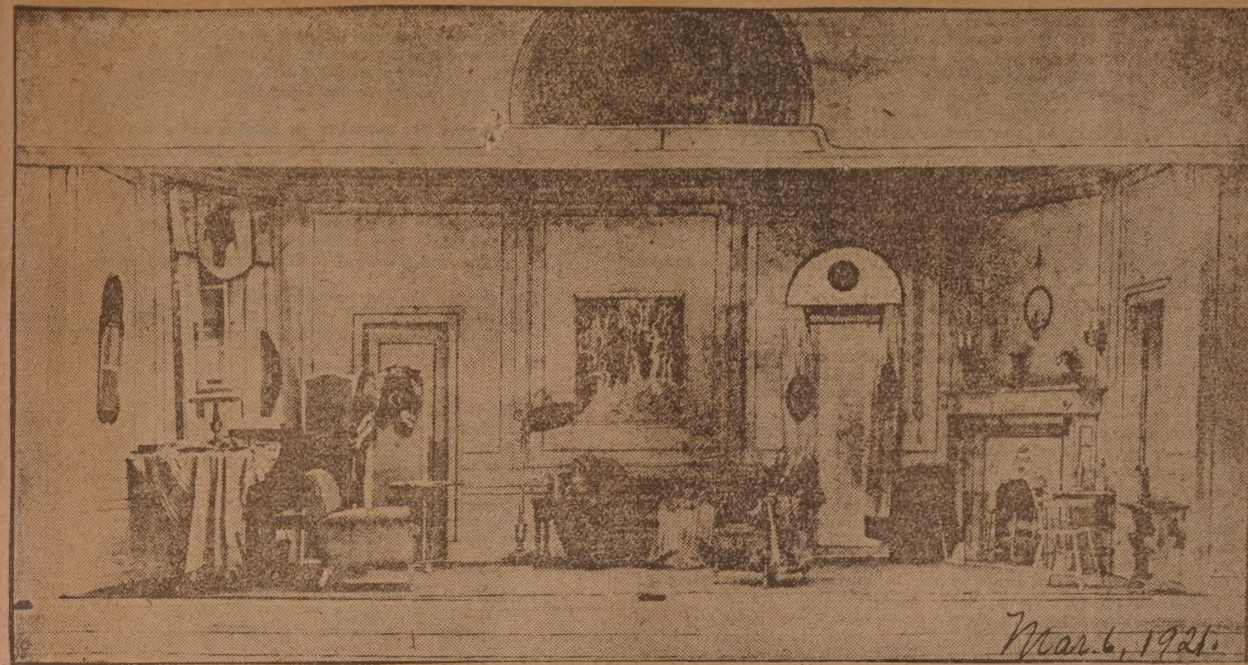
*Photo by
J.S. Martin
Jan. 30, 1921.*

Stage Settings That Show Art of Nicholas Yellenti

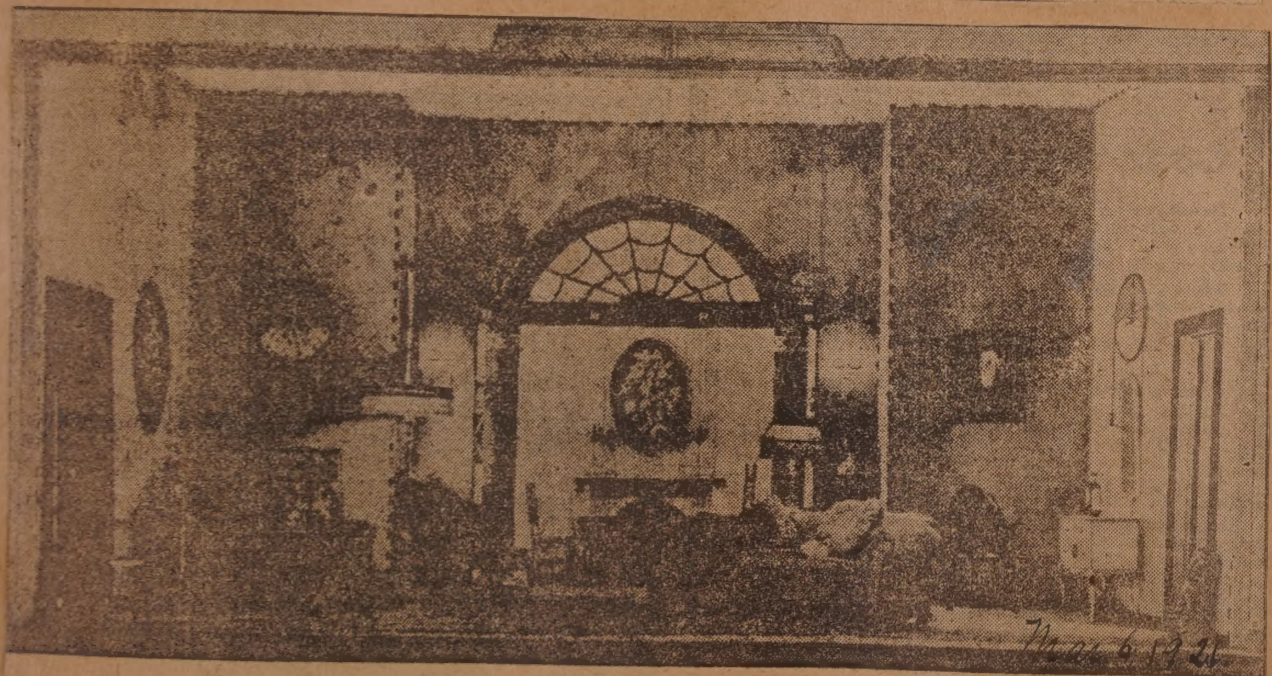
Designed for Harold Holstein, Toledo Theatre, Toledo, O.



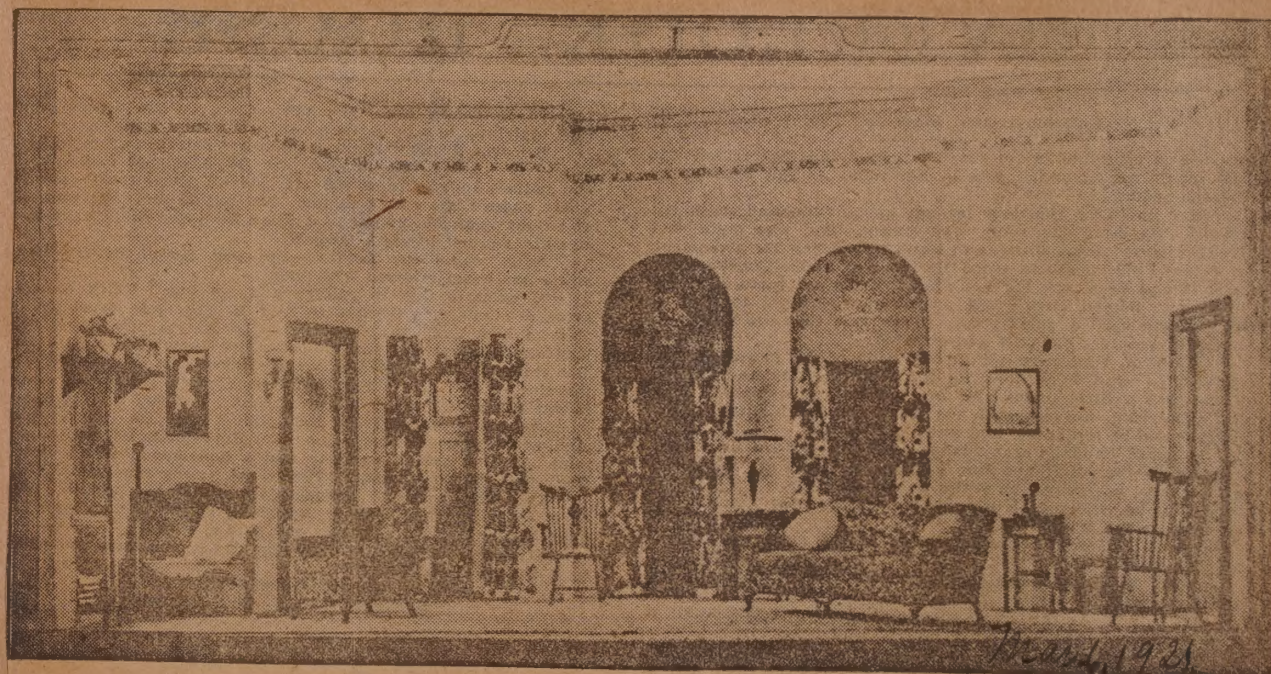
The Hiring Line.



Mar. 6, 1921.



Exit Claudini—Act I.

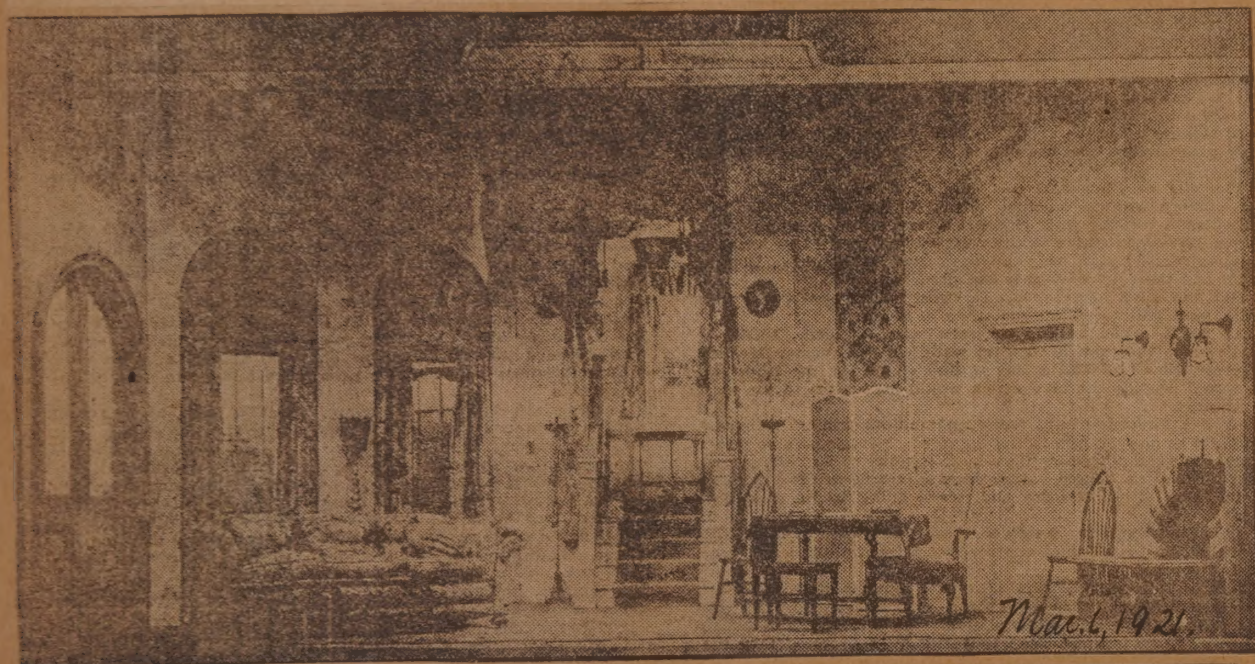


Misleading Lady—Act I.

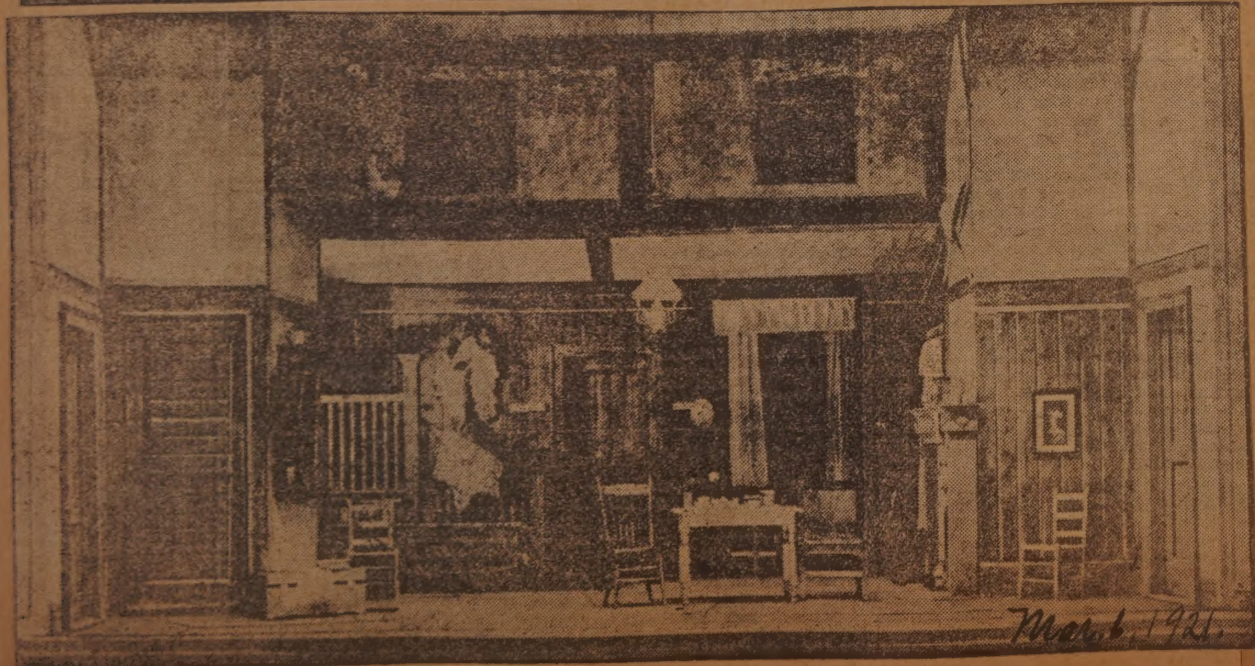
Mar. 6, 1921.



Outcast—Act I.



Mar. 6, 1921.



Mar. 6, 1921.

The Misleading Lady—Acts II and III.



Outcast—Act II.

SILENT GUIDE DIRECTS FOLKS TO LONG PLAIN COMMUNITY CHURCH

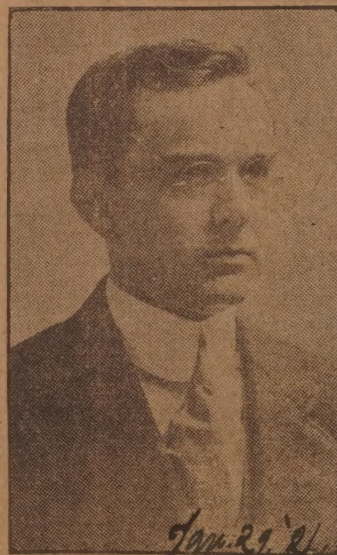
At Every Cross Road Signs Loom Up for
Benefit of Wayfarers—New Bedford Man
Is the Shepherd of the Flock that Worships
There



Out in Long Plain at every crossroads there is a sign three feet long. It silently guides the wayfarer "To the Long Plain Community Church." And no more appropriate name was ever ascribed to a church than this led, and dedicated to its present purpose, by Clifton Chase, 95 Jenney street, New Bedford. Mr. Chase, until last spring, was a local preacher. Then he was ordained at Plymouth. According to the strict code of the Methodist conference, for Methodist Episcopal is the denomination of the Community Church, he is still a layman until a trial period of two years is passed.

This layman about five years ago on becoming a local preacher was assigned to the Long Plain church. At that time its membership had reached its lowest ebb. Mr. Chase was of the idea that a church, founded on the community spirit, would prosper and upbuild the small Long Plain community.

With this ideal he adopted the slogan of "The Church with the Community Vision," and made that church a real factor in the community. He established a monthly community club. At each gathering he obtained a speaker, many being pastors and other public spirited men of New Bedford. He established social classes. The present membership, built



Clifton Chase.

from almost nothing, is 25, a large percentage for the population of Long Plain. The average attendance for each meeting is better than 50. There is a single-sheet publication issued by Mr. Chase called "The Arrow," containing church and community items.

Now, under his direction, the old church is being remodeled. A furnace is replacing the old iron stove. A cellar is being dug entirely by volunteer well-wishers of the church. When the building is completed there will be a social room. There the young men of the town can gather evenings and play games and read.

To such an extent has this church become a community affair that during the transition of the building the church is holding all its meetings in a large hall without charge by the organizers. The church led by this member of the Howard M. E. church has become in the main exactly what his vision desired and it implies.

THESE TWO FINE CANVASES PAINTED AT WESTPORT



Above, "Fish House at Westport," below, "Sand Dunes at Westport," two paintings by Stacy Tolman.

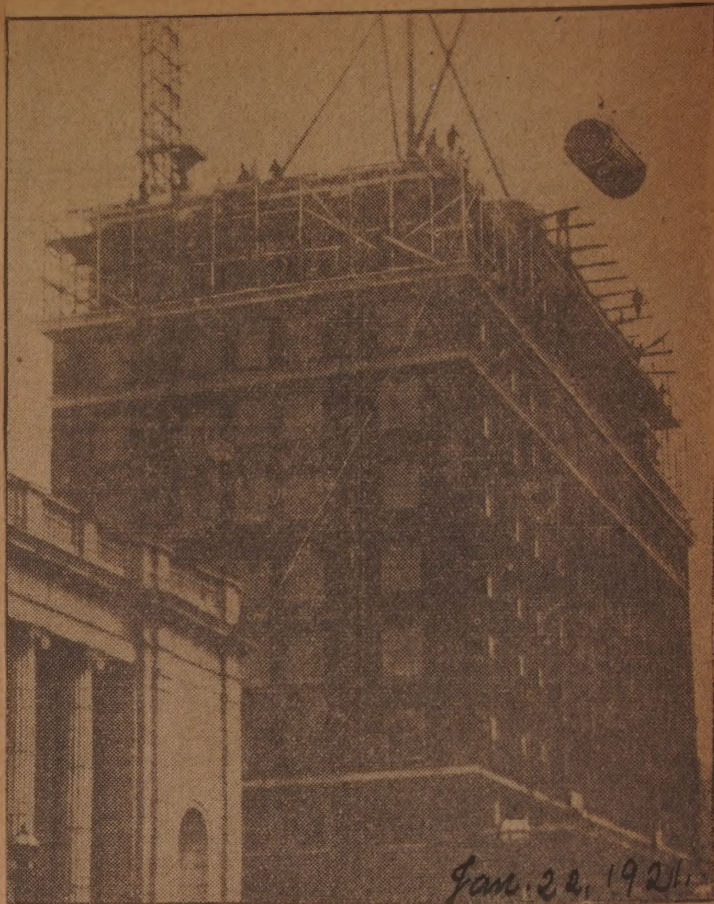
Self-Made Man Who Is Competing for the Leasing of State Pier



Photo by
J. M. Oppenheim
Boston

WILLIAM G. WELSH.

City Pressure Wouldn't Carry, So Tank Goes to Hotel Roof

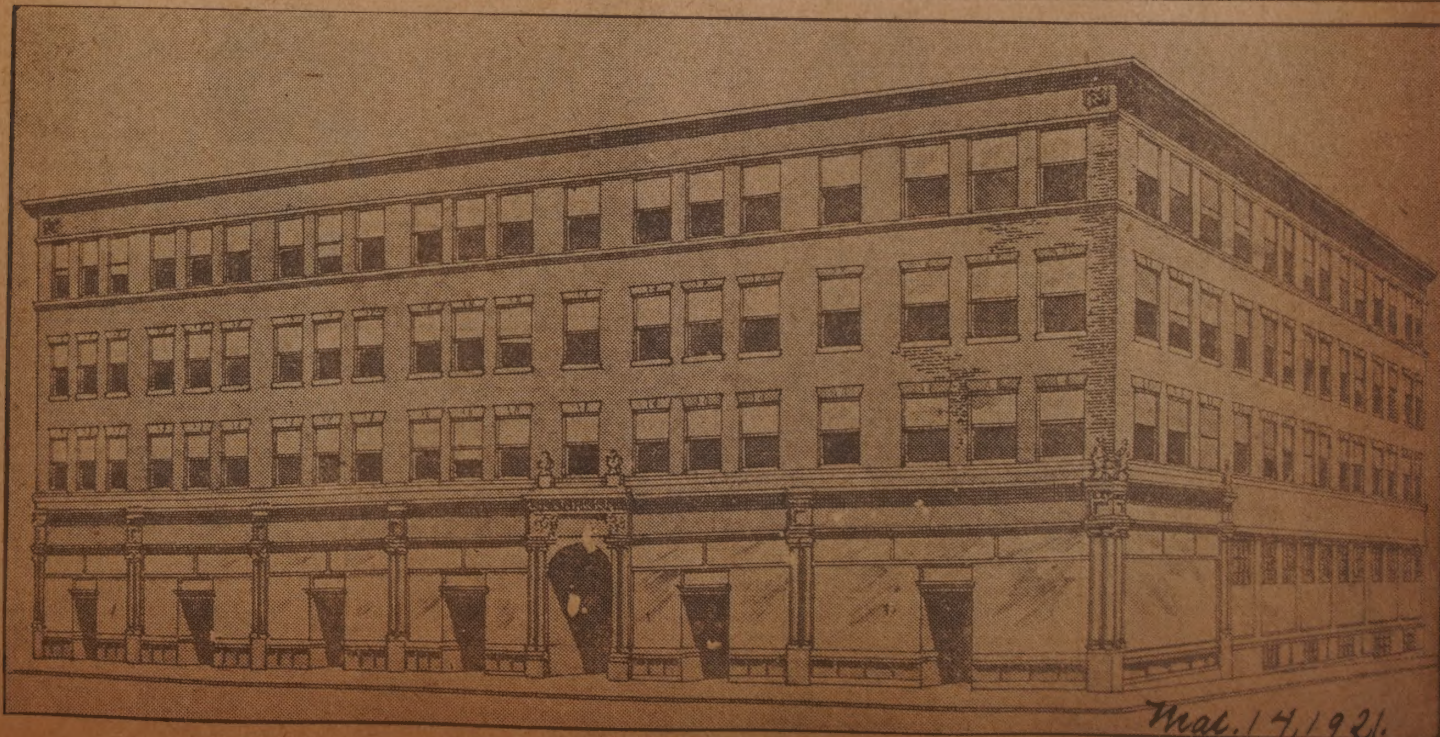


Jan. 22, 1921.

The tank to hold 5,000 gallons of water for supplying the top floors of the new hotel was hoisted into position yesterday afternoon, the great tank going into the air and into its bed of masonry on the roof as easily and neatly as though it were no more than a ten-pound weight.

The hotel is the first building in the city of so great a height that its top floors cannot be supplied by water by the ordinary city pressure. The tank, also supplied with 3,000 cubic feet of air, will have sufficient pressure to deliver water to any point on the top floors of the building. The water tank has been resting on a truck on Pleasant street for several weeks while foundations were being made ready for it on the top of the building. To lift the huge steel tank into place there was rigged on the roof a three-legged derrick, which has also been utilized for carrying to the top floors heavy material that cannot be taken up in the interior elevators.

WILL OCCUPY SITE OF FORMER PARKER HOUSE



Mar. 14, 1921.

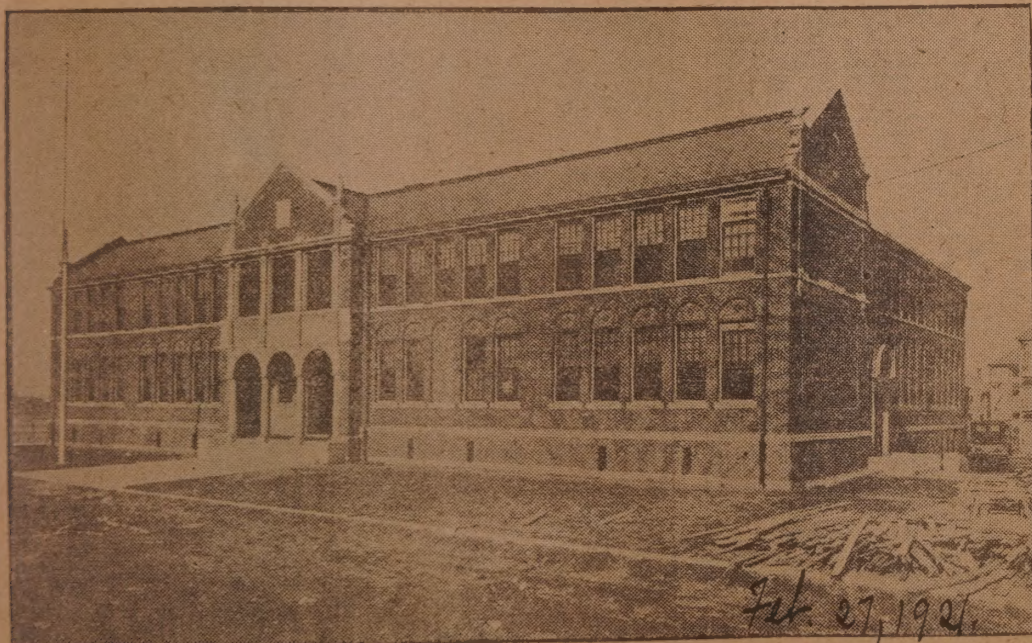
Olympia Building on Purchase Street

Island Methodists Picture Work of 75 Years



Scenes from the pageant "What God Hath Wrought Through the Sons of Wesley on Marthas Vineyard," enacted by the Vineyard Haven M. E. church as a part of a week's celebration of its 75th anniversary. The pageant was in 15 episodes, each one consisting of a description by the reader, the impersonation and the interpretation by the choir. On the left is a group of those who took part; on the right, Jesse Lee, impersonated by S. C. Luce, Jr., and the early Christians. In the panel, Francis P. Luce, Jr., as Reformation John Adams is pictured giving a Bible to a young man. Bertha H. Hutchinson was author and director of the pageant.

EMERY STREET SCHOOL READY AFTER LONG DELAY



The construction of the Emery street school building has required a longer time in building than any other elementary school in New Bedford, and the reason for this has been the long delays because of transportation difficulties in the winter of 1919-1920, the difficulty in obtaining material when needed and in recent months because of the Boston building trades strike affecting certain trades in this city.

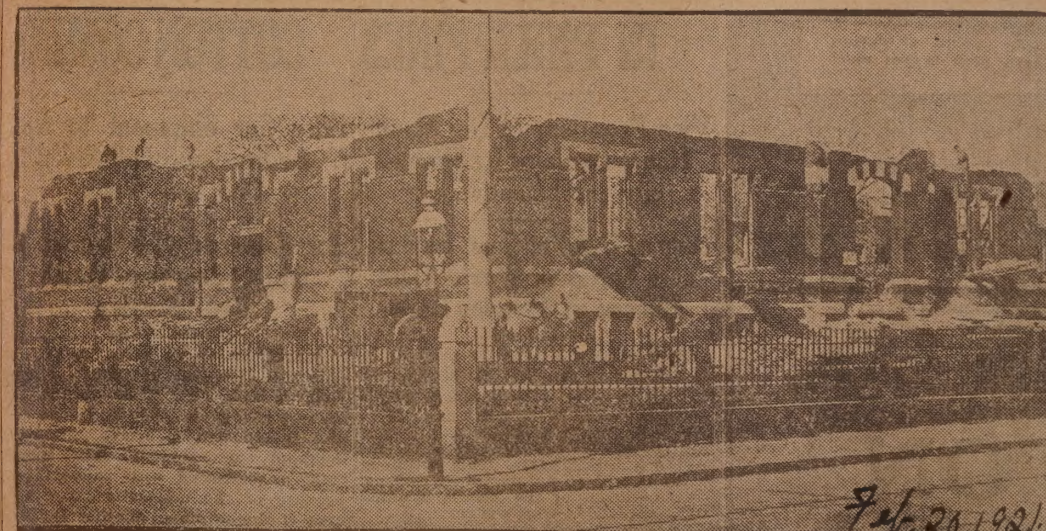
This new school was begun in July, 1919, and was to be ready for occupancy on Nov. 15, 1920. It is now completed except for the installation of some minor furnishings, and it is planned to have the building ready for occupancy in March.

Mrs. Esther Walker Today Celebrates 100th Birthday



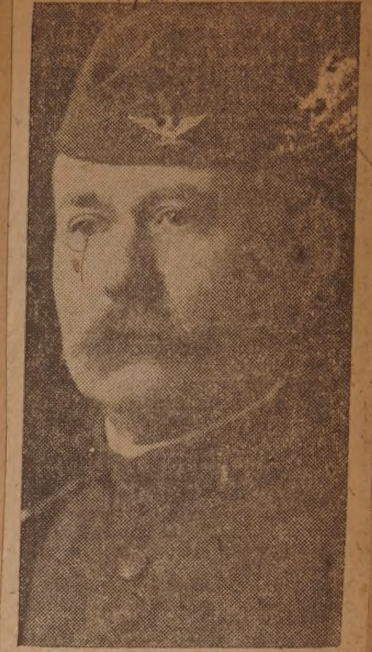
Mrs. Esther Walker, wife of the late William Walker, is today observing her 100th birthday. She is the oldest member of the Pleasant Street M. E. church and she is also one of the oldest residents of the city. She was born in Little Compton, R. I., the daughter of the late Robert and Mary Brown. She and her husband made their home in this city for many years. For 15 years they resided in Dighton, later removing to this city where they lived for many years at County and Campbell streets.

OLD HIGH SCHOOL DOWN TO FIRST STORY



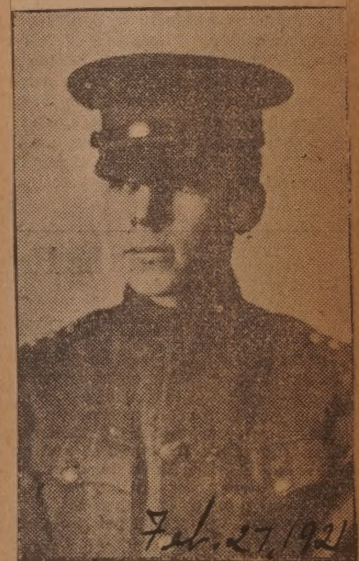
In the demolition of the old High school building on Summer street the J. W. Bishop Company has reduced the structure down to the level of the first story. Taking down the substantial building has drawn hundreds of people daily to see the sight, an unusual scene in this period of high building costs.

Fort's Commander
Is Transferred to
Schenectady Depot
Feb 2 1921



Lieutenant Colonel Michael Barry, who for the last year and a half has been commandant of Fort Rodman, has received official notification of his transfer to Schenectady, N. Y., where he will be executive officer at the general reserve depot. Colonel Barry is under orders to proceed to Schenectady before Feb. 15. He said today that he had no intimation as to who will succeed him at Fort Rodman. Colonel Barry assumed command at Fort Rodman after his return from France. Before the war he was stationed at Sandy Hook.

New Alpha Editor Has Achieved More Than Censored Fame



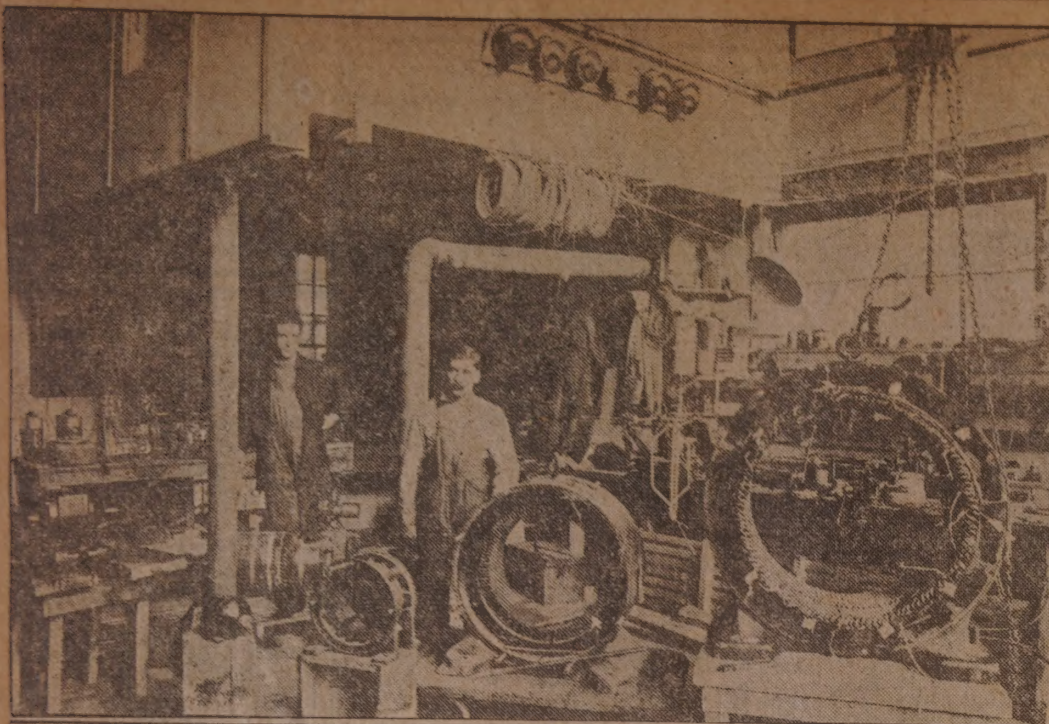
Besides being the newly elected editor-in-chief of The Alpha, the High school monthly, Milton Handford is a captain in the R. O. T. C. in which organization he has been promoted steadily.

He was the first Eagle Scout in this city and in a bicycle contest held by the C. F. Wing company two years ago, young Handford won two bicycles for prizes.

Handford is a graduate of the Betsy B. Winslow school and is the son of Assessor and Mrs. Joseph H. Handford. He will graduate from High school in June, 1921.

Last year Handford was a cartoonist on The Alpha staff, but now will have the opportunity to censor the contributions of other High school aspirants for honors in art circles.

BIG MOTORS REBUILT NOW IN LOCAL SHOP



Upper picture shows the Slocum and Kilburn motor repair shop with big 100 horse power motor being partially rewound. Other motors on that floor for testing or repair work range in size from a quarter to fifty-horse power. Coil stretcher and coil winding machine are shown on bench in rear of big motor. Testing apparatus is at left in background.

Lower picture shows view of storage room with over \$10,000 worth of motor equipment on the floor ready for rentals. Electric drying oven is shown in the background.

Carriage Maker of Old School Died Yesterday



Leonard J. Hathaway.

Leonard J. Hathaway, who died Sunday morning following a brief illness, was the last of the old school of carriage makers of whom there were at one time many in this city, when carriage building centered in several shops in New Bedford. As a young man he was apprenticed to the firm of Forbes & Sears, and later on he was employed by William White, to whose business he succeeded in 1882. He carried on the business of carriage making and repairing in the shop at the corner of Mechanics lane and Pleasant street until that site was taken by the city in 1910. He then removed his business to 25 Elm street, where he built a new shop, continuing the business there until his death.

Mr. Hathaway was well known throughout this section as an enthusiastic follower of outdoor life. He was interested in hunting and fishing and every season found him out in the fields and woods. He was a member of the Rod and Reel club. Mr. Hathaway is survived by four sons and one daughter, Leonard J. Hathaway, Jr., Walter F. Hathaway, John T. Hathaway, Chester F. Hathaway and Louise M. Hathaway.



CLASS FOR ANAEMIC CHILDREN.
Weekly Record of Weights.



THOMAS DONAGHY SCHOOL.
Open-air Class for Anaemic Children.

JAZZ MAY HERALD NEW TYPE OF MUSIC ASSERTS GODREAU

Feb 2-1921

Conductor of Le Cercle Gounod Would
Throw Down Popular Songs Because
Likes Some of Them Himself—New Bedford Awakening Musically.

When jazz pervades the atmosphere,
And rag-time rends the air,
Oh, angry neighbor, have a heart,
And spare the player fair:
Cuss not the lovely Isabelle
Who loudly strokes the keys—
For still undreamed-of symphonies
May hide in tunes like these.

When Isabelle, who lives in the flat upstairs provokes the ivories into such melting melodies as "My Borneo Baby Doll" or "Caroling Cuckoo of Mine" neighbors are urged to restrain themselves for Isabelle may be on the verge of composing a new symphony whether she knows it or not. Even the crash of jazz may herald the coming of a new type of music.

"So long as the public enthusiastically over popular songs, there is a future for music," according to Rodolphe

Godreau, conductor of Le Cercle Gounod. "This is a test season for Le Cercle Gounod," Mr. Godreau continued. "It is true that the organization has reached a crucial stage in its history. I realize that many New Bedford music-lovers are wondering just how we stand this year. The prospects for a successful season are brighter than I have ever known. The opening concert was the biggest opening concert we have ever had and the advance ticket sale indicates even a larger attendance for our next appearance."

"The splendid backing of a large number of citizens who realize the value of the work we are striving to do has enabled us to extend our field and we have added musical lectures and children's contests to our activities."

"I believe that the public wants Le Cercle Gounod to continue and it is up to the public to prove that this is so. We have been trying to convince all the people of New Bedford that Le Cercle Gounod is an asset to the city. Famous artists who have appeared in our concerts and in concerts in other cities, have asserted that Le Cercle Gounod is one of the foremost organizations of its kind in New England—and musicians are not given to handing out praise where no praise is due."

"Public interest in our work may be measured in two ways, by the support given to our concerts and by the applications for membership in our chorus and orchestra. The chorus is larger than last year by 25 voices. We have added ten musicians to our orchestra."

"Not the least remarkable fact about Le Cercle Gounod is the loyalty of our members. Any movement that will hold the interest of 200 musicians to such an extent that they are willing to give their time and their efforts eight months in the year toward its development, surely must be worthy of support."

"Since the beginning of our organization, our concerts never have paid for themselves. The receipts from admissions have never covered expenses. The deficit has been made up always by public-spirited citizens sincerely interested in music. The musicians who make up the chorus and orchestra give unstintingly of their time and effort without remuneration. At each concert we are doing something which isn't being done generally nowadays—we are giving something to the public in the way of entertainment which the public doesn't begin to pay for."

"A great many persons never attend Cercle Gounod concerts because of the impression that they are 'highbrows.' This is not so. We are trying to offer 'better music' but none of our programs are over the heads of the public at large."



Rodolphe Godreau.

Godreau, conductor of Le Cercle Gounod, and supervisor of vocal music in the New Bedford Public Schools. "I would not go so far as to say that jazz has any artistic function but I may be wrong even in that," Mr. Godreau continued, "for it may be that jazz is the beginning of a new type of music."

For eight years, Mr. Godreau has been feeling the musical pulse of New Bedford, gauging public sentiment by the support accorded season after season to Le Cercle Gounod.

"The increasing desire for better music has been manifested year after year in New Bedford," he said. "Our work is largely a matter of education. We are trying to overcome the popular prejudice against 'highbrow music' and we are striving to convince the public that there is a happy medium between 'highbrow music' and so-called popular songs."

"I don't mean to say that popular music is something to be frowned upon and in this I disagree with some eminent authorities. There is some very fine popular music. I confess to a weakness for some of it myself. Really it is only a short step from good popular music to the kind of music that Le Cercle Gounod is trying to make popular in New Bedford."

"Popular songs have a function. People who like popular music can easily be interested in something better, the same as those who are interested in cheap motion pictures can

This Quartet Aided Early Success of Portuguese Baptist Church Here



Feb 5, 1921



Feb 6, 21

Top—Mr. and Mrs. Manuel I. Silveira. Bottom—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Souza.

Out of the Portuguese Baptist church in New Bedford has grown no less than five other Portuguese Baptist churches in southeastern Massachusetts, all of which, except one, are now flourishing congregations. This growth has been largely due to Rev. F. C. B. Silva, the founder of the Portuguese Baptist mission in this city in 1893. Mr. Silva, a native of St. Michaels, in the Azores, came to this country in 1882, spending the first years of his stay here in California, and coming to make his home in New Bedford some years later. After attendance at the Newton Theological school Mr. Silva started his work in this city, founding the mission that has now grown into the Portuguese Baptist church at Crapo and Thompson streets.

When Mr. Silva founded the mission the first few years were a period of struggle with only a limited number of people to carry on the work. In the intervening years there has grown up a flourishing church that is the fruit of the faithful work of the minister and people. Of those now living who have had a share in the growth of the church from its beginning as a mission there are included Mr. and Mrs. Manuel I. Silveira, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Souza and Manuel I. Lopes. Mr. Souza served as treasurer of the church during its early history.

Since founding the New Bedford mission Mr. Silva has started on the way the Portuguese Baptist churches in Taunton, Cambridge, Plymouth, Fall River and Somerset. All of these are now flourishing churches.

A JUNE GRADUATE

June 19-1921

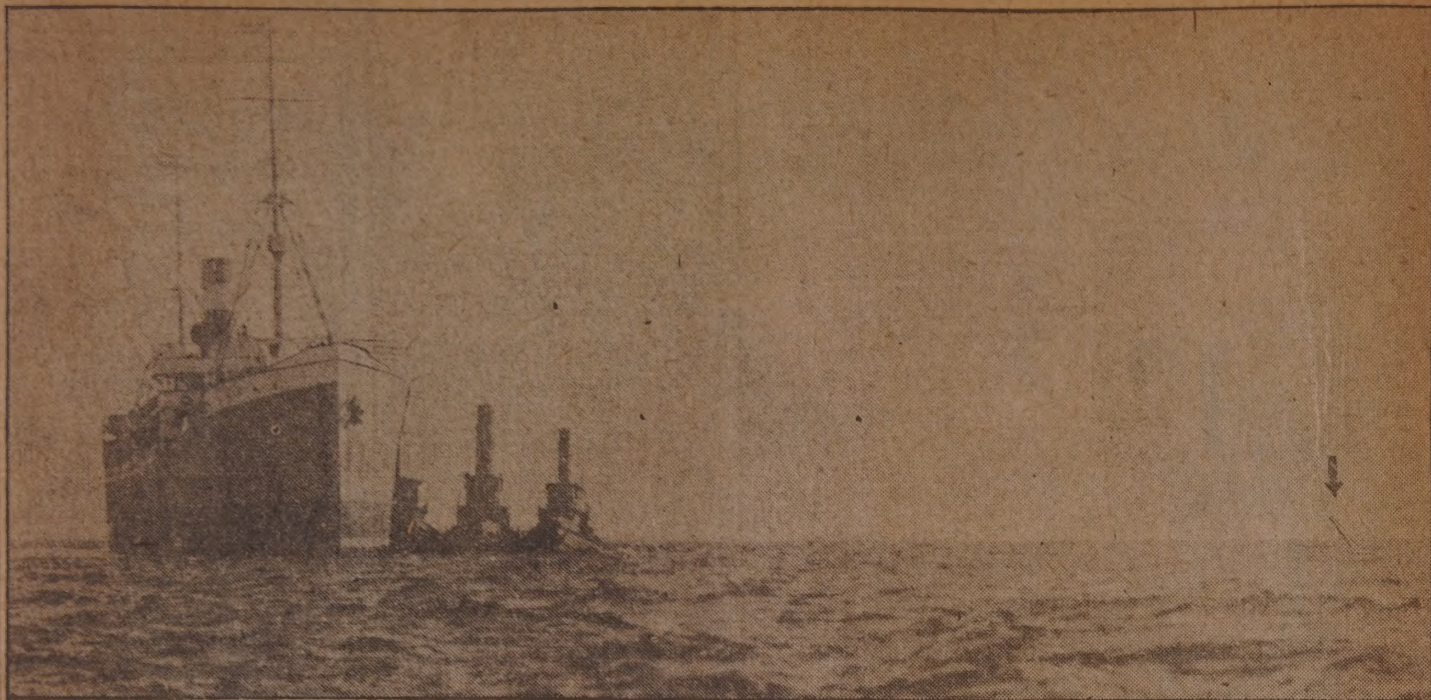


Miss Grace M. Bonner.

Miss Grace M. Bonner, New Bedford High School, 1917, was graduated this work from the Massachusetts Normal Art School of Boston. Miss Bonner has taken a prominent part in the school activities during the last four years. She participated in the Freshman and Junior class shows and was chairman of the committee of arrangements for the Senior dance. She was also on the advertising staff for the class book. Miss Bonner has done considerable commercial art work while attending the school, particularly for The Merchants National Bank of Boston. Her standing in her school courses was exceptionally high.

How Steamer Lies Well Off Its Course

July 16-1921



The photograph above shows the Sao Vicente on the harbor ledge. The Sciticut Neck shore is off to the left. To the right the arrow points to the red buoy which the pilot should have kept to his right. The diagram below shows by dotted line the approximate course which should have been followed coming in from Cuttyhunk. The position of the Sao Vicente inside the channel buoys is indicated.

Mrs. Mary Francis
New Bedford's Only
Woman Undertaker

April 17-1921

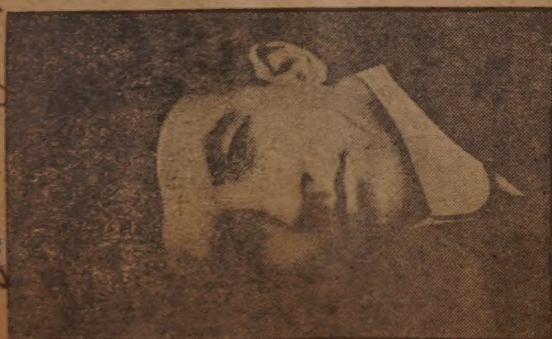


Mrs. Mary A. Francis.

New Bedford's only woman undertaker now practicing, and the second from this city to pass the State Board of Registration in embalming, is Mrs. Mary A. Francis, of 100 Bonney street, wife of Frank E. Francis, undertaker. In addition to her course in undertaking, Mrs. Francis has just completed a special study in hair dressing and both facial and body massage to fit her to better arrange women and children for burial.

Mrs. Francis was the only woman among 89 men to appear before the State Board. At the New England Institute of Anatomy and Embalming she was the only woman in a class of 15 men. Mrs. Francis has a certificate from the State Board qualifying her to practice as a registered embalmer.

NOW A PHYSICIAN



John Francis Correa, Jr., son of Captain John F. Correa, of 49 Valentine street, is a graduate this year of the Department of Medicine of the University of Massachusetts. During his four years in medical school he has been president of his class, and he graduates with honors (cum laude). Mr. Correa is a graduate of the public schools of New Bedford and in 1915 graduated from the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy with the degree of Ph. G. He is a member of the American Chemical Association, the American Pharmaceutical Association, the Massachusetts State Pharmaceutical Association, of the Phi Delta Chi and Phi Iota Mu fraternities. He has for a year been house officer at the Middlesex hospital.

Feb. 6, 1921.



Top Row—Frederick Donaghy, Norman Converse, Victor Chase, Preston Gifford, Edward Foster, Roland Turner. Middle Row—Clarence Geddis, Morgan Jennings, Joseph Novick, George Correa, William Knox. Bottom Row—Walter Fox, George Lareau, William Perry, George Hume, Charles Deasy, Leo Milotte.

SHE IS AN LL. B.

June 1901/92



Miss Helena Souza Bartholo.

New Bedford's first woman graduate with the degree of LL. B. is Miss Helena Souza Bartholo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bartholo, of 128 Elvet street. Miss Bartholo was graduated last week from Boston University School of Law, cum laude, one of only five among ten girls in her class to pass in her examinations.

Miss Bartholo has returned to Boston University to take up the Bar course, preparatory to the State examinations on July 1st. In the examinations of 500, but 30 of the number were girls, demonstrating more clearly than anything else the newness of the field to women. Miss Bartholo is a charter member of the Kappa Beta Pi sorority formed at the school about a month ago, and which has in its membership women noted in the legal field.

Miss Bartholo's college career was marked by brilliant scholastic achievements, as was also her high school course. She was graduated from New Bedford High in 1918 and was one of the four honor pupils.

While not the only woman lawyer in New Bedford—for Miss Bartholo will practice here if she passes the Bar—she is the first local woman to receive her degree from a school of law. Miss Helen L. Potter, New Bedford's first woman in the legal field, studied while a stenographer in a law office and passed the State examination in 1913.

SOME OF THE WAYS IN WHICH THE GIRL SCOUTS SERVE



Center—Scouts start the week right by going to church. Upper Left—Administering to a sick friend. Below—Mothercraft and child nursing demonstrated. Upper Right—Caring for babies while mothers shop. Below—Binding the hand of an injured comrade, and helping in the housework by washing and wiping dishes.

"GUS" MATHENY TO LEAVE CITY

Resigns Position as Assistant Supervisor of Community Center to Take Up Similar Work in Springfield, Ohio

Oliver S. "Gus" Matheny, who for 10 months has been Assistant Supervisor of Community Center work at the Lincoln center and director of the Brooklawn Playground tendered his resignation effective Aug 15 to Superintendent of Schools Allen P. Keith yesterday.

Mr. Matheny resigns his position in



Oliver S. Matheny.

New Bedford to accept the appointment as athletic director in the Springfield, Ohio, high schools. In addition to his new duties Mr. Matheny will have charge of the physical education in both the elementary and intermediate schools at the Ohio city.

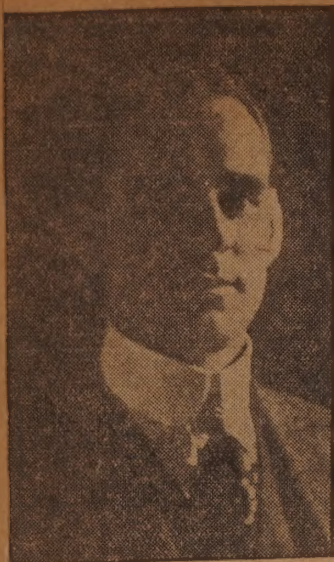
The first inkling of Coach Matheny's change came yesterday from the Ohio city where it was announced by Superintendent of Schools McChord that the New Bedford instructor had accepted the position as successor to M. A. Dimer who resigned last summer to become director of athletics at an Ohio college. Since Dimer's resignation Ernest Godfrey, former athletic star and present coach at Wittenberg College has filled the bill of athletic director but lately he found that it conflicted too much with his college duties.

Matheny who left New Bedford about two weeks ago bound on a pleasure trip to Columbus evidently combined business while on the trip for when asked today if he had submitted his resignation to Superintendent of Schools Keith in view of the Springfield announcement, admitted that he had. He said that while on the trip to his home the position of athletic director at Springfield was offered and that it proved so attractive he could not turn it down. The new position places him in charge of all athletics and also brings him within 40 miles of his home at Columbus.

According to Matheny the students in the Springfield High School are eager for all athletics.

Matheny graduated from Ohio State University last June with a degree of Bachelor of Science in Journalism. While at the Ohio University he won his letters in three major sports, football, basketball and track. He played fullback on the gridiron eleven being the running mate of the famous "Chick" Harley. He played forward on the cage five and was the highest scorer in the conference league in the 1919 season. On the track team he was a shot putter, discus thrower and high jumper. While attending Ohio State, Matheny engaged in community center work during the summer months in Columbus and plans to introduce in Springfield both recreational work and community center work as it is run in New Bedford.

INVENTORS OF NEW SPOOLER TENSION



Joseph Barnes.

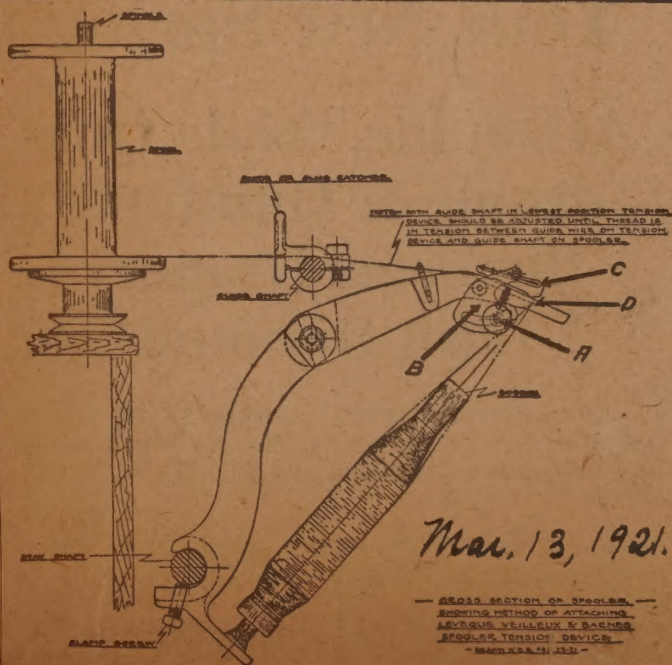
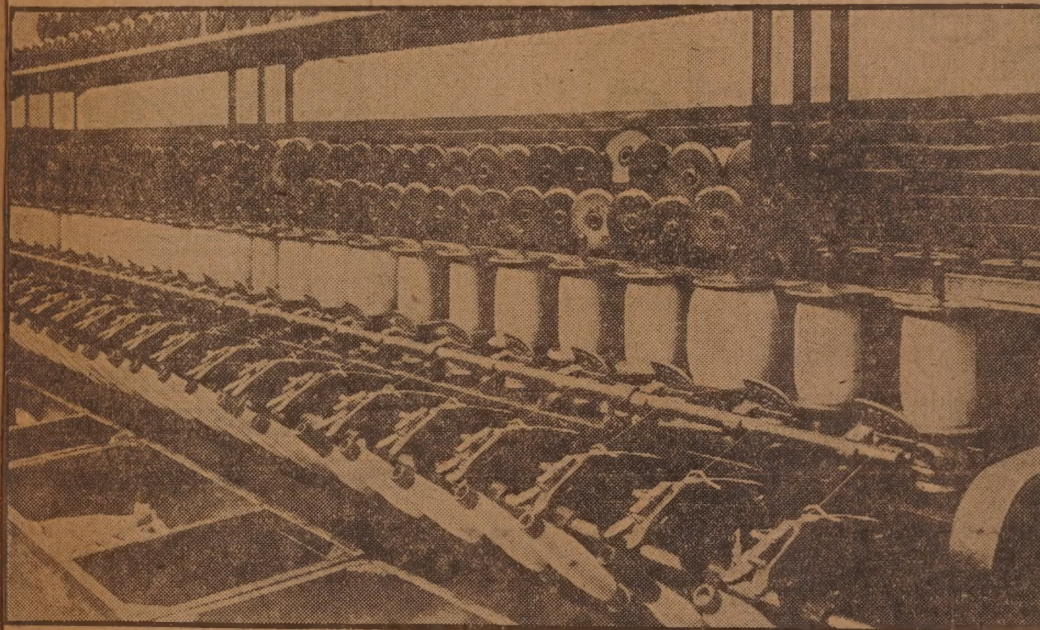


Philip H. Leveque.



Louis Velleux.

NEW TENSION DEVICE BIG AID TO SPOOLING

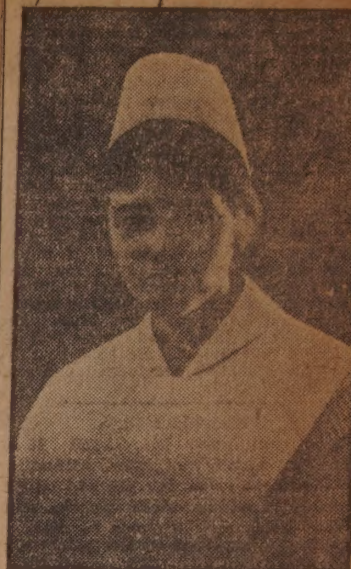


Wernert Schuler Is Elected to Staff of Brown Publication



Wernert J. Schuler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Schuler of this city, a student at Brown University, has been elected a member of the business staff of the Brown Jug, the college monthly publication.

Miss M. E. Pemberton Completes Training Course at Hospital

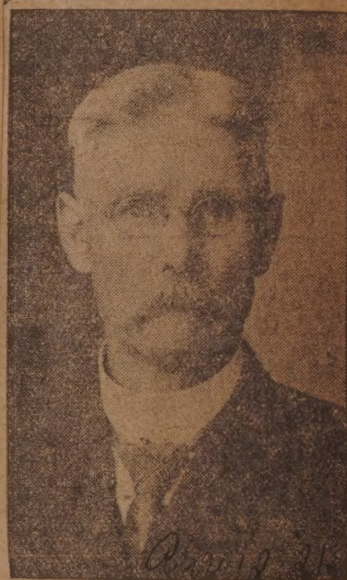


Miss M. Ethel Pemberton.

Miss M. Ethel Pemberton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Pemberton, 203 County street, graduates from St. Joseph's hospital, Providence, April 27.

Miss Pemberton has completed a three year course in nursing at St. Joseph's and upon receiving her diploma will return to this city and open practice.

Civil War Veteran Whose Death Came Yesterday at 78



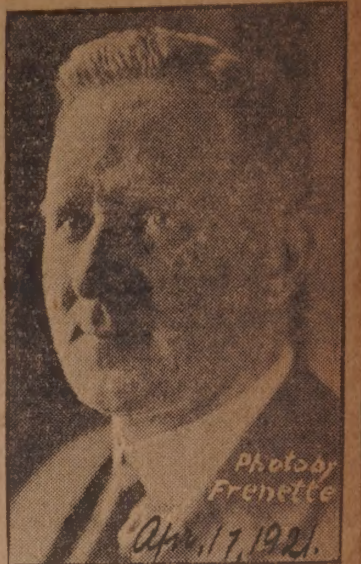
Frederick P. Clark died yesterday, at his home, 11 Spruce street, aged 78 years, 11 months. Mr. Clark, who was a carpenter by trade, was a veteran of the Civil war, and a prominent member of Post 1, G. A. R. Mr. Clark was born in New Bedford, in 1842. He entered the Union army at the outbreak of the Civil war, enlisting on Sept. 28, 1861, although at that time he was a boy of but nineteen years of age. He served in company D of the twenty-third regiment of Massachusetts infantry, as a private. He left the service on December 2, 1863 receiving an honorable discharge.

VOICE ADVENTURES IN A LABYRINTH OF WIRES

Vocal Tones Travel Some When One Takes Down a Receiver and Calls Central—How the Girls of the Telephone Exchange Handle Plugs Is Vastly Interesting



New Superintendent
of Local Plant of
National Spun Silk



Leonard H. Mellor.

Leonard H. Mellor, who has been made superintendent of the big local plant of the National Spun Silk Co., following the resignation of Hugo Kayes, is a long time resident of New Bedford and a graduate of the New Bedford schools. Born in England, he came to New Bedford when a child and attended the Parker street grammar school.

He entered the cotton manufacturing business as an employee of the Grinnell mill, where he was a mule spinner twenty-nine years ago. He later went to the Rotch mill where he became third hand in the spinning room and still later went to work in the Hathaway mill as third hand in the spinning room, later rising to overseer.

When the Booth mill was built he went to that mill in charge of the mule and ring spinning, spooling, warping and twisting departments, having charge of the organization and of the working force in that part of the mill and the starting up of the machinery. He later went to the Butler mill as overseer of the mule room and when Supt. John Fernley went to the Bristol he followed him to that mill, taking charge of the mule and ring spinning departments.

He was instructor in mule spinning at the New Bedford Textile school evenings for seven years and when the World War broke out he offered his services to the government and became inspector of textiles in the ordnance department. He was in charge of this department's inspecting force in this district when the war closed.

He entered the employ of the National Spun Silk Co. two and one-half years ago just following the war. He became night superintendent at the plant and was later transferred to the day force and given charge of the spinning and finishing departments.

Mr. Mellor is really a veteran of two wars, since he enlisted during the Spanish-American war and is now a member of the Spanish War Veterans Association.

Upper left—Supervisors. Standing. F. Richardson, K. Savage, M. Andrews, A. Law, R. Spooner, A. Robinson; seated: V. C. Chase, junior chief operator, M. A. Reynolds, chief operator, M. Keane, toll supervisor. Upper right—"Number Please", the operating room. Lower left—In the recreation room. Insert—William H. Fox, manager of the New Bedford district. Lower right—Locating trouble on the test board.

WHERE WAMSUTTA SHEETS ARE MADE UP



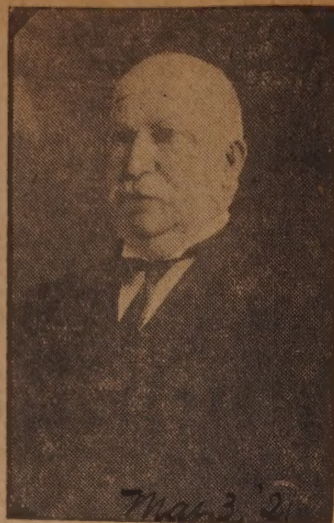
The picture shows the interior of the Wamsutta sheet and pillow case factory with the manufacture of sheets and pillow cases going on. The double row of sewing and hemstitching machines are at the left and the tables for folding, tearing, marking, piling, etc., are at the right. Superintendent Irvine is shown standing in the center of the picture.

NEW BUILDING PLANNED ON PURCHASE STREET



William T. Caswell is to erect a building of cement and steel on the east side of Purchase street, north of the Elm rink, the site recently purchased by him. The building is to be one story high on Purchase street and two stories high on Acushnet avenue, this type of building being possible through the sharp decline from Purchase street to the avenue. The building will be in such form that it will be available as three separate places of business, designed for occupancy by three service stations and garages, each having a capacity of about 100 cars, making this by far the largest building in the city given over exclusively to automobile service and storage. There will be a truck entrance from the avenue and entrances for other cars on Purchase street, on which front there will also be space for showrooms. There is a frontage of 143 feet on Purchase street. The entire tract contains 34.71 rods.

Prominent Member Among Portuguese Colony Here Dies



John Leite Perreira.

John Leite Perreira, 73 years of age, one of the best known members of the Portuguese colony in this city, died after a long illness Tuesday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Manuel Pacheco, of 166 Butler street.

Mr. Perreira emigrated from Lisbon to this country 27 years ago, settling in New Bedford, where he established a pottery business of which he remained at the head until a few years ago when he retired. He was prominent in Portuguese musical circles and was for many years bandmaster of the New Bedford Portuguese band. He was a member of the Portuguese fraternity of the United States of America and for many years was an officer in the society.

The funeral will take place from the home of his daughter on Butler street Thursday morning at 9 o'clock and will be followed at 10 o'clock by a high mass of requiem at Mt. Carmel church. Mr. Perreira is survived by three daughters and one son.

Old Clock Maker, Born in Bohemia, Died Here Today



Charles Newman.

Charles Newman, for more than 41 years a resident of New Bedford, died at his home, 140 Holly street, this morning. He was 73. Born in Bohemia, he came to this country and settled in New Bedford, being employed for a great many years as a weaver. About 20 years ago he retired from this craft and worked as a clock maker and repairer since. He was a member of the Potomaska Stamm, No. 182, United Order of Red men. He leaves three children, Charles, Jr., Mrs. Wendell Couza and Mrs. Max Boehler; two sisters and four brothers.

THREE OF FOUR HIGH SCHOOL HONOR PUPILS



Left to right, Ida Frieda Alpert, essayist; Lena Ida Slom, salutatorian; Helen Macy Streeter, valedictorian.

The four honor pupils for the June graduating class are Helen Macy Streeter, valedictorian; Lena Ida Slom, salutatorian, and Marshal William Gellette and Ida Frieda Alpert, essayists. All had averages above 90 per cent. Miss Slom is but 15 years old.

Well Known Patriotic Worker Stricken with Death While Sewing



Mrs. Mary H. Manchester, widow of Phineas B. Manchester, died suddenly at her residence Thursday night, at the age of 72 years, four months and 16 days. Mrs. Manchester had been in feeble health for a year, but she had been as well as usual and was suddenly stricken while sewing. She had planned to go out Friday.

Mrs. Manchester was for many years an active member of the Woman's Relief Corps of William Logan Rodman Post 1, G. A. R. She had served as chaplain, as junior vice president and as senior vice president, and at the time of her death was patriotic instructor of the corps. For 25 years Mrs. Manchester had been in charge of planning for the flowers for Memorial day, and it had been her custom for many years to prepare a special piece to be placed beside the stone erected to the unknown dead in Rural cemetery. This was usually a floral blanket that Mrs. Manchester took great pride in designing and fashioning with her own hands.

Mrs. Manchester leaves a son, Benjamin Manchester, and a daughter, Mrs. Lizzie Hammett, both of this city.

Was Long Active as Evangelistic Worker Throughout the Cape



Rev. Mary S. Ransom.

One of the most active workers in religious circles throughout this section was the Rev. Mary S. Ransom, who died at her home, near 344 Kempton street, yesterday.

HERE IS WHAT'S LEFT OF BRIGGS'S MAIL CART



This is Otis L. Briggs's mail cart which he says West End boys used as a plaything and ripped to pieces. It once had a top. Mr. Briggs says it was worth \$75. Parents of the boys who have been summoned by the wholesale to appear at the West End Police Station today disagree with him. As Lieut.

Fay's investigation takes place late this afternoon, the story of how he settles it will have to wait for The Sunday Standard.

The boys on the vehicle posed to oblige a Standard photographer. They belong in the neighborhood but don't admit that they are guilty of misusing the outfit.

THE BEST PHYSICAL HIGH SCHOOL SPECIMENS

Look—Here Is the Jolly Jester
Who's Coming for Health Week



Mar. 20, 1921.

Children of New Bedford—meet Mr. Jolly Jester! Meet him now so that you will know him when he comes here on Saturday, April 2, Children's day, in Health Week. Oh, yes, you will all know him if you go to the theatres where he is on Saturday morning, the Comique and the Colonial, or to the High School on Saturday afternoon.

With him will be many interesting people that most of the children have met before in the vegetable family. Among them will be Charlie Carrot, with eyes that wink and a mouth that talks. Polly Peas is coming, too, to tell why Brother Beans is absent.

And perhaps the Jolly Jester might bring with him the monkey that washes his face and combs his hair, and chatters so that every little girl and boy can understand him.



Mar. 21, 1921.



Mar. 27, 1921.

MISS MATILDA DONAGHY AND HENRY VIERA.

GIRL SCOUTS PUT FLOURISH TO WEEK'S END



Apr. 3, 1921.

The Girl Scouts put the concluding flourish to the Health Week program Saturday. The Scouts, with their drum and bugle corps, marched about the center of the city during the morning and afternoon. Their tuneful bugles and strenuous blows on the drums made them a living demonstration of good health.

Here Are the Health Posters
that Won the First Awards

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS



GO
HAND IN HAND



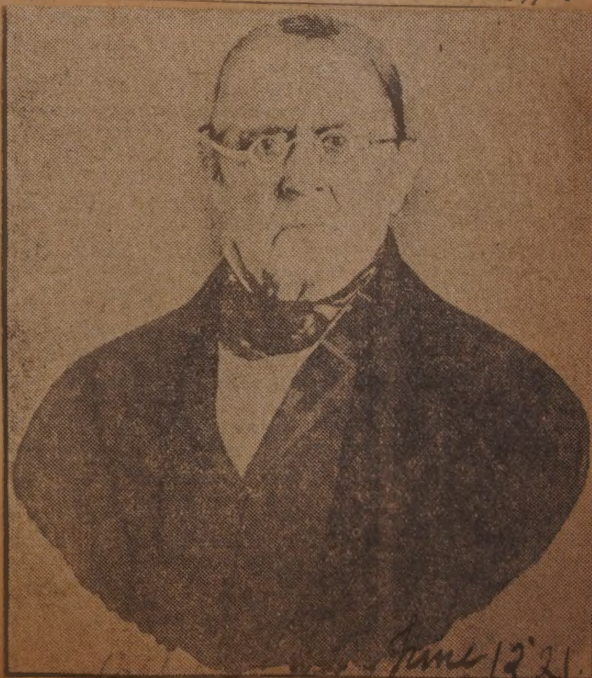
ORANGES BRIGHT
AND APPLES RED
ARE ALWAYS GOOD
FOR HEALTH
'TIS SAID

The upper picture is the design of Miss Alva Glidden, while the lower represents Blanche Berger's poster.

Mar. 25, 1921.



ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER. Mar. 27, '21.



Capt. Joshua Cushing. June 12, '21.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO WHITTLE LIKE THIS?



Mar. 24, 1921.

Whittling with a jack knife is the avocation of Bernard C. Wade, a clerk at the Potomaska mill, and Mr. Wade has turned his ingenuity with a jack knife to the making of articles in miniature. It is wholly a pastime with him, and the products of his skill become presents for his friends, who find interest in them. There is nothing of intrinsic value about them, further than that they illustrate the patient and careful work of Mr. Wade, for they are carefully put together in every part.

Mr. Wade's skill runs to turning out miniature phonographs, cabinets, tabarets, windmills, loghouses, a house of bamboo and library tables. He has taken pride that in order to accomplish these results he

has not used any particularly cut wood. For his windmill standard he used a piece of wood found on the shore at Fort Phoenix, not a single piece of wood in the finished article, but with the four sides carefully mortised together. Cigar boxes furnished him with the necessary wood for his phonograph cabinets, while a piece of cherry wood went into the making of the library table shown here. The tabarets are of ordinary oak wood found about the house. The house of bamboo, with over 300 separate pieces of wood glued together, was made from a bamboo broom handle. The loghouse is made of over 200 separate pieces of wood, all of them carefully fitted and glued together. Inside the house, which has windows of isinglass, are miniature tables and chairs.

These Donaghy School Boys Are Busy Making Fireless Cookers for Mothers



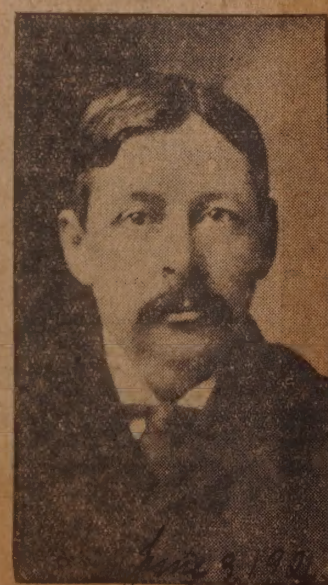
Down at the de vauzes boys' Club in the Donaghy School is a group of young members who have made up their minds that their mothers will not spend the beautiful warm days to come over a hot cook stove. And to carry out that resolution they are each making her a fireless cooker, under the direction of Mrs. M. J. Hayden. The total cost has not in any case exceeded \$1, and in one or two instances was even less, where some of the materials were at hand. All that is needed for one of these thoroughly efficient cookers is an ordinary wooden box, a few strips of corrugated paper, a quantity of excelsior, a large tin—(candy or peanut butter tin costing 15 cents)—some powdered asbestos and a sheet of tin to cover the top. Some of the boys in the picture have already completed their cookers and have tested them.

DEATH TAKES JUDGE ALGER

Prominent Bristol County
Jurist Dies in Taunton After
Short Illness

Widely Famed for Knowledge
of Probate Law—Had a
Conspicuous Record

Taunton, June 3.—Judge Arthur M. Alger, judge of the Bristol County Probate Court and one of the outstanding figures of the Massachusetts judiciary, died at his home here last night after a two weeks' illness caused



Judge Arthur M. Alger.

THESE INTERESTING YOUNG WOMEN ARE SISTERS



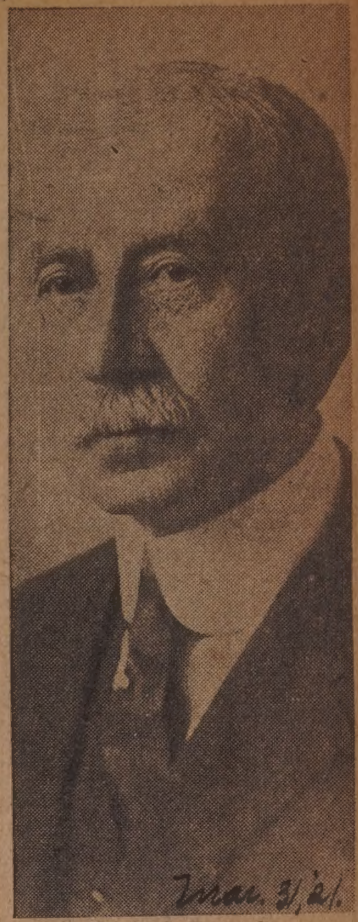
Tiny Violetta Oesting and her elder sister, Rosamund, two dainty daughters of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Oesting of Jenny Lind street.

THIS IS THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



Members of both the State and City governments, together with relatives from different parts of the United States and Canada, will gather here today to assist Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gladu in celebrating the 50th anniversary of their wedding. A solemn high mass was celebrated at eight o'clock this morning at St. Anne's and will be followed in the evening by a celebration at Sharpshooters' Hall in the South End. From left to right: Mrs. Leon Gorman, of Whitman; George A. Gladu, of New Bedford; Joseph Gladu, Stanislas Gladu, Mrs. Edesse Gladu and Adelard Gladu.

He Was Founder
and First Ruler
of This City's Elks



Frank C. Bancroft.

FELLOW MANAGER PAY TRIBUTE TO "BANNY'S" PROWESS

Doe Lauds His Wit and Originality—Cites Some Instances of It

PASSES BAR

Aug 4-1921



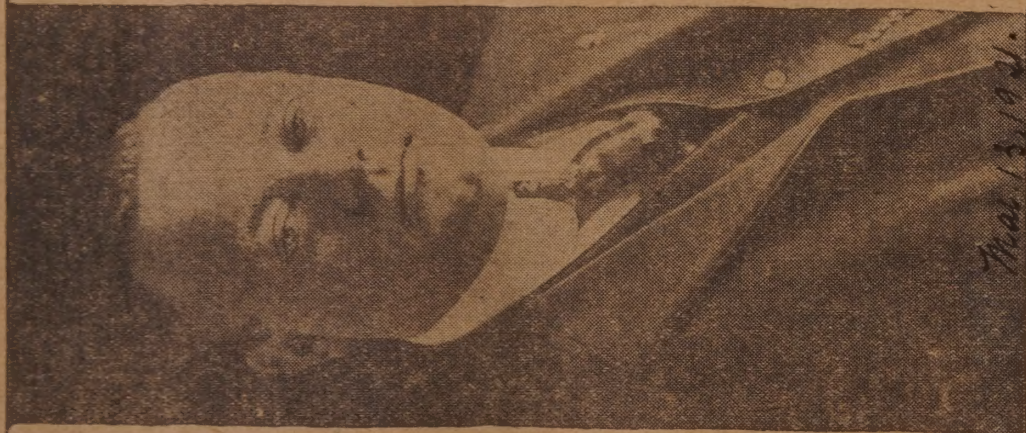
This is Frank Resendes of 38 Middle Road, Acushnet, who has just received notification from the state bar examiners that he has successfully passed his bar examinations. Mr. Resendes is a graduate of the New Bedford High School and of the Boston University Law School. He intends to open an office in this city for the general practice of law.

THESE ARE NEW OFFICERS OF NEW BEDFORD LODGE OF ELKS



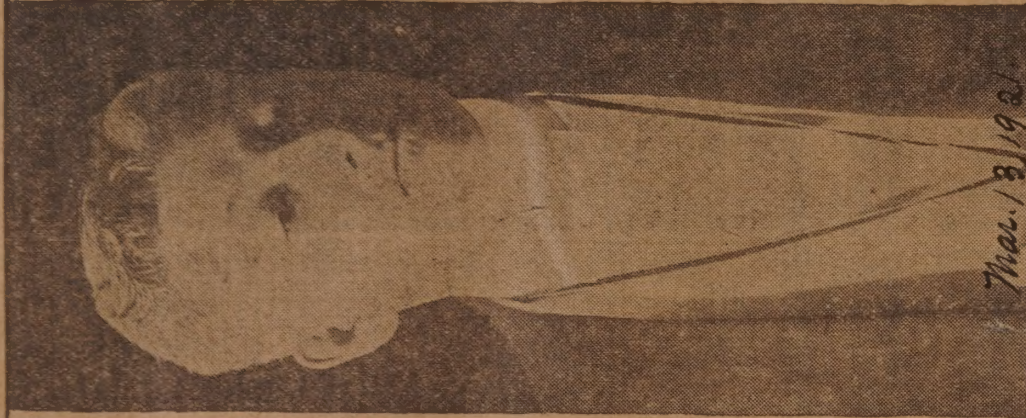
Mar. 13, 1921.

Joseph F. Francis,
New Exalted Ruler.



Mar. 13, 1921.

Frank J. Hart
Leading Knight.



Mar. 13, 1921.

Walter S. McPhail
Treasurer.



*Photos by
J.M. Oppenheim*

Mar. 13, 1921.

John E. McBride
Secretary.

LEPERS START ON JOURNEY TO SOUTHERN HOME

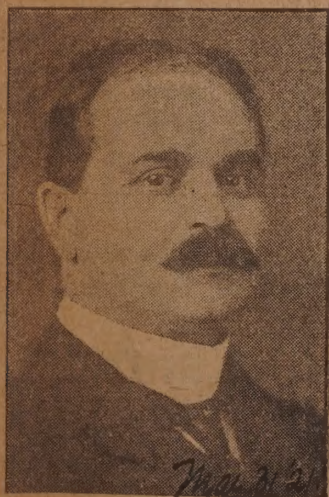


This picture snapped by a Standard staff photographer on the Philadelphia & Reading wharf yesterday afternoon, shows the Penikese lepers on the way from the tug to the hospital car which is carrying them to Louisiana. The men in the foreground carrying suit cases are patients. The young woman in the second row is the army nurse accompanying them.

NOE L. NADEAU FAILS TO RALLY

New Bedford Lawyer, Active in French Societies, Died This Morning Following an Operation

Noe L. Nadeau, a resident of New Bedford during the last seven years, died at the Cray hospital in Dartmouth at 2 o'clock this morning, fol-



Noe L. Nadeau.

lowing an illness which had necessitated his going to the hospital for an operation. He had been in ill health for the last five or six months, though during much of that time he had been able to be at his office in the Five Cents Savings Bank building. He was 58.

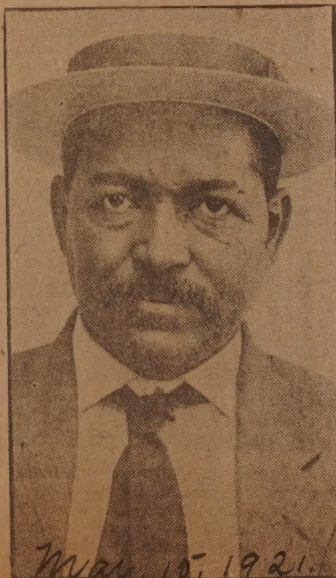
Mr. Nadeau was a native of St. Cesaire, Province of Quebec, Canada.

VETERAN SEA CAPTAIN DEAD

Many Were the Thrilling Experiences of John Z. Silva, Who Long Plied Between Here and Islands

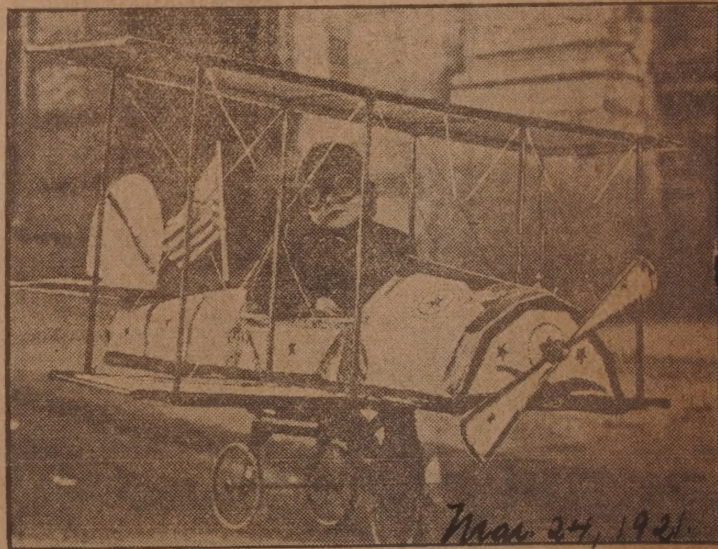
Captain John Zurick Silva, pioneer captain of the Cape Verde trade from this port, is dead at his home in the Islands, at the age of about 65, it has been learned here. This well known Brava skipper was injured in coming across the Atlantic to Providence last summer, and it is thought that he never fully recovered from the accident.

He was one of the best known



Captain John Z. Silva.

August Dutra Hops Off in Kiddie Car Aeroplane Built by Father



Here is little three-year-old August Dutra in the Kiddie-Car Aeroplane her father, John Dutra of 12 Spooner street, built for him. Clad as warmly as though he were to fly 28,000 feet into the air, aviator's helmet and goggles complete, little August attracted considerable attention in the center of the city yesterday afternoon as he pedaled his flyer about the main thoroughfares. Traffic cops all gave him the right of way and good-natured autoists slowed their machines down to two miles an hour as they proceeded behind him until an open place came for them to pass him.

Mr. Dutra is employed as a street laborer. Work is a bit slack, present and he spent the last week constructing the unique toy. The frame is made of light wood, with canvas stretched over it to form the wings and body. In his aviator's cockpit, August has a little steering gear that controls the direction of his machine, while pedals on the front wheels furnish the two-foot power. The propeller is made of light stiffened paper and whirls merrily with the slightest breeze. Although he had no model to work from, Mr. Dutra has duplicated in miniature a biplane accurately.

The U. S. aviation stars within circles are painted all over the tiny craft, which has two spread eagles painted on the front and a little figurehead on the tail. A small American flag completes the ensemble. It is finished in red and white.

MAP SHOWS WHERE AUTOS MAY PARK IN CITY



With the approval of the mayor, Chief of Police Edward P. Doherty has designated certain sections of streets in the center of the city where no parking of vehicles will hereafter be countenanced. Congestion of traffic is chiefly responsible for the changes in parking regulations of the city.

As shown by the double dotted lines in the accompanying illustration, prepared by Traffic Sergeant Ivar V. Nelson for The Standard, the following sections of streets have been set aside to be free from the parking of vehicles of any sort in the future:

- William street, west from Sixth, south side, to the west boundary line of the registry of deeds lot.
- Pleasant street, from Spring to Market streets, west side.
- Purchase street, from Union north to south boundary of Steiger-Dudgeon company building, west side.
- Purchase street, from William north to north boundary of Merchants bank building, west side.
- Purchase street, from Union south to south boundary of Institution for Savings building, east side.
- Acushnet avenue, from Union to Middle streets, east side.
- William street, from Purchase street to Acushnet avenue, north side.
- Middle street, from Pleasant to Second streets, south side.

The taxi stand is located on the west and north sides of the municipal lot.

Mar. 18, 1921.

FOR 90 YEARS SHE'S CALLED THIS HOME.



Mrs. Charles M. Borden (insert) and dwelling on Butler street in which she has lived for more than 90 years.

JANITOR STUCK HEAD OVER TOP

Apr 6-1921

Instead of Going to Basement
Tried to Call Message
Down

Police Plan to Make Further Investigation of Accident in Laskey's

While the police are satisfied that Herbert E. Southwick, janitor at the Laskey store, Purchase street, who was fatally crushed in the elevator well of the establishment yesterday afternoon, met death by accident, Chief Inspector Walter Almond said today that a further investigation would be made.

According to the report made by Patrolman Hammersley who was



Herbert E. Southwick.

called into the store immediately after the man was killed, electricians were working on the elevator yesterday afternoon changing over the power from hydraulic to electric. They were trying out the lift and Southwick went to the basement to tell them that it was not working properly. The elevator was then going up.

Instead of going all the way down into the basement, the janitor stuck his head over the top of a metal shield about a quarter of an inch thick. The descending balance weights, weighing hundreds of pounds struck him on the back of the head and he was decapitated. His body was drawn down into the pit and badly crushed.

Elmer Harris, of North Pleasant street, South Dartmouth, was the only witness of the accident. Scores of women shoppers who were in the establishment did not know of it.

Dr. Charles Shanks, assistant medical examiner viewed the body and authorized its removal to the undertaking rooms of W. S. Dillingham in South Sixth street.

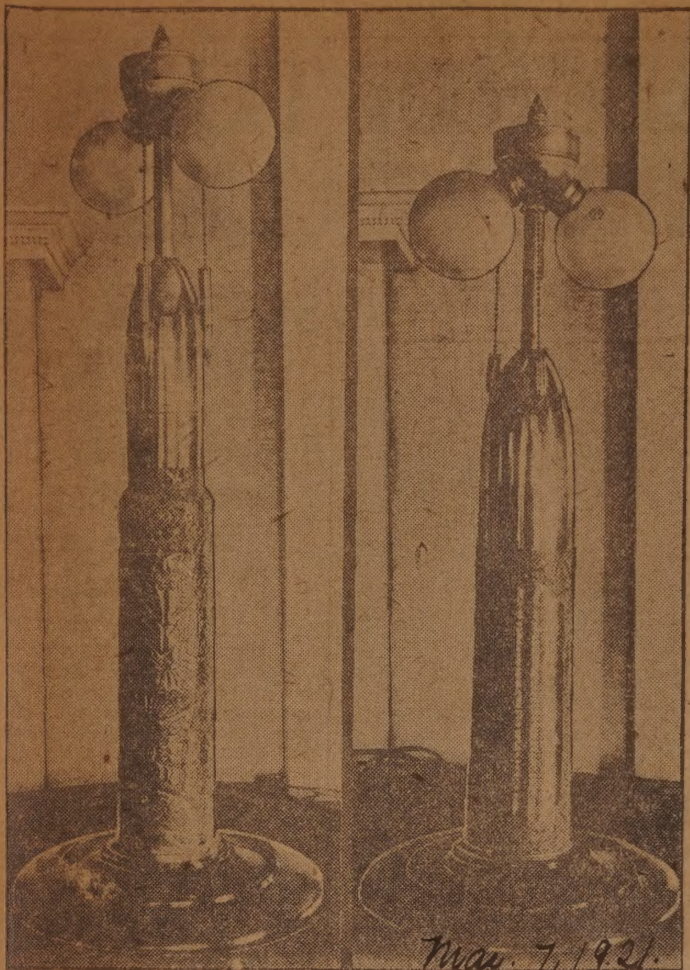
Southwick was 56 and made his home with Alonzo C. Thompson at 92 High street. He had been employed in the Laskey store nearly two years. He was slightly deaf.

Mr. Southwick as a young man entered the employ of the Morning Mercury and after some time spent in the counting room as mail clerk learned the printing business and for some years was a compositor on the paper. He later left the employ of the Mercury and for some years was engaged in the photograph business in this city and Brockton. Later Mr. Southwick made a specialty of taking group photographs of school children and in this work he traveled to all parts of the state.

Mr. Southwick was never married. He leaves two brothers, William Southwick of Boston and Frederick Southwick of Middleboro.

The brothers came to this city and arrangements for the funeral will be completed today.

These Battle Used Shells Converted Into Lamps for Peaceful Nights



Mar. 7, 1921

When Harold Marsden, 6 Arch street, was a commissary steward aboard the U. S. S. Leonidas with Uncle Sam's Submarine Detachment No. 2 in the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas during the war, his spare moments were spent in the making of excellent war souvenirs.

Two of his best pieces of work are pictured above. They are electric table lamps made from parts of shells and bullets of more or less historic value.

The left hand lamp is constructed on a base of solid mahogany. Next to the base comes the bottom of an Italian 75 shell which was picked up in the Piave valley, just after the rout of the Austrian forces. This piece is soldered to a shell case of an Austrian 75 mm. which forms the body of the lamp. Riveted to this and holding a solid steel, machine turned projectile is a piece of an American six pounder shell. The handles of the light

switch chains are German machine gun bullets.

Elaborate designs are punched on the soft brass shell case, depicting spread eagles, hands across the seas, and stars. This work required great care and perseverance, taking three months of Mr. Marsden's time to complete.

The lamp on the right is a few inches shorter than its mate, but took a month longer to finish. The shell is an American three inch cartridge and one of the first fired by an American sub-chaser at a German sub off the Spanish coast. The projectile is made of cold-rolled steel and weighs about 18 pounds. On the light switch chains are cartridges from Colt .45 revolvers such as are used today in the Army and Navy.

Hammered in script on the shell case is the famous war poem "Flanders Fields." It took five weeks' work in spare time to do this piece of work. On the reverse side of the shell are the pictures of a soldier and sailor.



This is Mrs. Eliza Ann Caldwell who died Tuesday, the oldest woman in Taunton, in her 100th year. She was born in Freetown in 1822, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Cummings. She moved to New Bedford after her marriage to Seth C. Caldwell and was a prominent member of the Pleasant Street M. E. church.

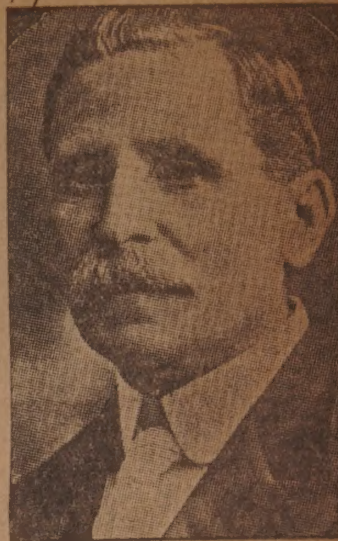
Dies in 100th Year
Aug. 26 - 1921

New Bedford Minister Who Retires And Man Who Will Succeed Him

Apr 6 - 1921



Rev. Joseph Gorton.



Rev. Elijah Humphries.

ACCEPTS CALL TO PASTORATE

Rev. Joseph Gorton, of Fall River, to Succeed Rev. Elijah Humphries at First Primitive Methodist

Rev. Joseph Gorton, pastor of the Dwelly Street P. M. Church, Fall River, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First P. M. Church in this city, according to an announcement made yesterday morning. Rev. Mr. Gorton succeeds the Rev. Elijah Humphries, who is to retire from the ministry. Rev. Mr. Gorton will be assigned at the annual Primitive Methodist conference which opens in Brooklyn, N. Y., May 12.

A splendid record of achievement has been made by Rev. Mr. Gorton in the two years that he has served the Fall River church. A church debt of \$2350 has been paid off, and owing to his efforts, it is planned to burn the church mortgage May 1. The Sunday school has increased its membership since he assumed the pastorate and extensive repairs have been made to the church. Rev. Mr. Gorton came to this country from England in 1903 and lived for a time in Graystone, R. I. He later moved to Fall River and was active as a layman in the Sykes church. He was ordained to the ministry at the Primitive Methodist conference in New Bedford, May 17, 1915.

Rev. Mr. Humphries, whom Rev. Mr. Gorton succeeds, is one of the veteran leaders of the Primitive Methodist church in this section of the country. He was born in 1853 in Bilton, England, and at 16 received a license as a local preacher. He came to this country in 1870 and located in western Pennsylvania, where he had charge of a mission church. He served in various places in that section until he was called to the First P. M. church here 27 years ago. He served here for 10 years and then went to Fall River where he was pastor for 8 years, leaving there to go to the First Primitive Methodist church in Brooklyn, N. Y., where, he remained for six years and then returned to his former parish here, where he has since remained. He was particularly active as a prohibition worker.

Preacher and Wife
Who Are Coming
to Church Here



Apr. 9, 1921



Apr. 9, 1921

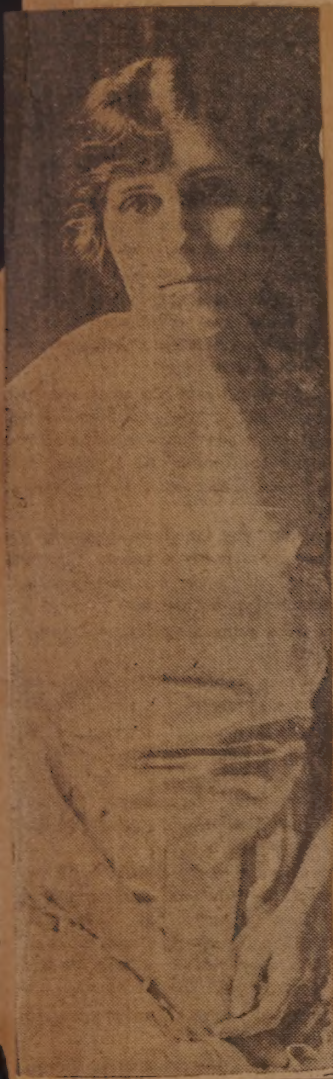
The Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Gorton.

Mr. Gorton is coming to the First Primitive Methodist church here.

96 THE EDUCATION OF OUR CHILDREN IN THEIR HANDS 197

A Page of Portraits of Teachers in the New Bedford Public Schools

Photographs by J. M. Oppenheim



Miss Adah Halstead



Miss Ruth Brownell



Miss Helen F. Moore



Miss Maud Stafford



Miss Anna Cleary



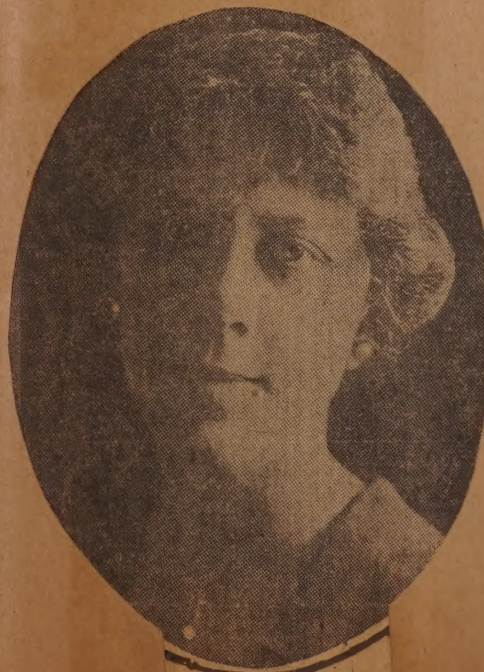
Miss Mary Furlong



Miss E. F. Yates



Miss E. F. Yates



Miss Florence
E. Moore



Miss A. L. Yates



Miss Laura King



Miss Alice Craig

**Miss Peirce Awarded
Spanish Fellowship
at Smith College**



Miss Helen J. Peirce.

Northampton, April 14.—Miss Helen J. Peirce, of New Bedford, Mass., class of 1921 of Smith college has won the exchange fellowship in Spanish. The exchange is with Residencia de Estudiantes in Madrid.

Miss Peirce is the daughter of Mrs. Stella Peirce of this city. She is a graduate of the New Bedford High school in the class of February, 1917. In her senior year in High school she was a member of the Alpha board, vice president of the Bird club, was a participant in the class play and Shakespeare play, was the class representative to the Woman's Club, class treasurer, a member of the class colors committee and of the decorating committee for graduation.



Miss Elsie Eldredge

OFFICERS OF NEW BEDFORD BURLEIGH CLUB



Upper left: Dr. X. Thomas, membership committee; upper right: Miss Nellie Barbour, secretary; lower left: Fred D. Bonner, president; lower right: Miss Estella B. Knox, librarian; insert: Miss Anna Reed, membership committee.

Apr. 9, 1921 Well Known Police Sergeant Who Was Stricken Yesterday



Sergeant Edward A. Hynes of the New Bedford police department died shortly before 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon at his home, 91 Valentine street, following an illness of several weeks. His death was attributed to heart disease.

Sergeant Hynes was born in England Sept. 7, 1873. He came to this country early in life and was employed for some time in various mills, receiving a certificate from the New Bedford Textile School for completing the cotton carding overseer's course.

On July 18, 1901, he was appointed to the reserve police force by Mayor Ashley, serving as deputy tax collector and park policeman for four years until, Sept. 18, 1905, he was appointed to the regular force. October 3, 1917, he was appointed a sergeant, standing first in a class of 35 who took the first competitive examination for sergeant ever held.

Sergeant Hynes was elected president of the New Bedford branch of the Massachusetts Police Association in 1918 and also served as vice president of that organization. He was a member of the board of directors of the New Bedford Policemen's Relief Association, and had served as delegate to state police conventions.

June 30, 1918, he enlisted in the United States army and served about six months at Fort Rodman, coming out Dec. 20, 1918, as a sergeant. He headed the list of those striving for members when the American Legion post was organized here, bringing in 336 members personally.

Since the first of this year, the sergeant had been on duty days at the desk at police headquarters, coming to the centre from a long term of service at the south end station.

More than two months ago, the sergeant went home sick, with a bad cold. After three or four weeks he returned to duty to remain only a few days when he was again obliged to give up and go home. That was five weeks ago and he did not return to duty again. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Agnes Gaughan of this city, three children and his mother.

When Cigar Store Occupied Busy Corner

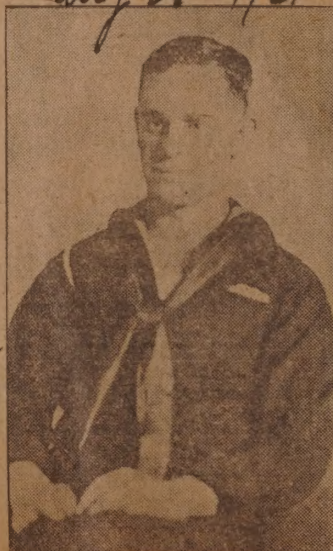
Aug 12 - 1921



A view of Purchase and William streets 50 years ago.

WELCOMED HOME

Aug 28 1921



A reception was recently tendered Thomas Wilcox who has just been discharged from the navy at his home 226 Kempton street. He was presented with a purse of money by his parents.

THE PASSING OF THE PENIKESE LEPROSARIUM

Dr. and Mrs. Parker Face End of Long Exile with Feeling of Sadness While Their Unfortunate Charges Were Heartbroken at Parting



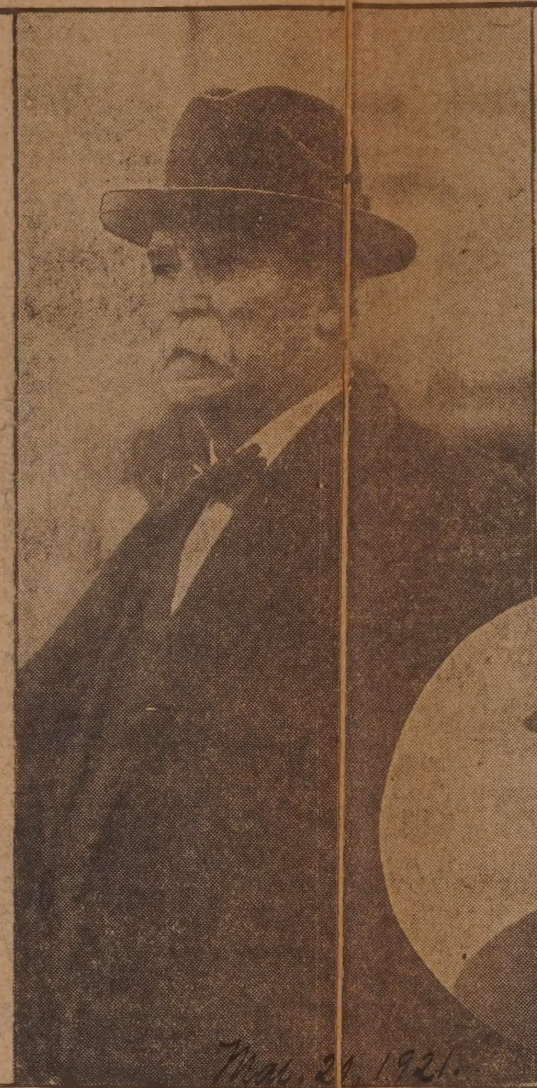
Mar. 20, 1921



Mar. 20, 1921



Mar. 20, 1921



Mar. 20, 1921



Mar. 20, 1921



Mar. 20, 1921



Mar. 20, 1921

Mrs. Frank H. Parker.

The winter desolation of Penikese.
Row of Lepers' cottages.

DR. FRANK H. PARKER

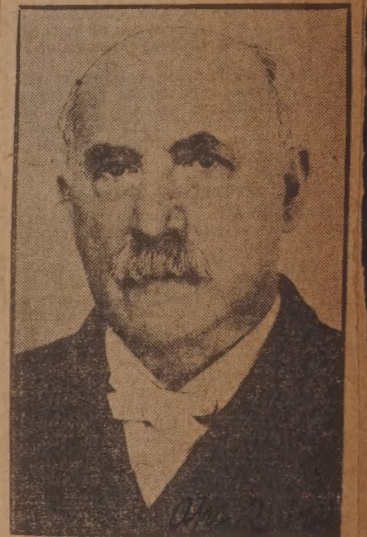
Patrick Donovan
Orderly at Penikese.

United States hospital car.
Former administration building, home
of Agassiz school.

W. G. LAMB IS SHOCK VICTIM

Dies This Morning at St. Luke's—For Several Years Master Mechanic at Municipal Building and Library

William G. Lamb, for 19 years master mechanic at the Municipal building and Library up to his retirement during the second administration of Mayor Hathaway, died yesterday morning at St. Luke's hospital after a 10 day's illness. He suffered an apoplectic shock. Mr. Lamb



William G. Lamb.

was born in Dartmouth on the old stage road between Smith Mills and the Head of Westport on the old Lamb farm March 30, 1845, the son of Captain William Lamb. He came to this city when a young man and learned the carriage maker's trade. Early in 1870, together with his brother, James H. Lamb, Mr. Lamb formed the New Bedford Tool Company. The new company established headquarters at Walnut and Water streets and continued in business for nearly seven years when a fire wiped them out. Mr. Lamb was an auctioneer for many years and later was the representative in the Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island territory for the D. Appleton Company selling encyclopedias. In 1899 he was appointed superintendent of the heating system in the old Library and later was made master mechanic of the Library and Municipal building. During the second administration of Mayor Hathaway he retired. He was a charter member of Century lodge, Ancient Order of Unitedworkmen. He is survived by four children, Albert S. of this city, Clarence G. of Newark, N. J., Arthur B. of Los Angeles, Cal., and a daughter, Mrs. H. M. Peck, also of Los Angeles.

BEST INDIAN IN STATE DIES WHILE RAKING IN HIS HAY

William Belain Found in Field on Vineyard by

Aug. 19, 1921
Edgartown, Aug. 19.—William Belain the Vineyard's oldest citizen as well as the oldest Indian in Massachusetts, died at his Chappaquiddick home yesterday afternoon. His age was placed between 100 and 104. Death was due to natural causes. At the time of his death, Mr. Belain was raking hay in the field not far from his home. He lived alone, except for the occasional visits of his nephew, Mr. Asa Wetquish who was then in his house. His sister, Mrs. Belain, did not return home for several days after at 6:15 o'clock, his sister went to the nearby field to learn the cause of his delay. She found him lying unconscious at the side of his rake in the hay field.



William Belain.

Mrs. Wetquish rushed to the house of a neighbor, who seeing an automobile approaching, motioned the driver who was former State Senator Roger Sherman Hear. The two carried the unconscious form into his house. Up to the time of his death, Mr. Belain had all his faculties and was active. He owned a small farm, kept a cow and had an excellent garden which he cultivated. Throughout his long life, he had not been any great distance from his home at Chappaquiddick.

Served in Civil War



The death of John Edmonson occurred suddenly at his home, 8 Thompson street, on Friday. Mr. Edmonson was born March 26, 1840 at Walton-le-dale, Lancashire, England. He served in the British army in Ireland, and came to the United States in 1863. He enlisted as a private in the 18th regiment of Ohio Company F in 1864, and saw action in the battle of Nashville, Tenn., in which he was wounded. Before coming to the United States, Mr. Edmonson was overseer in the weaving department in one of the mills, and continued his occupation at the Potomack and Wamutta mills here, and in Berkeley, R. I. and New York state. Mr. Thompson was a member of William Logan Rodman Post, No. 1, and the Star in the East Lodge, A. F. & A. M. He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. P. T. Brown, and three grandchildren, Miss Rachel L. Edmonson, Mrs. A. E. Pollock and W. E. Brown.

THIS IS THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



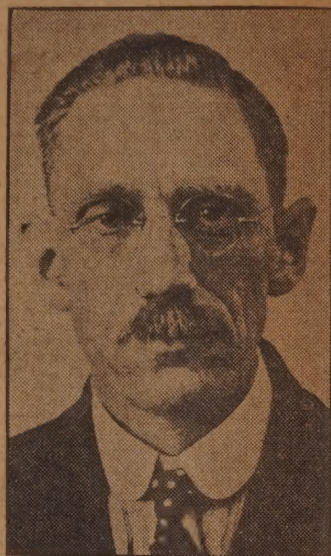
Members of both the State and City governments, together with relatives from different parts of the United States and Canada, will gather here today to assist Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gladu in celebrating the 50th anniversary of their wedding. A solemn high mass was celebrated at eight o'clock this morning at St. Anne's and will be followed in the evening by a celebration at Sharpshooters' Hall in the South End. From left to right: Mrs. Leon Gorman, of Whitman; George A. Gladu, of New Bedford; Joseph Gladu, Stanislas Gladu, Mrs. Edesse Gladu and Adelard Gladu.

ONCE A GROCER, NOW HE IS DISPENSING FOOD FOR THE SOUL

Apr 16 - 1921

Rev. Frank A. Stickles, New Pastor Here Preached While He Was in Business

From business man to preacher is the interesting experience of the Rev. Frank A. Stickles, the new pastor of the Advent Christian church here. The Rev. Mr. Stickles comes here from Sharon, Conn., where he has served as pastor of the Advent Christian church for the last six years. During that time he doubled the church membership and freed the church from a



Rev. Frank A. Stickles.

mortgage. Although Sharon was his first settled pastorate he was acting pastor of the North Otis church for two years, going out Sundays from Pittsfield, where he was then connected with the General Electric Company. Previous to that time he was in the grocery business in Torrington, Conn.

"While I was in business," Mr. Stickles said in speaking of his work, "I used to go out into the small and seemingly forgotten places and conduct services in schoolhouses and halls. I was licensed as a preacher, and then six years ago the conference ordained me. I was always interested in religious work, and at one time years ago served as one of the secretaries of the Pittsfield Y. M. C. A."

The Rev. Mr. Stickles was born in New York state in 1874, and is married and has two children. His daughter, Evelyn, is teaching in Cheshire, Conn., while he has a nine-year-old son, Frank Byron, at home.

FOUR TINY SALLIES OF NEW BEDFORD CORPS



Samuel Smalley, Jr., Freda and Barbara Malpass, Frank Jenkins

For the Third Time in 13 Years This Japanese Rose Is in Bloom

Apr 23-1921



Japanese roses, with the touch of the Azores, from where the plant came, are in early spring bloom at the home of Mrs. M. V. Rogers, 269 Palmer street. There is a profusion of blossoms this year to make up for the many years that it has not come into full bloom. The plant was brought to this country 13 years ago by Mrs. Rogers, who had returned to the islands for a visit. Since that time, it has developed full blossoms only twice, previously the buds for some unexplained reason dropping off. The Japanese rose is a common decorative and wild plant flower in the Azores. In this section of the United States, however, the plant has to be kept indoors, except during the warmer months. The blossoms are large sized and pink in color.

Descendant of Narragansett Indian Builds Own Shrine for Front Yard



As one strolls along the old streets of New Bedford there is little that calls from the temporal. But way towards the upper end of Middle street in the front yard of the home of Albert B. A. Lewis under the shadow of a mighty elm a little shrine has kept its lonely vigil through the Lenten season, its little white cross surmounted by the motto, "Gloria In Excelsis Deo" and a great shining yellow star silently proclaiming to each passerby a message of undying hope.

"Yes, I made that and put it up there," said Mr. Lewis through whose veins courses the blood of the once powerful Narragansett Indians, for his mother was a full blooded member of that tribe. "I'm always doing something like that. I tell folks I do it to keep out of mischief. All the tools I use though is a carpenter's saw and my knife. See that star there above the motto. Well that was an interesting bit of work, for you notice it is all set with little shells.

"You see I put a Latin motto on there," he went on to say. "I always liked to study and Miss Sarah Ottiwell, who for so many years was a teacher at the High school and for whom I worked, used to help me with Latin. I sometimes have the motto "Laus Deo" out there or if it is near the Fourth of July or some other patriotic holiday I will put up a little patriotic shrine."

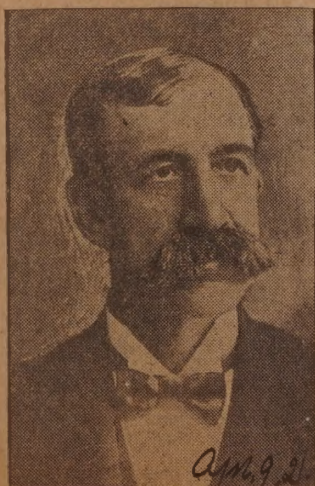
Mr. Lewis, who is a member of Grace Episcopal church, has sometimes aided in arranging special decorations at some of the churches.

HERBERT PEIRCE DIED TODAY

Was Long One of City's Veteran Furniture Dealers

Once Served as Alderman and Was Active in Odd Fellows

Herbert S. Peirce died at his home, 278 Pleasant street, this morning at the age of 68 years and 11 months. He would have been 69 years old on the 18th of this month. Mr. Peirce is survived by one daughter. The funeral



Herbert S. Peirce.

eral will be held from his late home Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock.

Mr. Peirce was born in New Bedford, April 18, 1852, on South Water street, between Grinnell and South streets, the son of John L. and

Amanda M. (Chase) Peirce. He had always made New Bedford his home and here he built up a large furniture business on South Water street. At the time he relinquished the business on account of his health it was one of the largest furniture stores in southeastern Massachusetts. Mr. Peirce had not been able to attend to business for several years, and sickness had confined him to his home for a long time. His wife died Oct. 18, 1917.

Mr. Peirce was educated in the public schools of the city. He started in the furniture business in 1876 when he was 24 years old, opening a small store on South Water street, starting in business with \$18 and a lot of courage. From this small beginning he expanded to a store occupying a large frontage on two streets. He was burned out Aug. 15, 1885, but resumed business and continued to conduct the business until a few years ago, when his health made it necessary for him to retire.

Mr. Peirce's father had served in the first City Council when New Bedford became a city in 1847, and so it came natural that his son should interest himself in politics. Mr. Peirce was a candidate for alderman from ward five on the ticket headed by the late Samuel E. Bentley in Mr.

Bentley's first campaign. Mr. Peirce was defeated by George H. Hedge. In 1905 Mr. Peirce was again a candidate for alderman from ward five on the ticket headed by the late Thomas Thompson, and he was elected by the largest vote given any of the aldermanic candidates, a plurality of 1,259. Mr. Peirce was a member of Acushnet lodge and Annawan Encampment, of the Odd Fellows, and of Stella lodge, Daughters of Rebekah. He was a member of Canton New Bedford, Patriarchs Militant, and was captain of the Canton in 1906. He was also a member of Nonquit tribe of Red Men.

Mr. Peirce had been for many years a summer resident of Oak Bluffs. Several years ago he built the Tivoli, a combination store and a dancing pavilion at that resort.

Mr. Peirce married first, in 1875, Annette Blanchard, of Killingly, Conn. She died June 8, 1885, leaving a daughter. He married second, July 19, 1886, Jennie Cory Howland, daughter of William Goddard and Rebecca S. Tripp (Gifford) Howland of this city.

BEACON MILLS' NEW MILLION DOLLAR ADDITION



The picture shows the plant of the Beacon Manufacturing Company, the home of the celebrated "Beacon" cotton blankets, and gives a view of the recently finished addition at the west end of the weave shed. The new part extends the entire length of the plant and its depth is indicated by the solid wall at the left in the foreground, all of which is new as far back as is shown in the picture. A considerable part of the plant extending to the left is not shown in the picture. New machinery is being installed as fast as it arrives and that part of the interior which is

not yet occupied with machinery is being used for storage. The addition increases the capacity of the weave room by about 20 or 25 per cent, and cost in the neighborhood of \$1,100,000. The Beacon's plant now has approximately 13 acres of floor space devoted to manufacturing and about five acres devoted to storage. Its appraised value including the new part and allowing for depreciation is in the neighborhood of \$5,500,000. It is the only one of the New Bedford mills now running at full capacity.

CHILDREN OF DR. AND MRS. N. A. STANLEY



An interesting family indeed is that of Dr. and Mrs. N. A. Stanley of 80 State street. The thoughtful young little chap at the left is Richard Drake Stanley; big brother, Ned A. Stanley, Jr., is holding baby M., while big sister, Rachel Russell Stanley, smiles sweetly at her three sturdy brothers.

This New Bedford Letter Carrier Is Essay Prize Winner



Dennis A. Shea.

Dennis A. Shea, letter carrier at the New Bedford post office, has been awarded first prize in a nation-wide essay contest conducted by the "Union Postal Clerk," official journal of the post office clerks at Washington. The subject was "If I Were Postmaster General." Mr. Shea's essay was not sent in until the last minute.

NORTH BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL GIVES PAGEANT



The pageant, "Darkness and Light," was presented at the North Baptist Church last Sunday evening by members of the Sunday school of that church. The story it told is of the continual conflict between good and evil and the final triumph of good, or light. The story of the pageant was written by Mrs. Thomas Bradley, a member of the church and a teacher in the Sunday School.

THEY SPENT A HOLIDAY CLEANING UP PARISH GROUNDS



Those in the picture, with Rev. L. H. White in the center: James H. Bruce, William Hewitt, Walter Brownbill, Thomas Collins, John Howeroft, Wright Taylor, James H. Cooper, Richard Arnott, Robert Reid, James L. Greaves, David Rothera, William Harrop, James A. Harrop, William Rose, Herbert Hardman, Ernest Crossley, Thomas Crossley, Arthur Crossley, William Smith, Hervy Geary, John Garlington, Evan Crocker, John Wolstenholme, Arthur Huggard, Henry Hartley, John Davis, John Worthington, James Shaw, James Costello, Ernest Wilde, Frank Downs, Wallace Ingle, Harry Wilson, James Hales, Frank Gracia, Edward Eatough, Herbert Gelder.

Here is a picture of the members of St. Martin's parish Men's Club—as they appeared resting for a spell while at the job of cleaning up the grounds about the church parish house. The men selected the holiday, April 19, to clean up and paint up, and at the same time make a start on filling in at the rear of the parish house with enough dirt to cover up the huge boulder there. There is still some filling to be done, about a hundred more loads of dirt, and then it is going to be a handball and tennis court.

The men shown here with their picks and shovels and other tools

look like business, but they called it a lawn party. James Bruce was the leader of the party in attack on the job, and the men had to assist them, two horses, Jim and Tom, whose services added not a little to make the day a successful one. Along towards noon the men were preparing to go home for dinner, but along came William K. Lees, the senior warden of the church, and Mr. Lees invited them to fill up at his expense, and following an invasion of the open shops for lunch the men returned to make a day of it.

FINISHING TOUCHES

GOING ON GREEN ESTATE



Mar. 20, 1921



Mar. 20, 1921



Mar. 20, 1921



Mar. 20, 1921

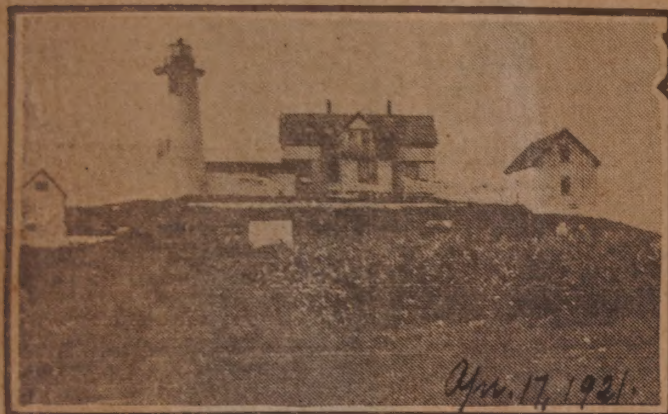


Mar. 20, 1921

Left, at Top—The loggia on the east side facing the bay, showing the windows that look out from the Japanese room. At Right—Showing the front of the house facing the west, picture taken northwest of the house looking in a southeasterly direction. Lower Left—South end of the house, showing terrace; figure of the man in the foreground indicates the massive character of the house. Middle—The fireplace and quartered oak ceiling in the dining room. Right—William Frank, the artist, decorating the walls in the Japanese room.

Cuttyhunk 'll Be Cuttyhunk

Rumors of Vast Improvements Under Regime of Wood Are Heard, but Then, Some
Friendly to Visitors Heretofore—Few Really



Apr. 17, 1921

The Lighthouse



View of



Apr. 17, 1921

Shore Scene

Life Saving Station



Wm. T. Wood's house



Apr. 27, 1921

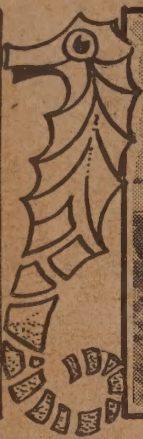
Wm. T. Wood's old house



The Cuttyhunk City

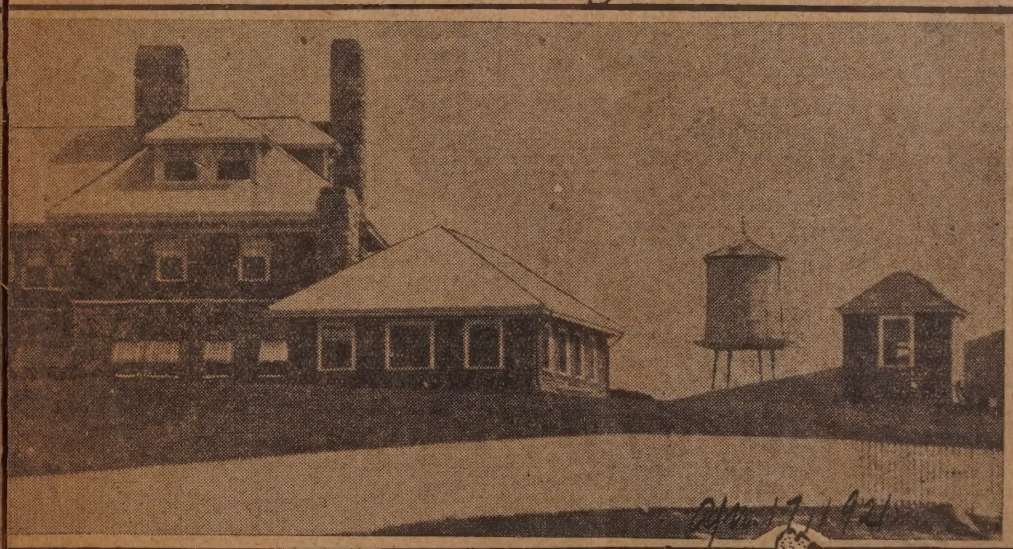
Just the Same

Other Persons Will Still Own Land, and He Has Been
Know Island's Charm

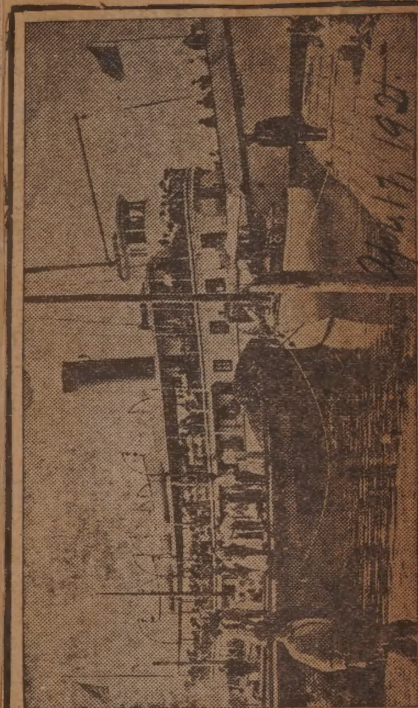


the town

Fishing Stand



The Pond



The Cornold monument Excursion steamer at landing

NEW WORKER AT CITY MISSION

Rev. Alfred Wood to Direct
Religious Education at
Dennison Memorial

Will Relieve Mr. Hersey in
Work Among Boys and
Young Men

Rev. Alfred Wood has recently
come to the Dennison Memorial as di-
rector of religious education and so-
cial worker, at the same time reliev-
ing Rev. C. F. Hersey, the city mis-
sionary, from directing the work in
the interest of boys and young men.
Mr. Wood, with his wife and year old
son, comes to New Bedford from
Northampton, N. H., where he was
pastor of the Congregational Church.



Rev. Alfred Wood.

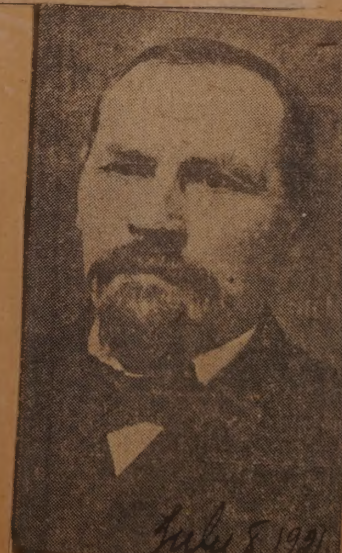
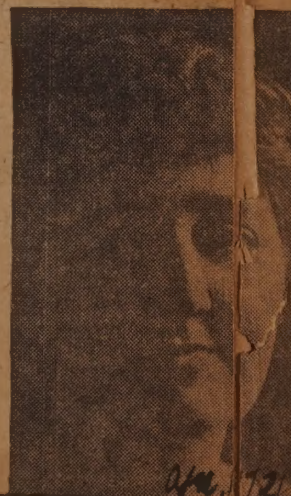
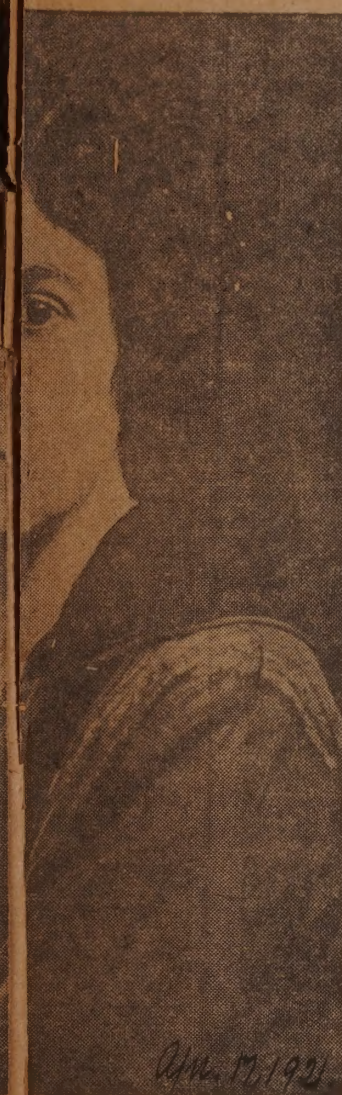
His coming is an indication of the
growth of the work of the
City Mission, for 23 years di-
rected by Mr. Hersey, Miss Ruth
E. Washburn came to the Den-
nison Memorial last January as di-
rector of the work among children
and young girls. Miss Washburn
comes from Maiden and is the
daughter of Rev. Charles H. Wash-
burn, formerly a Congregational pas-
tor in Fall River.

Mr. Wood is a native of Leeds,
England, so that in coming to New
Bedford he is in a city including many
persons who came from near his na-
tive place in England. Before com-
ing to this country he worked in
Bolton. Nine years ago he came to
the United States to make his home,
and during that time his experience
has been varied, including two years
as a student at Northwestern Uni-
versity at Evanston, Ill., two years
at the summer school of Chicago Uni-
versity and two years as a student at
De Pauw University, in Indiana. In
his studies he has specialized in phi-
losophy and psychology. He then be-
came a student at Boston University
school of theology, later taking a
year's post graduate work at the
school of religious education. In-
cluded in this school and college ex-
perience has been a period of three
years spent as pastor in the pine
lands of the northern peninsula of
Michigan.

Mr. Wood's studies have been with
a view to taking up teaching, and his
work in the pastorates he has filled
has been largely with boys and young
men. In his college work Mr. Wood
also had taken up the study of music
with a view to combining this know-
ledge with his work as a religious
leader. In his work here Mr. Wood
will direct the musical part of the
programs. Since coming here Mr.
Wood has organized a young men's
class to meet Sunday afternoons.

The City Mission is now in its 75th
year, an incorporated body since 1868,
and this is the 18th year that the
work has been carried on at the Den-
nison Memorial building on First
street. In its earliest days the work
was largely among sailors and their
families, since which time it has
gradually grown into a religious so-
cial settlement, with its work largely
among families and children. Before
the erection of the present memorial
building the work was carried on in
an old building on Water street, at
the corner of Leonard street. Re-
cently the industrial work formerly
conducted as a part of the Dennison
Memorial work has been taken over
by another incorporated body and is
now known as the New Bedford Men's
Mission, a work directed by Norman
Cralk. Mr. Hersey's connection with
this work is only as secretary of the
corporation. The work of the two
is now wholly separated.

Some of New Bedford's Workers for Irish Relief Fund



Charles O. Andrews.

STARTS FINANCE CAMPAIGN

Y. W. C. A. Workers at First
Meeting Find \$10,000 of
\$36,000 Pledged

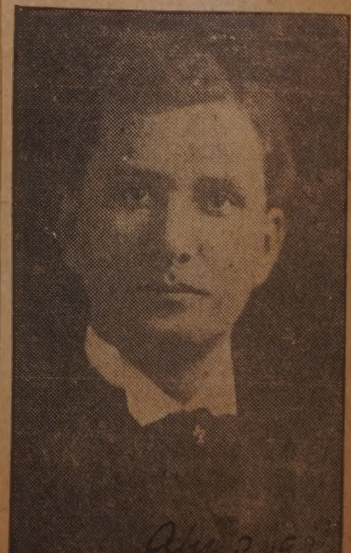
Workers who assembled at the Y. W.
C. A. yesterday morning for the open-
ing of the annual financial campaign
were greeted with the announcement
of the finance committee that \$10,-
000 of the \$36,000 sought for the



Mrs. Annie C. Howland,
Head of the Campaign.

support of the local branch, had al-
ready been raised.
The secretary of each department
gave an intimate glimpse of the work
of her special group.
Miss Hannah B. Ashley, president
of the association, was chairman of
the meeting. Mrs. Annie C. Howland
is chairman of the campaign.

A New Recruit to Preaching Ranks of Neighborhood



Rev. William H. Parker.

ONCE MANAGED
HOWLAND FARM

UNIQUE STONES MARK GRAVES OF CAPTAINS



Likenesses of the ships they once sailed are cut on the tombstones that mark the final berths of the late Captains Antone C. Corvello and George Brier in St. John the Baptist cemetery on Allen street. On the stone over Captain Corvello's grave is a cut of the whaler Greyhound.

R. G. BENNETT DIES SUDDENLY

**Was One of City's Best Known
Undertakers for More Than
20 Years — Active in
Church Work**

Robert G. Bennett, who was for more than 20 years an undertaker and embalmer in this city, died yesterday afternoon at Crescent Beach.



Robert G. Bennett.

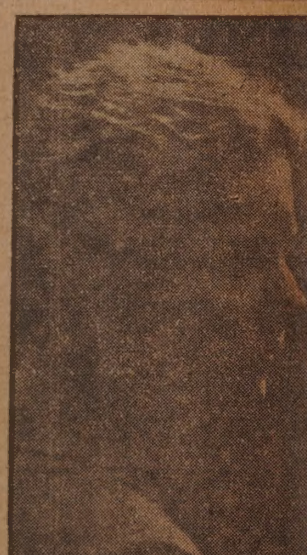
He was stricken with a shock and lived only about three hours.

Mr. Bennett was a son of Robert Bennett and Wealthy Jenney, and was born in Marion, August 19, 1840. In 1849 the family moved to this city, and he was educated in the New Bedford public schools and at Taylor's Commercial Institute, after which he was successively a clerk in the dry goods stores of Job A. T. Eddy, Benjamin H. Waite and Edward Haskell. In 1867 he engaged in the dry goods business for himself, which he continued until 1882, when he changed to the furniture trade. In 1892 he retired from commercial business and after studying as an undertaker and embalmer, he established undertaking rooms at 356A Acushnet avenue, later removing to South Sixth street, in the Waite building, where he continued until he retired in March, 1915.

Mr. Bennett not only won high professional standing but was held in high esteem throughout the city. He was a member of the Knights of Honor, a member of the Knights of Honor, the County Street Methodist church. He is survived by his widow, who was Miss Mary E. Gifford of this city and a daughter, Mrs. C. J. Gidley of this city. The funeral will be held Wednesday.

Honor Students at Bates Married

June 26, 1921



Donald Kenneth Woodard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Burton O. Woodard, of 285 Pope street, married Miss Rachael Southwick Knapp, daughter of Professor and Mrs. F. A. Knapp, of Bates College, where both bride and groom were graduated this year, on Thursday.

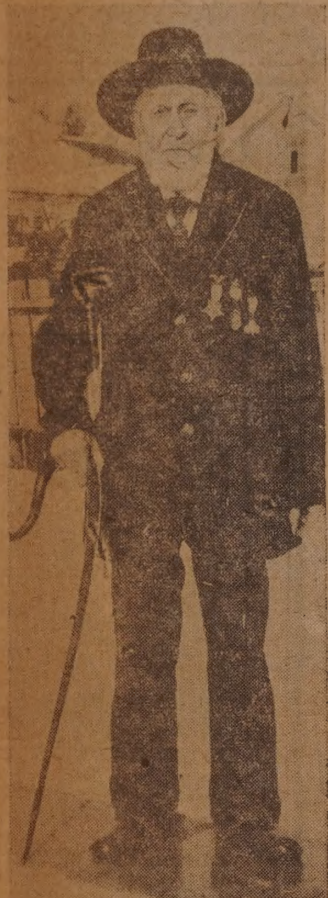
Mr. Woodard received his early education in New Bedford, graduating from the High School in 1914. He is a member of the MacFarlane musical club at Bates, an accomplished pianist, captain of the tennis team the past year, a brilliant student, receiving honor in philosophy, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and was one of the commencement speakers.

Among the guests at the wedding was Sir George Eulas Foster of Ottawa, member of the Canadian Parliament and vice president of the Assembly of the League of Nations. Mr. Woodard is now in the employ of a firm of efficiency engineers of Boston.

OLDEST CITIZEN DIES AT 96

"Uncle Henry" Purrington of Mattapoisett Is Found Dead in Bed at Home of Nephew Here

Henry J. Purrington, Mattapoisett's oldest citizen, died during Saturday night at the home of his nephew, John G. Purrington, 147 Arnold street, in this city. "Uncle Henry," as he was known by all Mattapoisett people of this generation, was found dead in bed. He was 96 years old on March 13, this year, and had been in good



Apr. 19, 21.

Henry J. Purrington.

health all winter. He attended the funeral of Mary Jane Randall in Mattapoisett last week and while there he made some plans for the Memorial day exercises in that town, for he was a veteran of the Civil war, and a member of William Logan Rodman Post 1, of this city.

Mr. Purrington was a bachelor and most of his long life he lived alone near Crystal Springs in Mattapoisett. Up to within five years he worked as a furniture repairer, but in his younger days he was a ship carpenter and carved many of the figure heads that decorated the bows of whale ships. Several months ago he closed his house in Mattapoisett and came to this city to reside with his nephew.

"Uncle Henry" was born in Mattapoisett, and almost his entire life was spent there. In his youth he learned the carpenter's trade, afterward turning his attention to ship carpentry and ornamental carving. At this work he became adept. He was well known among ship builders in the old whaling days and figureheads chiseled by his hands rode at the bows of some of the proudest vessels that ever sailed out of Mattapoisett or New Bedford harbors.

When he turned 90, Uncle Henry gave his recipe for longevity. "I've taken pretty good care of myself," he said. "I have worked hard all of my life, and I have never used intoxicants or tobacco in any form. I was the youngest of a family of nine children and I have outlived them all. My oldest brother died in his ninetieth year."

Uncle Henry was fond of exhibiting some beautiful specimens of wood carving, all of which were his own handiwork. There were bits of cornice and scroll work for the interior of ships. There were tea trays of fine workmanship and there were some pieces of doll's furniture, designed for one of Uncle Henry's juvenile friends. It is needless to say that the old man's knives and saws and chisels have helped to endear him to all the little girls in the neighborhood.

"I have done quite a bit of wood carving in my day," he said. "I learned the carpentry trade under my father, who was a contractor here. While I was an apprentice, I helped to build six churches. After I became a full-fledged carpenter, I helped to build several ships, and I took up wood carving. I have carved forty eagles in my time. One of them was the largest ever made here. It had a spread of eighteen feet. I made heads for the ship Siren Queen, a Fairhaven whaler; for the R. L. Barstow, a Mattapoisett whaler; for the Clarabelle, of Mattapoisett, and the Alaska and Concordia of New Bedford. The Concordia was lost on her first voyage to the Arctic. Her figurehead was the statue of a woman."

In his younger days, he was a musician and at the outbreak of the Civil war he answered his country's call and enlisted as a musician in the Nineteenth Massachusetts volunteers. His regiment was sent into Maryland, where it spent its first winter. Later the troops went into Virginia, and Mr. Purrington was honorably discharged after eleven months' service. He left his regiment near Harrison's Landing, on the James river in Virginia, after the big fight of Malvern Hill. He was ill for several months after he returned home as a result of the hardships he had been forced to endure. Uncle Henry was president of the Mattapoisett town band, which office he held ever since the band was organized, about 14 years ago.

He was a Republican always, and his life long motto was, "Be temperate in all things." He was a charter member of the Temperance Lodge of Mattapoisett.

ENGAGED

June 19, 21



Photo by
H. J. HARPER

Miss Helen A. McClung.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McClung, of 366 Mill street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen A. McClung, to Edwin F. Langshaw, son of Hutton Langshaw, of 171 Butler street. Miss McClung is employed at the Textile Trust Company while Mr. Langshaw is connected with Atkinson, Haskin & Company of Boston.

A Bit of Romance Surrounds This Chalice and Pattern in St. James's

Apr. 16-1921



SPOONS MADE COMMUNION SET

Parishioners of St. James's Gave Pieces of Silver When Church Was Founded 40 Years Ago

Much of romantic interest centers about the Communion set which is used at the early services of St. James Episcopal Church for this beautiful silver chalice and pattern were moulded at the Philadelphia Mint from spoons and other pieces of silver donated from the scanty stores of the little band of worshippers who founded this parish more than 40 years ago. Money was not plentiful in the struggling little parish and one of the most pressing problems was where money was to be found for the purchase of a Communion set.

When the outlook seemed the darkest, Mrs. S. Rodman Morgan, who was a devoted friend of the new church proposed that the members contribute silver from their little hordes promising that if they would collect the silver she would pay for having the set moulded at the Philadelphia Mint. The response was instantaneous. From every corner of the little parish came gifts of choicest silver and soon more than enough was collected.

As the light falls upon the chalice a little group of jewels are seen scintillating and sparkling at the base. They are amethysts and these little jewels were once intended to adorn a bridal costume. All the plans had been made and even the date had been set, when the plans were suddenly cancelled. The reason has ever been a secret, guarded by the families. They were given for the chalice where they glimmer as a silent reminder of a pathetic chapter in one life.

But this Communion set is not the only furnishing of St. James's Church to which interest clings. The reredos which is the framework back of the altar was a gift to the church of one of America's greatest financiers, William Waldorf Astor. Mr. Astor had friends in the city and once when he came into the harbor on his yacht to visit them attended services at the church. After the service he invited the rector who at that time was the Rev. Charles Hayden Proctor to bring a party of the parishioners aboard the Astor yacht that afternoon and conduct a service. This the Rev. Mr. Proctor did and at the close of the service Mr. Astor presented him with a check for \$100 instructing him to put something in the church as a remembrance of his visit. It was finally decided to buy the reredos which stands today as it has since the day it was erected, more than a score of years ago, a memorial of the chance generosity of a multi-millionaire to a struggling little parish in this old city.



Dr. Edwin P. Seaver, Jr.

Apr. 2, 1921

Two Likely Candidates for the High School Baseball Captaincy



John Conway.



J. Henry Quinn.

Coach Harold E. Willey of the High school baseball team made a big cut yesterday in the squad of 60 boys who reported for practice two weeks ago. Only 18 candidates, half of whom are last year's veterans, survived the weeding out process and will contest for places on the regular nine.

As yet there has been no selection of a captain to lead this season's team, but candidates are not lacking. Two of the strongest are Johnny Conway, shortstop of last season's nine and captain-elect of the football team, and J. Henry Quinn, another veteran on the team who is due to cover the keystone sack this spring. Both Conway and Quinn have been prominent in every branch of High school sport except track. They are well known and have large followings among the school athletes.

Of those who were retained on the squad it appears that Dabrowski has the best chance of pulling down a permanent job behind the plate. Long John Elberfeld and little Harry Noyer will do the pitching, while it is expected that Steve Hall will be on the initial sack again. Quinn will be at second and Conway at short. Martin Bartley at third completes a good infield.

Edmund Dalbec and Emery Danzell, two of last year's outfielders, are back on the job and will perform in left and center fields. The right field berth is still open with three or four prospective fly-chasers after the job.

It is expected that the election of a captain will be held before the end of the week as the schedule opens the 23rd at Middleboro.

This Golden-Haired 1921
Miss to Be Crowned
after 10 Queen of the May



Florence Maiden, May Queen.

From all the young girls of the city who wished to be Queen of the May, golden-haired Florence Maiden, of 113 Mott street, was fortunate enough to be chosen. On May 21st, if skies smile, she will receive the sceptre from the hand of the retiring queen and mount the throne to reign for 1921. The crowning will take place at the annual May festivities at Hazelwood Park, the outdoor spring fete for the young people of the city.

Westport to Keep Old Handy House Despite Desire to Move It to Cape



Apr. 28, 21.

The Handy house at Hix's bridge, Westport, built in 1714, is to remain where it is, despite the fact that a New York man with a Cape Cod building site, has made a very liberal offer to buy the house and transfer it by piecemeals and set it up on the Cape. The Handy house is owned by Abbott F. Smith, who during his ownership has restored it and kept it as a type of house representative of that period.

The house is one of unusual length, standing in a striking location on the west side of the Noquochoke river. The farm in 1714 was given by the wealthy George Codman to his only child, Elizabeth White. At this time only the east third of the present house had been erected. In 1794 the property was sold by the White family to Dr. Eli Handy, who added to the house the central section on the west. His son, Dr. James H. Handy came into possession of the house 30 years later, in 1824, and he built the present west third. The interior constructions still embodies the successive stages of architecture.

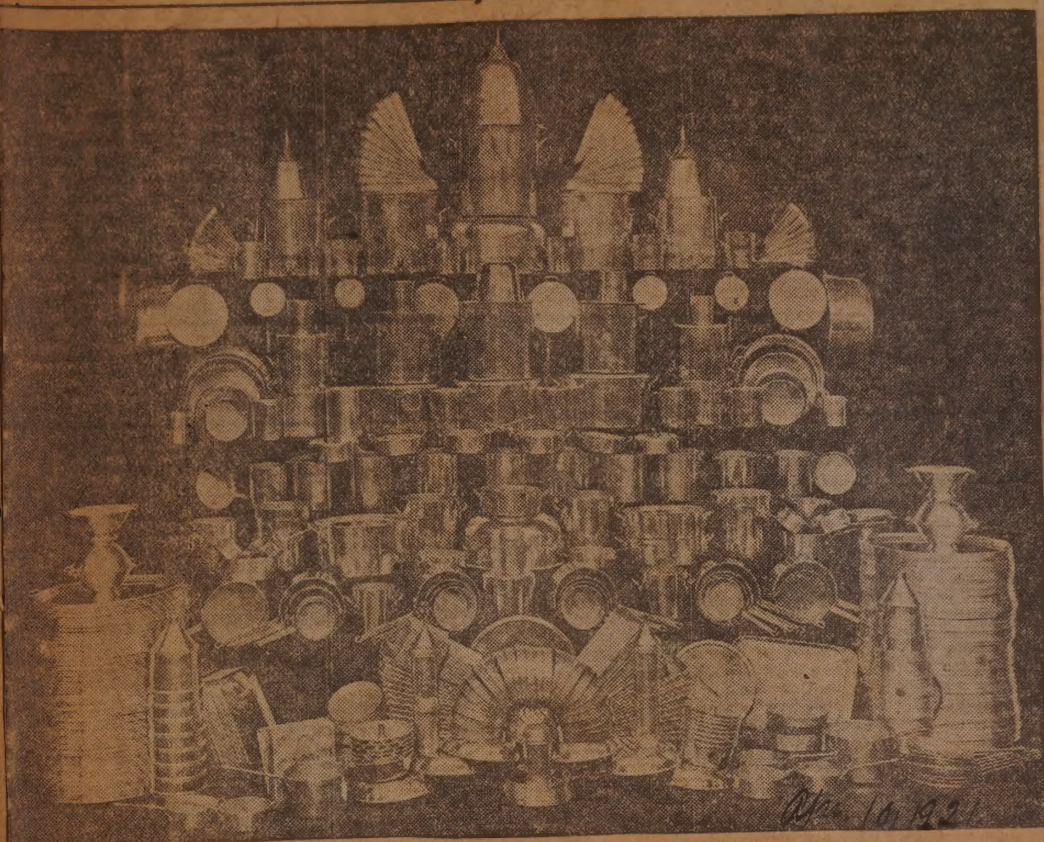
Ancient Days Will Be Recalled as Old Car Again Jogs Along Streets

may 1-1921

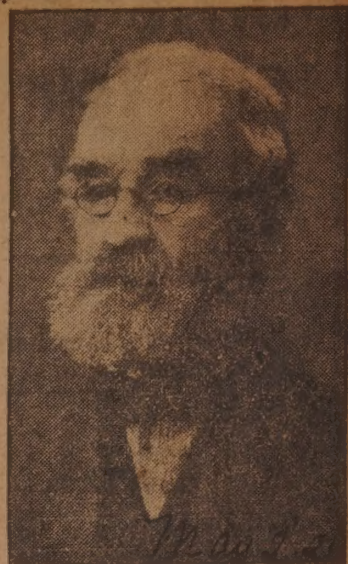


THE FIRST STREET CAR IN NEW BEDFORD.

HERE'S WHAT NEW HOTEL WILL COOK WITH



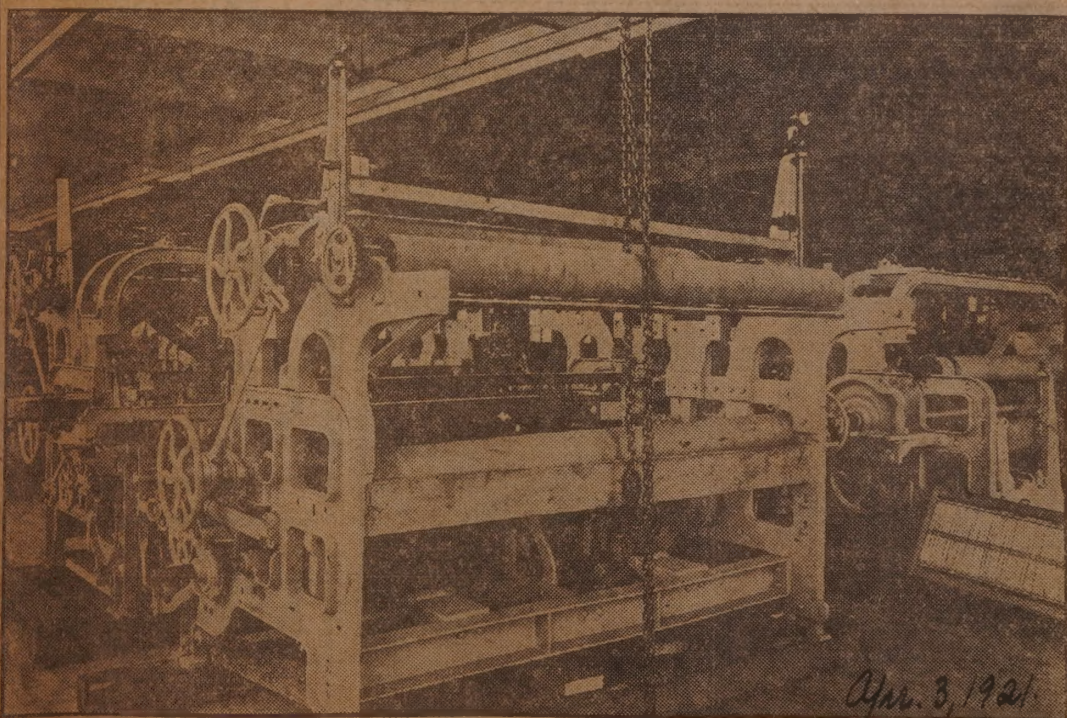
He'll Take Ride On Old Horse Car as Company's Guest



Edwin B. Macy.

Edwin B. Macy, 88 years of age, is going to be the guest of the Union Street Railway Company on Wednesday, May 4, National Electric day, when the Street Railway Company will haul over its lines one of its old horse cars. Mr. Macy is thus honored since he is the oldest man in the city who rode on the first horse car when the line went into operation in this city July 1, 1872. Mr. Macy will receive from the company free transportation over all its local lines for the period of one year from May 4.

VIEW OF BIG TIRE FABRIC LOOMS AT MANOMET



The picture shows some of the big tire fabric looms that are now being set up in the new Manomet No. 4 mill. These looms are much larger and heavier than the ordinary cloth looms and because of the heavy material they handle their output in pounds per week is very large. The frame lying on its side at the right holds reeds for the looms. These are made of metal and are much coarser, naturally than those used in the fine goods mills. Above is shown the chain and pulley depending from an overhead conveyor system with which the entire room will be equipped in order to make easy the handling of the heavy warps for the looms.

It is expected that the machinery in this room will be sufficiently in place to allow a portion of the looms to be started up about the middle of May or surely by the first of June. The yarn, according to present plans, will be made in some of the other mills of the William Whitman organization until such time as the spinning and preparatory machinery in the No. 4 mill is sufficiently started up to supply it.



Dr. Sumner H. Remick, resident physician and superintendent of the Sassagun sanatorium in New Bedford, was appointed by Health Commissioner Dr. Eugene R. Kelley, yesterday, director of the division of tuberculosis sanatoria, to succeed the late Dr. William J. Gallivan of South Boston.

Dr. Remick is 34 and is considered one of the best tuberculosis consultants in the southeastern part of the state. He was recommended by several leading physicians and citizens in New Bedford and Fall River. His salary will be \$5000.

He was born in Southworth, N. H., and after being graduated from Tilton Seminary entered Tufts medical school from which he was graduated in 1912. He immediately took up the study of tuberculosis and in that year was appointed to the Sassagun sanatorium. During his senior year at Tufts and following his graduation he served at the Rutland sanatorium.

Landlubbers Log in Whaling World Is This Bulletin at Horvitz Store

Apr. 10-1921

WHALING BULLETIN		VESSEL MASTER SAILED REPORTED DUE ARRIVED	
CAPER	LOPES	10/12/20	8/20/20
CLAUDIA	SENNAR	10/12/20	8/16/20
GRABER	GRABER	10/12/20	8/16/20
GRAYHOUND	GRAYHOUND	10/12/20	8/16/20
MANTA	RAMBOLD	10/12/20	8/16/20
MARGARETTE	RAMBOLD	10/12/20	8/16/20
MORGAN	GOUGH	10/12/20	8/16/20
NICHOLSON	GOUGH	10/12/20	8/16/20
PEDRO	FLOR	10/12/20	8/16/20
SWIFT	DONNAN	10/12/20	8/16/20
VALERIA	VALERIA	10/12/20	8/16/20
WANDERER	WANDERER	10/12/20	8/16/20
WOODRUFF	WOODRUFF	10/12/20	8/16/20
ATHLETIC	ATHLETIC	10/12/20	8/16/20
NOTES			

Press agenting has emerged in its simplest form in the Whaling Bulletin. For the Whaling Bulletin is that adventure in journalistic enterprise which records the goings and comings of all the whalers claiming New Bedford as the home port.

Throughout the year and a half that it has been in existence it has served as the landlubbers' log within the whaling world. The Bulletin has come to be a recognized institution at the whalers' headquarters, the Samuel Horwitz whaling outfitters store, where it occupies a prominent place on the wall near the front door.

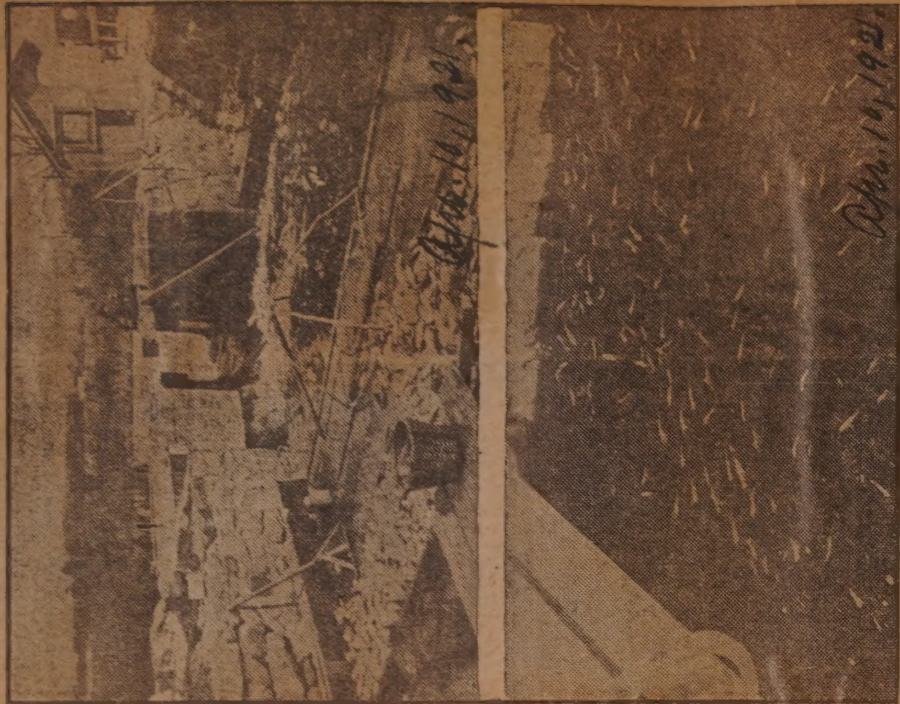
For those schooled in whaling life and its hazards, the blank spaces that follow the date of sailing for the Ellen Swift, the Pedro Varela and the A. V. S. Woodruff bear mute witness as to the story that has remained untold. But to leave no doubt for the uninitiated the word "Lost" has been written in the space opposite the name of each ship. The Ellen Swift sailed from here Feb. 3, 1919, after which nothing was ever heard from her. Capt. Dunham and his entire crew were lost. The Pedro Varela left three days later in charge of Capt. F. Lopes. None of the crew was ever heard from and the fate of the vessel has never been known. The Woodruff's date of departure is recorded as Nov. 6, 1919 by the Bulletin, with Captain August F. Gomes in command. She went to the east coast of the Bahamas April 28, 1920 and her crew was rescued.

The idea of the Whaling Bulletin originated with Harry A. Newland, director of the Swallow school, who designed and constructed it. On the back side is the inscription dedicating the Bulletin to the whalers of New Bedford. The board is surmounted with the name of the vessel, and a painting of the Charles S. Morgan, a peacetime whaling vessel, adorns the side of the vessel.

Altogether there are 13 whaling ships listed on the bulletin. Only nine of these now form New Bedford's whaling fleet. Aside from the three that were lost, the board names the Greyhound which has been sold for packet service. The Bulletin records the names of the vessel, the master, the dates of sailing, when reported, when due and of arrival.

Listed on the Bulletin are the Cameo, Claudia, William A. Graber, Greyhound, John R. Manta, Margaret, Charles W. Morgan, A. M. Nicholson, Ellen Swift, Vakylia, Wanderer, A. V. S. Woodruff and Athlete.

This Is How Herrings Are Taken from Waters of Mattapoisett River

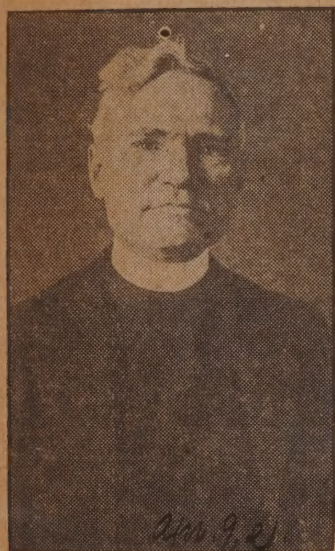


Here is a common sight at the Mattapoisett herring stream just now where, every day that fishing is carried on, the platform is heaped with the migratory fish as shown in the upper view. The herrings are bailed out of the stream with the big nets, as they swim up to spawn in the quiet waters at river's source. The lower view is of the fish pushing their way up against the current in numbers which old-time residents declare are the greatest in their memory. On warm days the narrow stream is almost choked with the fish, all pointing their noses upstream.

FROM EDITORSHIP TO PULPIT IS CAREER OF THIS RECTOR

Rev. L. H. White Had Varied
Career Before His
Ordination

Early Went to Porto Rica
Where Life Was Replete
with Thrills



Rev. Linden Harris White.



Here are two of the bouncing White youngsters and two glimpses of Mrs. Linden Harris White. Mrs. White was Miss Elizabeth Heatley of Oak Bluffs. The lower picture shows her enjoying the water at that resort.



Dr. Humphries as he appears today. The pictures on either side are earlier likenesses of him

BOY SOPRANO

July 23 - 1921



This youngster is Rudolph Taylor, the boy soprano at the Weld Street Primitive Methodist church. However, singing in the choir is not the only achievement which Rudolph has to his credit. He has not missed a single session of the Weld Street Sunday school for the past year, holding one of the records of the school in this respect.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN WHO MOTOR

Fair Drivers Can Give Mere Man a Point or Two



Top row—Miss Lucy Wilson stepping into her Chandler; Mrs. Chester W. Chase at the door of the Studebaker she drives that brings Sassaquin nearer to New Bedford; Mrs. F. W. Bergman and her Studebaker that will be a Cadillac when she gets about; Miss Laura M. Culhane, ready for a spin in her blue-green Kissel Kar; Miss Ellen Selley, one of the veteran women

drivers; Miss Elva Parker, a familiar figure at the wheel of her Buick runabout; Mrs. Sumner L. Remick and the Henry that will be a Cadillac when she gets about; Mrs. T. C. Flinn gets the maximum of service and pleasure from her Buick runabout; Mrs. Sumner L. Remick and the Henry that will be a Cadillac when she gets about; Mrs. T. C. Flinn gets the maximum of service and pleasure from her Buick runabout.

Mar. 13, 1921.

IT WOULD BE HARD TO FIND THE BASE LINES NOW



Apr. 13, 1921.

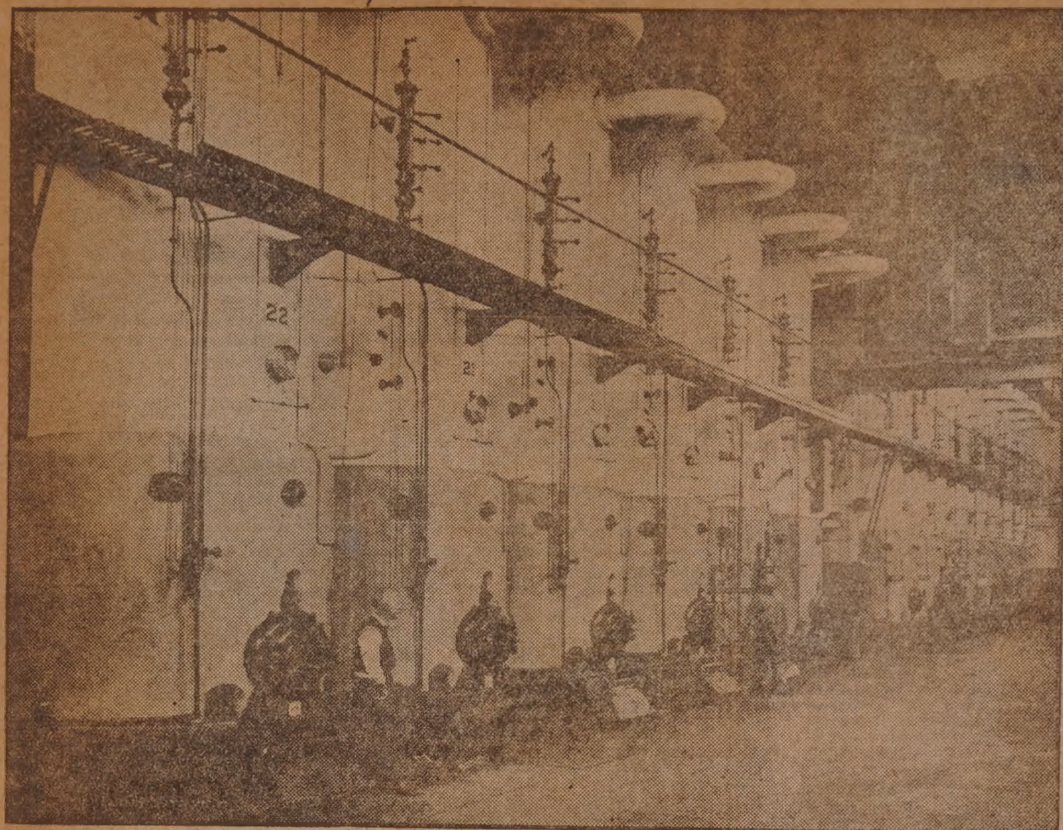


Apr. 13, 1921.

Anyone who hasn't visited the north end in recent years would be slow to recognize certain neighborhoods. Athletic Field, for instance, has vanished with the growth of the city. Streets have been cut through the old ball ground and the adjacent land has been laid out in building lots, most of which are already occupied by private residences and two-family dwellings. A lot of things can happen in five years. The photographs show what has happened to the old ball park. The street pictured is Central.

HOW OIL FUEL TRANSFORMS BOILER ROOM

Apr 10 1921



The upper picture is a view of the interior of the Whitman mills boiler room, the appearance of which the management is justly proud. The installation of oil as fuel instead of coal, which took place some time ago, has entirely eliminated the dirty, smoky appearance which has always been inseparable from the boiler room interior where coal is employed as fuel.

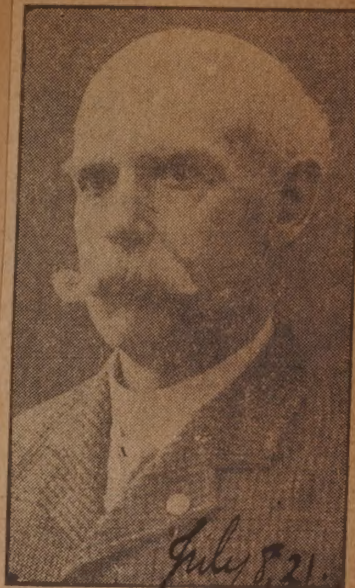
With the installation of the oil burning system, the interior of the room was cleaned up and painted in light colors, the upper part of the big battery of boilers being white, and the lower part light grey. The cement floor is kept spotlessly clean and the force of firemen necessary to take care of the plant has been greatly reduced. Needless to say, the entire atmosphere of the room has brightened.

The lower picture shows a view of a typical mill boiler room under coal burning conditions and gives a fair idea of the transformation that takes place in the appearance of the room when oil is substituted for coal as fuel.

The oil is pumped into the firebox through pipes which are shown on the side of the fire box door on each boiler.



VETERAN OF '61



July 8, 21.

Charles C. Simmons, Civil War veteran and former soldiers' aid agent in this city, died at his home, 61 Walden street, yesterday morning.

Mr. Simmons was a member of Post No. 1, G. A. R., and was chairman of its relief work for a long time. He was born in New Bedford, Feb. 19, 1842 and served during the Civil War in Company E of the Third United States Infantry. After his discharge from Company E Mr. Simmons entered the office of the provost marshal. Later he entered the express business as driver and then manager and cashier, spending 42 years of his life with Hatch & Company.

Mr. Simmons was a member of Old Company E association and a charter member of Sippican Tribe, No. 77, I. O. R. M. He was appointed to the post of soldiers' aid agent by Mayor Ashley in 1912 and resigned from active work because of his health in 1916.

MEDICAL GRADUATE



July 3, 1921

Maurice Portnoy.

Dr. Maurice Portnoy, son of Isaac Portnoy of 1803 Acushnet avenue, is a graduate this year of the medical school of Tufts College. Dr. Portnoy was born in New Bedford and educated in the public schools here. He is a graduate of the New Bedford High school in the class of 1915. During the coming year Dr. Portnoy will be interne at St. Joseph's Hospital at Pittsburgh, Pa.

A NOTABLE STUDENT



Among the students graduated from Brown University on Wednesday was Arcade Giura of this city, who has taken five years work in four years and was awarded the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts, and third prize for excellence in Latin.

Mr. Giura has had a notable school experience. He came to this country eight years ago, from Hungary, where he was born of Roumanian ancestry with only an elementary school education and no knowledge of English. He spent two years at the Knowlton grammar school and then entered the High school. Two years later he entered Brown University, and there, besides doing an extra year's work, he has for three years been assistant in the biological laboratory and during the past year has been instructor of a class in the comparative anatomy course. He has, besides, during the whole eight years been self-supporting.

Mr. Giura is expecting to enter Harvard Medical School in the fall.

President of Y. W. C. A. Appeals to
Public to Respond to Final Call
may 1 - 1921



*Photo by
J. M. Oppenheim
Boston*

MISS HANNAH B. ASHLEY.

"If the general public would only be willing to become convinced of the extent of the worthwhile work the Y. W. C. A. is doing, I am sure that we would have no trouble in raising our quota," asserts Miss Hannah B. Ashley, president of the association, in an appeal to the people of New Bedford to give to the Y. W. C. A. campaign. The campaign closes tomorrow night and \$10,000 of the quota, fixed by the year's estimated budget, remains to be raised.

Should the full amount of the quota not be attained, the work of the association will necessarily have to be curtailed to come within the budget, says Miss Ashley, but the work done in all departments is so vital, that, should curtailment be necessary the board would be at loss to know where to cut.

"Thirty-six thousand dollars for a year's budget might sound like a great deal to the unthinking, but it is small when compared with the work the association is doing," asserts Miss Ashley. "Besides the staff of paid secretaries; there are 100 women in the city giving their time and efforts, all doing work well worth while under the direction of the Y. W. C. A. staff.

"Considering the vast amount of work done by the association there has been very little criticism. We are all very proud of the work the association is doing in all its branches, and I know that if the public could be brought to realize the scope of our activities, there would be many subscriptions that would be doubled."

Miss Ashley extends the gratitude of the Y. W. C. A. to all who have helped in the campaign, particularly to the newspapers who have given so freely of the time of their staffs and of space in their news columns.

For More Than 50 Years She's Been
Husband's Staunch Aid in Ministry



May 14 1921

Mrs. Elijah Humphries

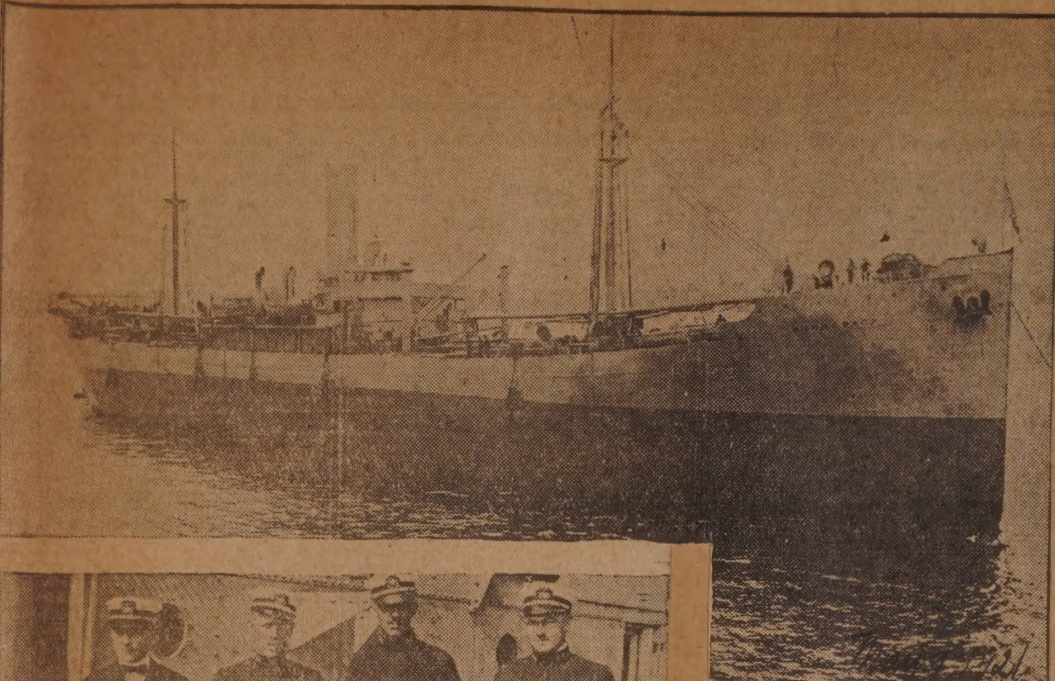
Former Resident Buys Soule Home
on Eighth Street—Will Live Here
may 8 - 1921



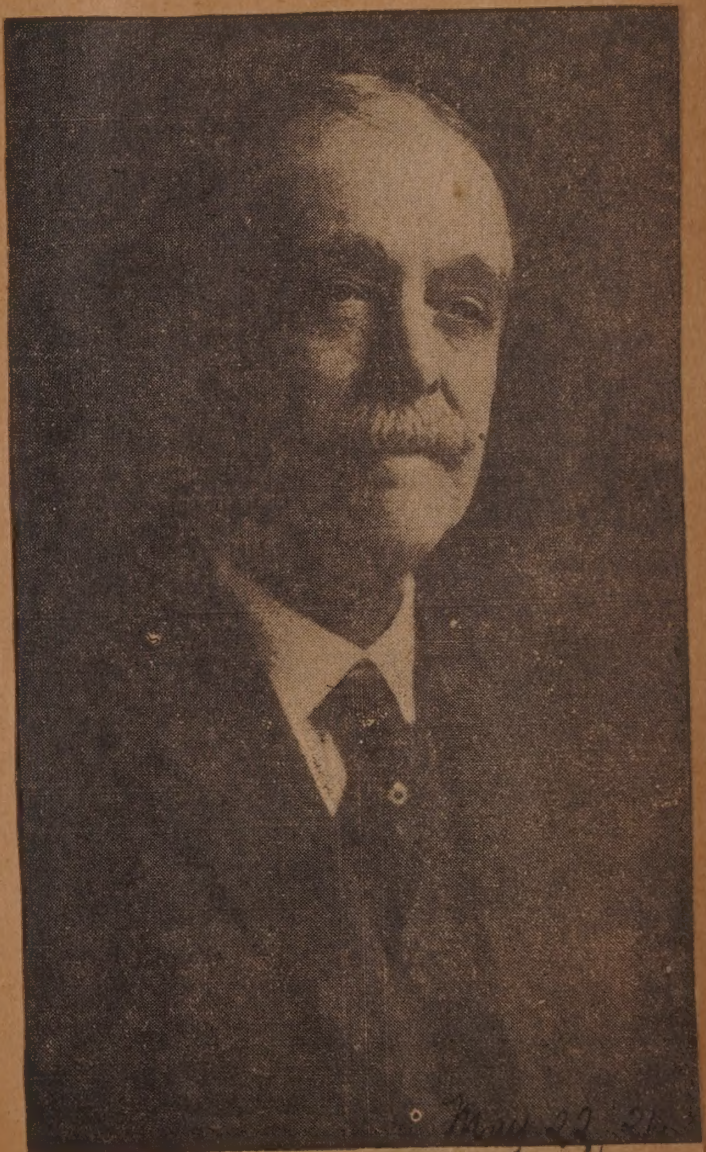
The residence of the late Rufus A. Soule, No. 12, on the east side of Eighth street, just south of William street, has been sold by Rufus A. Soule, Jr., administrator, to Mrs. Annie E. Akin of St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. Akin will make her home there. The property was sold through the agency of E. S. Perry & Son.

Mrs. Akin was a former New Bedford woman, a sister of Mrs. Francis T. Akin, and her husband was the late Thomas Akin, a brother of the late Francis T. Akin. The Eighth street house was built by the late F. William Oesting, and Mr. Soule had made his home there for several years up to the time of his death. Later Mrs. Soule made her home there until her death recently.

FIRST 100 PER CENT U. S. VESSEL TO SAIL



Upper picture shows Shipping Board steamer Honnandago. Lower picture shows U. S. Shipping Board officers, the one marked by a star being Chief Engineer F. W. Sturdivant of New Bedford, now on board the Honnandago.



Charles W. Ripley
Landlord of Mansion House in Its Better Days.

CITY SEALER'S "HAWSS AND WAGON"



May 20, 21.

WHERE "WASHBURN" ROLLS ARE MADE

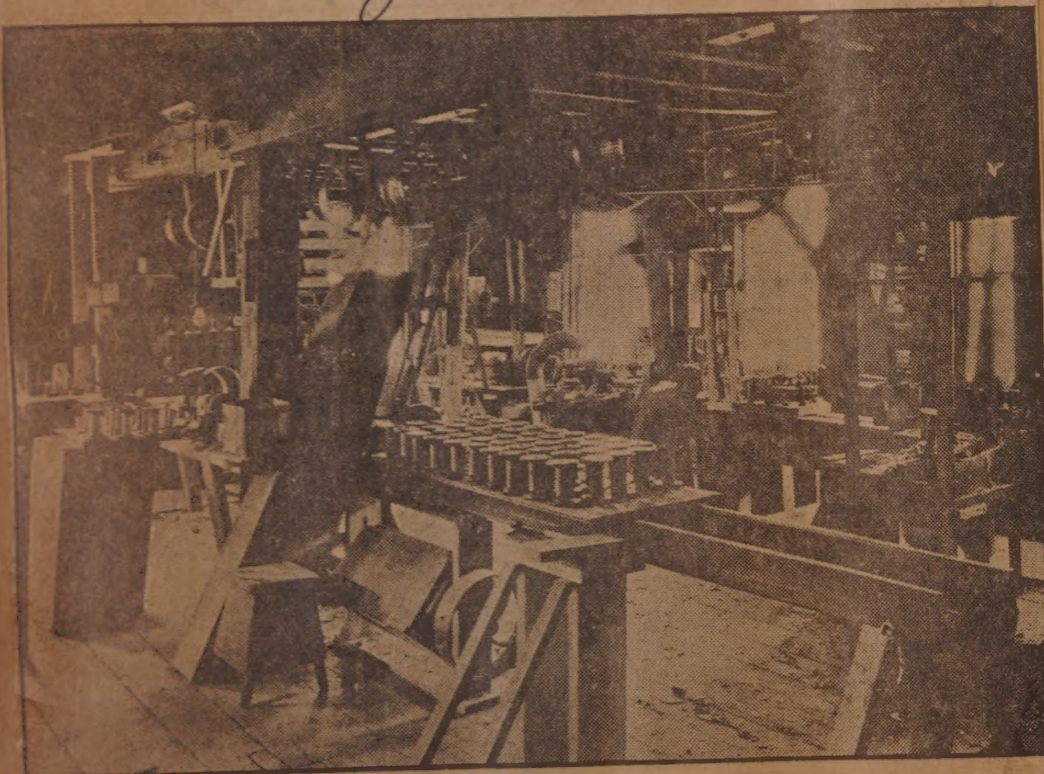
May 8 - 1921



Here is a view of the home of the Washburn rolls which have now become recognized standard equipment in many textile mills throughout the country. The building at the left contains the roll shop, the cabinet making shop and the offices of the company, while that at the right is used for the spool shop and for storage purposes. The lumber yard and the storage shed for shavings and saw dust is situated at the rear of these two buildings, a freight car siding bordering the lumber yard at the rear end. Fence shows the location of the driveway where spools or rolls are loaded on trucks for local destination. Those for shipment out of the city are loaded directly onto freight cars at the company's siding in the rear.

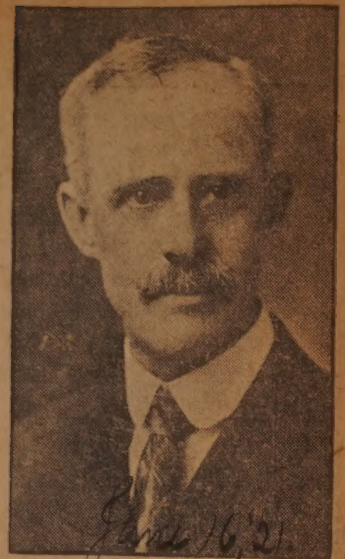
THE WASHBURN SPOOL REPAIRING SHOP

May 1 - 1921



Here is a view of the Washburn spool shop. On the right is situated the equipment for smoothing and rethreading the shanks of the spools and for screwing on the new heads. Next is a machine for boring the holes for the wooden dowels which hold the new head in place, and next are lathes for shaping and smoothing up the new head. In the background at the center are lathes for sandpapering the new head and finally for coating it with shellac. The finished spools are shown in the center of the foreground. This shop employs six men and turns out 1200 spools per day.

FORECASTED HITCH

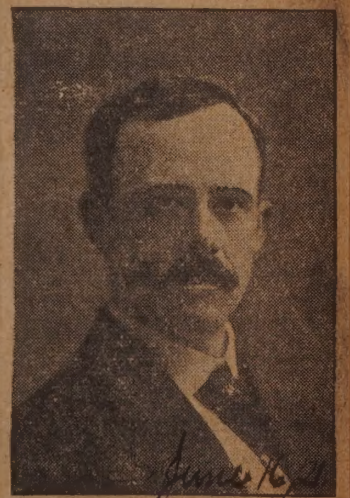


Mayhew R. Hitch.

The Standard was the first newspaper to announce that Register of Probate Gullford C. Hathaway would not be appointed Judge of Probate to succeed Arthur M. Alger. That same evening—June 10—The Standard said editorially:

"A practicing attorney of long experience in probate work, familiar with the probate law and practice, of the highest standing in his profession, Mr. Hitch would make an admirable judge and preserve the tradition of distinguished ability which has been associated with this office in a county where such men as Prescott, Bennett, Fuller and Alger have occupied it."

QUALITIES PRAISED



Mayhew R. Hitch, New Bedford lawyer with large probate practice whose appointment as Judge of Probate is urged.



Photo by
OPPENHEIM
Boston

June 24, 1921

Mrs. Gardner Whitman Bullard (Miss Eunice Patricia Langshaw) in her wedding gown. The photograph is by J. M. Oppenheim of Boston.

THREE MOUNT HOLYOKE GRADUATES

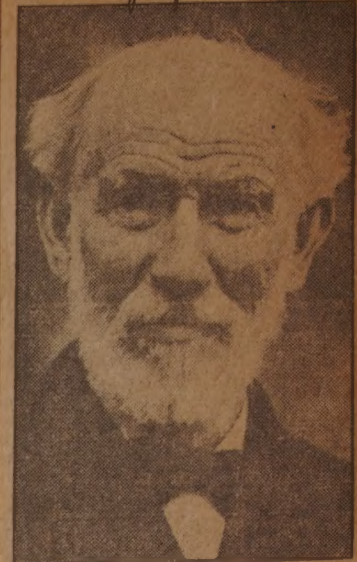


Elizabeth Sherman, Helen A. Smith, and Grace M. Potter.

June 12, 1921

LOYAL CHURCHMAN

July 16, 1921



The Advent Christian Church has no more loyal member than its oldest member, George L. Bowman, of 13 Shawmut avenue. Mr. Bowman, who will be 86 in December, has been a member of the church for more than 30 years. He is a regular attendant at the Sunday morning service and owing to his poor hearing has a special place at a table at the front of the church. Mr. Bowman is well known as a veteran whaler, being so far as is known the only surviving member of the crew of the Governor Troup which made one of the most memorable voyages in the history of New Bedford whaling.

G. A. R. MAN DIES

July 7 - 1921



William H. H. Jennings, a Civil War veteran and prominent in the affairs of R. A. Pierce Post, No. 190, G. A. R., died yesterday at the home of his son, William E. Jennings, 44 Plymouth street. His health had been failing for some time.

Mr. Jennings was born in this city 80 years ago. When war broke out he enlisted in Company D, 23rd Massachusetts Infantry. In his first battle at Roanoke Island he escaped death because of the fact that he was wearing a large brass eagle on his coat, which was struck by a bullet and badly bent. He was later wounded in action.

In 1898 he was commander of the R. A. Pierce post and held many other high offices in the G. A. R. He was employed as a machinist at the New Bedford Copper Works for some time. Mr. Jennings had a hobby for collecting war records of deceased comrades and at the time of his death had probably the largest collection of that kind in New England, if not in the country.

One of his commendable activities for the local post of the G. A. R. was the compilation of a list of dead veterans buried in New Bedford cemeteries.

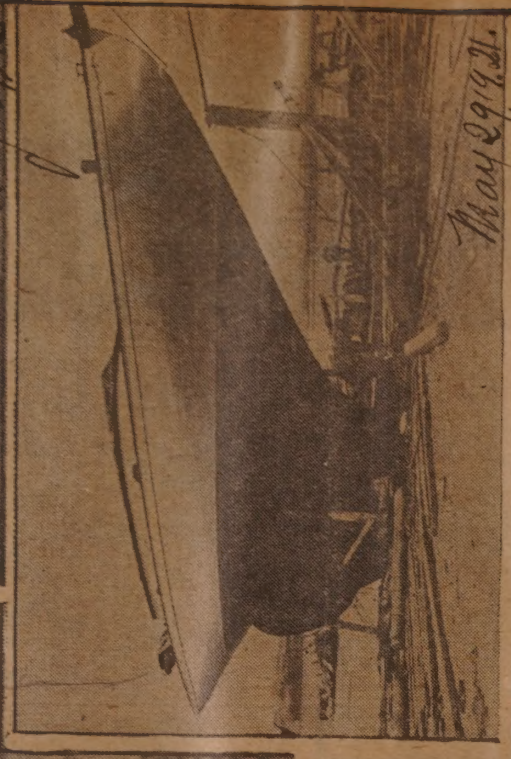
Ready for an Active Summer on the Water



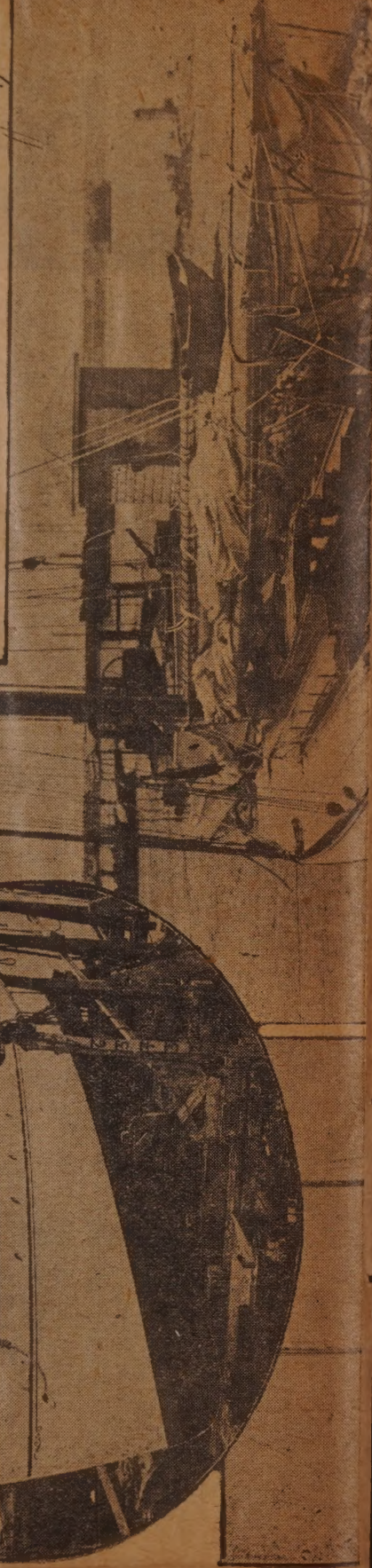
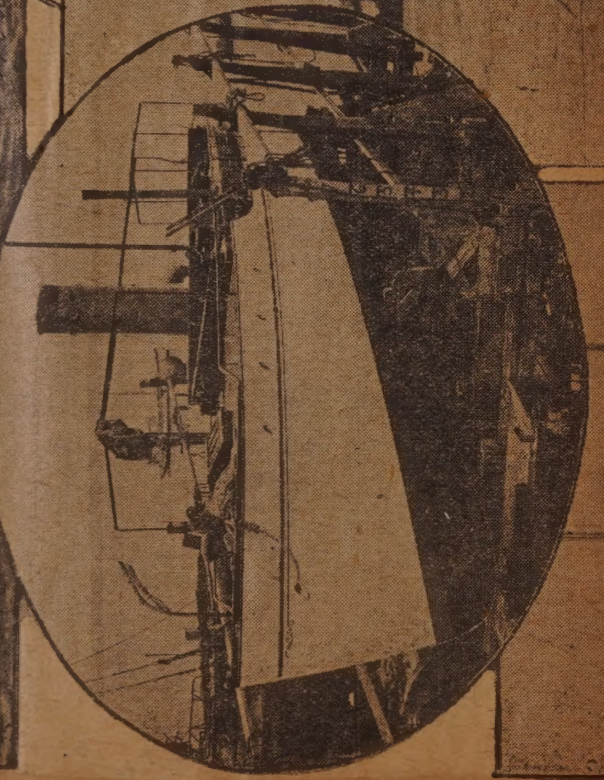
May 29, 1921



May 29, 1921



May 29, 1921



SNAPPED ON THE YACHT CLUB CRUISE



At right—The Evelyn, winner of the race from Padanaram to Block Island, crossing the finish line. Center—Commodore Henry S. Hutchinson and members of the crew of the Maviet scanning the horizon for signs of the boat. At left—The Evelyn crossing the starting line on return run from Block Island to Padanaram.

BIG BORDEN AND REMINGTON STOREHOUSE HERE



GETS \$75 PURSE

Sept. 24, 1921



A purse of \$75 was presented to Rev. Braddock Galloway at a reception recently given him by fellow church members of the Bethel A. M. E. church. He is to continue his studies for the ministry at Wilberforce University in Ohio.

Above, left—Tuning up one of the Hand speedsters at 30 miles an hour. Right—One of the newest of the Hand boats. Left, center—On the Peirce & Kilburn ways. Right, center—A launching at Kelley's yard. Lower left—Auxiliary schooner Ariel, designed by Hand for Francis Minot of Palmouth. Right—Jack Clark's sloop Evelyn.

May 29, 1921

May 29, 1921

May 15, 1921



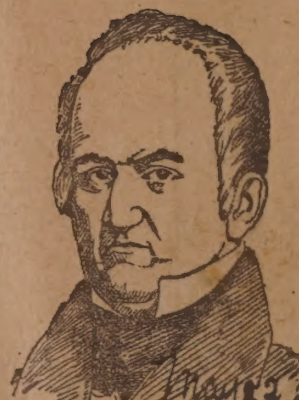
DRAWN
FROM OLD
PRINT



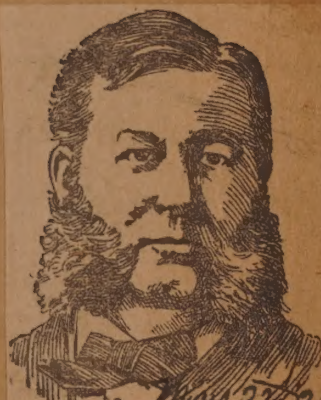
May 22, 21.
Parker House in Early Eighties



Andrew J. Dam
MANSION HOUSE
May 22, 1921.



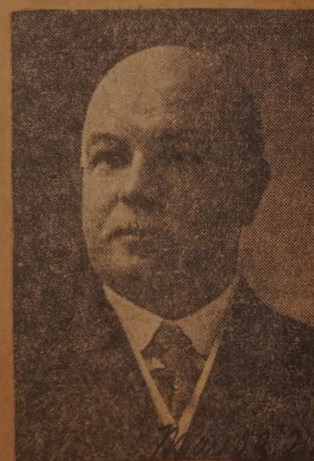
May 22, 21.
John Avery Parker
For whom the Parker House was
named.



May 22, 21.
Holder Brownell



May 22, 1921.
PARKER HOUSE



Elnathan C. Brownell

THE NEW HOTEL WILL CHANGE MANY THINGS

GOING DOWN TO NEW BEDFORD FOR THE FIRST TIME EH? TAKE A TIP FROM ME AND GET OUT OF TOWN BEFORE NIGHT

SEVENTH

GRACIOUS! I WAS NEVER SO HIGH ABOVE NEW BEDFORD BEFORE

WHEN WE PLAYED NEW BEDFORD BEFORE WE USED THAT ONE ABOUT THE HOTEL. WE'LL HAVE TO CUT IT OUT THIS TIME

THAT WAS A GOOD JOKE, TOO

I'VE HEARD THAT IT'S A TOUGH TOWN FOR HOTEL SERVICE

VAUDEVILLE TEAMS WILL HAVE ONE LESS OPPORTUNITY TO "KID" THE TOWN.

HOW TRAVELING SALESMEN TALKED ABOUT OUR CITY IN THE YEARS PASSED. HERE'S HOPING THAT SALESMEN BOOST THE TOWN EQUALLY HARD IN THE FUTURE

YES SIR! HIGH DINING ROOM, FINEST DINING ROOM, GRILL OR ROOF GARDEN?

I SHOULD LIKE TO EAT

F.W. BERGMAN
MANAGER

NEW BEDFORD'S NEW NIGHT HORIZON

May 22 1921

NEW SALVATION ARMY WORKER

Suby 9-19-21
Captain George Simons
Comes Here to Assist Ensign Malpass---Will Specialize in Boys' Work

The growth of the work of the Salvation Army in New Bedford has been such that it has become necessary for the employment of another worker in this field, and Captain George Simons has been transferred



Capt. George Simons

to New Bedford to act as an assistant to Ensign Fred Malpass and Mrs. Malpass. Captain Simons will have charge of carrying on the work among boys, and he brings with him the additional qualities of being a good singer and a cornet player. Captain Simons had two years in the war work of the army, and for over a year was in charge of the Salvation Army hut on Boston Common.

BEFORE THE NEW HOTEL WAS STARTED



The corner of Middle and Pleasant streets before way was made for erection of the new hotel.



Sept. 23, 1921

✓ Abram Rusitzky was sworn in as an attorney by the Supreme Judicial Court sitting at Boston today. Mr. Rusitzky was graduated from the Boston University Law School last June with a Cum Laude. He is an honorary member of the Woolsock Club and a Tau Epsilon Phi man. He will enter the law office of Jacob Minkin under the firm name of Minkin and Rusitzky.

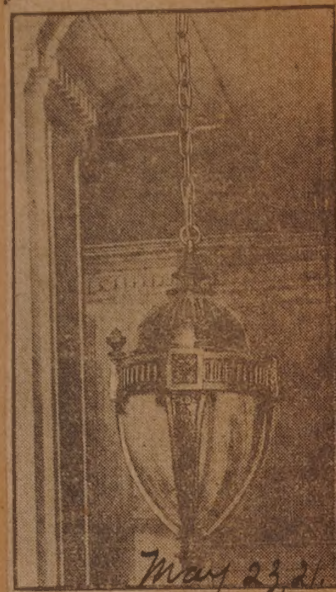
A TOWERING MASS OF "WELCOME, TRAVELLER"



CROWDS SEEK TO VIEW NEW HOTEL



Artistic Design
of Hotel Lobby
Lights Shown Here



DINING ROOM KING



F. W. Taylor

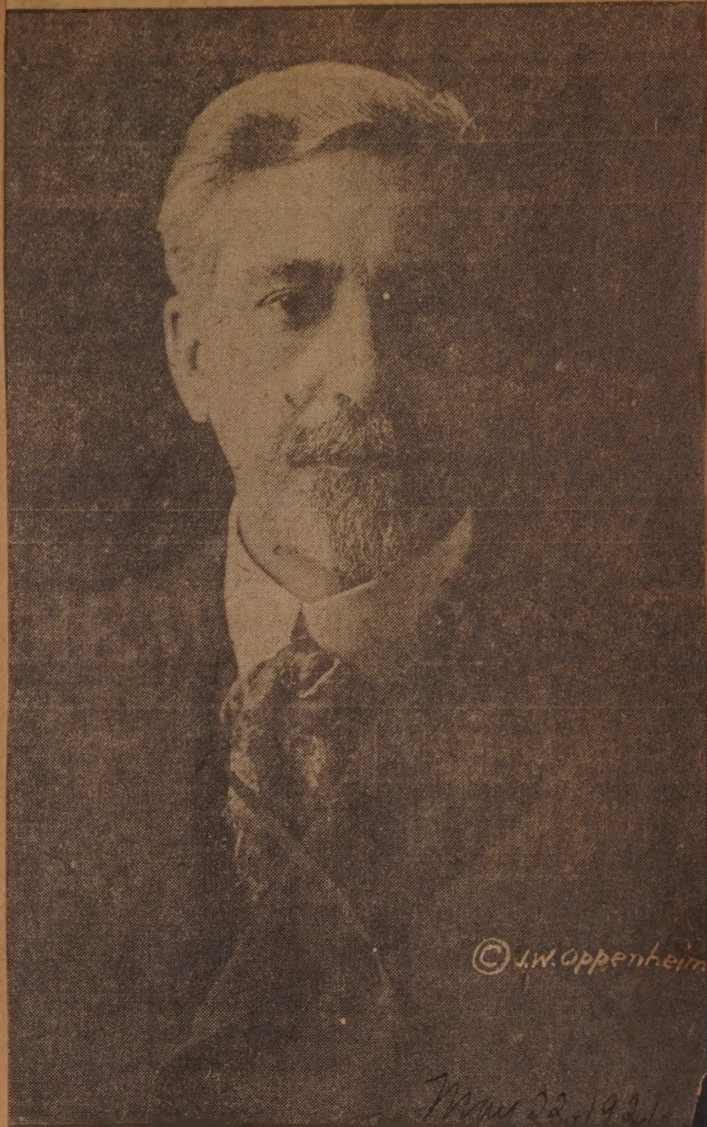
One's Task Is Ended---Other's Begins



May 23, 1921

Builders of Hotel New Bedford. Left: Edgar Zielian, talking to F. W. Bergman (right) the manager.

"Mine Host" of New Bedford Hotel

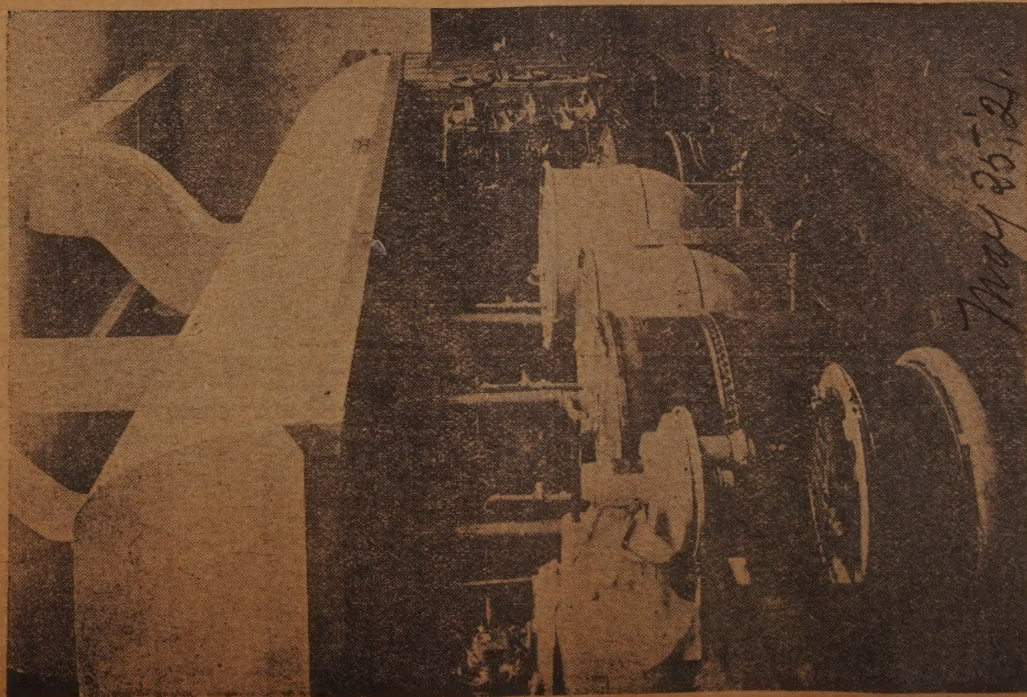


© J.W. Oppenheim

May 22, 1921

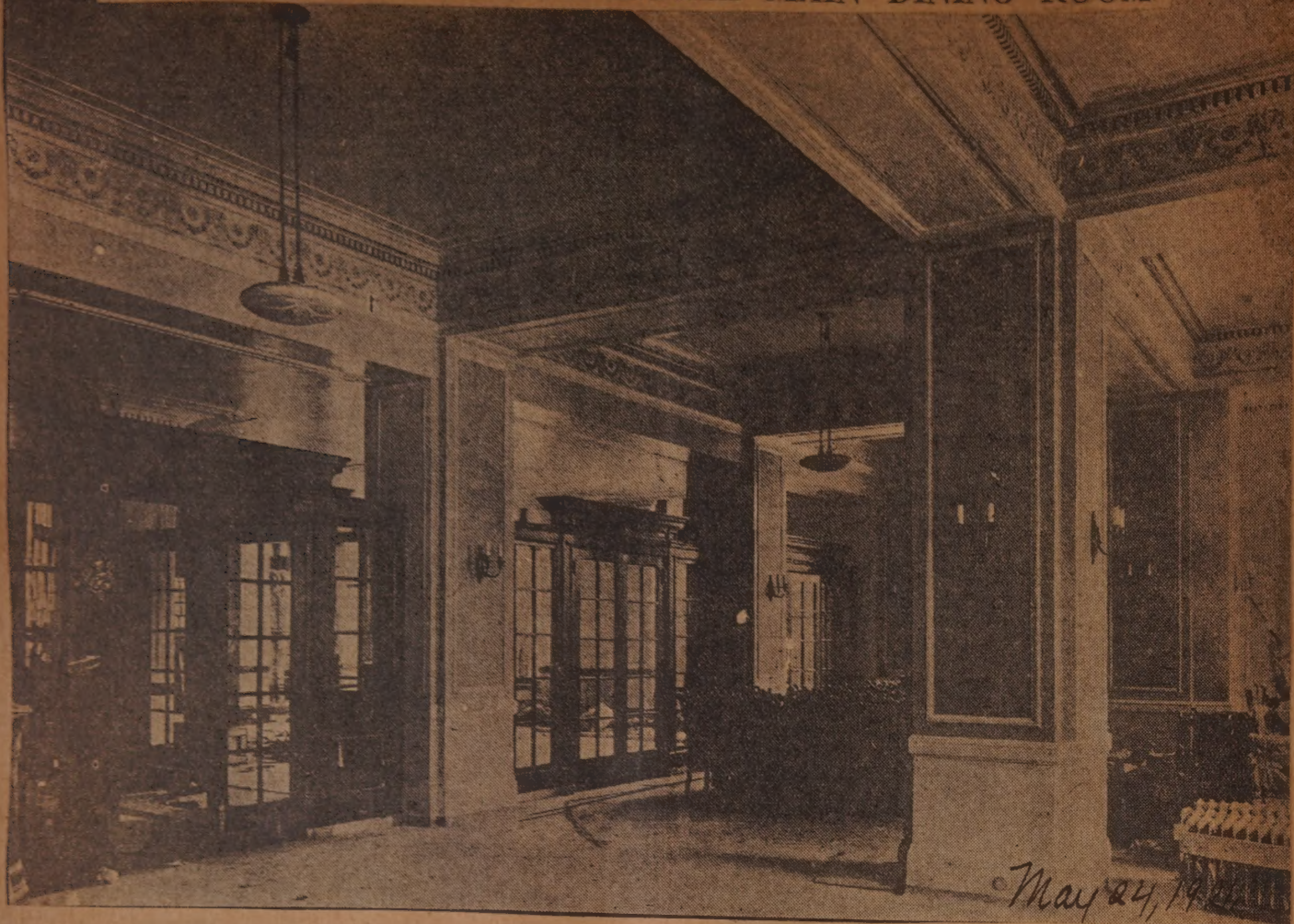
F. W. Bergman

Where the Pots Boil in the Hotel Kitchen



May 25, 21

A CORNER IN THE NEW HOTEL MAIN DINING ROOM



WHERE PRIVATE DINNER PARTIES CAN BE HELD



THE NEW HOTEL BALLROOM NEARING COMPLETION

23



BEDROOM IN NEW BEDFORD HOTEL

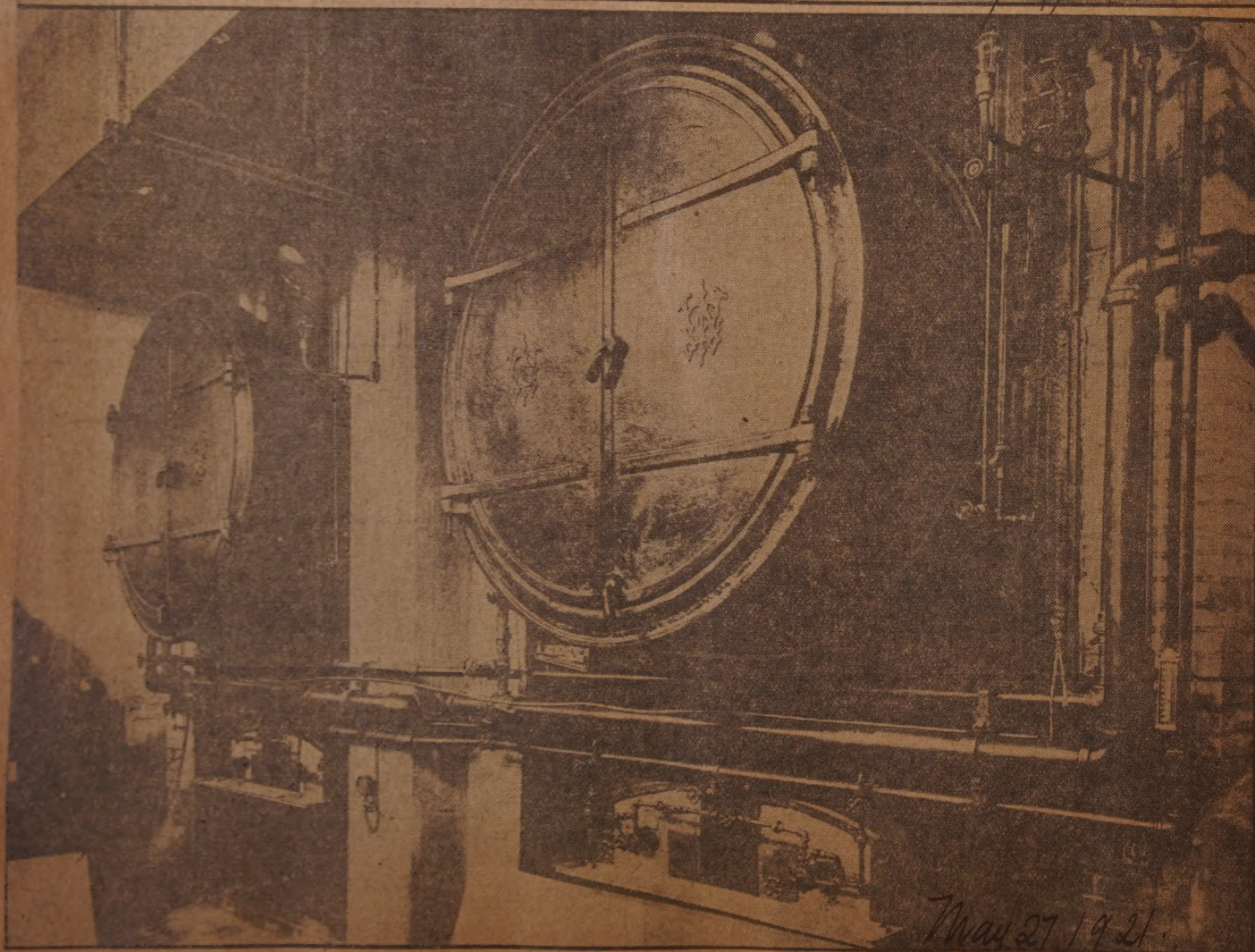


34

MACHINERY FOR REAL WORK IN NEW HOTEL BASEMENT



May 27, 1921



May 27, 1921

These are oil-burning boilers, the fuel for which is furnished by the New England Oil Refining Company.

TAKES PRIDE IN BEAUTY OF PARK

July 26, 1921



Joseph S. Brown, caretaker of park at New Bedford end of Fairhaven Bridge.

NEW AND OLD CITY POLICE BADGES

July 21 - 1921



Within the next few weeks the badge now being worn by members of the New Bedford police will be replaced by one similar in style to that worn by the officers on the New York police force.

The new badge, unlike the one termed by many a signboard, now in use, is a shield. In the center of the new badge a stamp of the city seal, about three quarters of an inch in size, appears on a raised base. At the top appears the words New Bedford police and at the bottom the number of the officer on a raised stand.

A sample of the new badge was received by Chief of Police Edward P. Doherty from a dealer in New York this morning. The only change to be made in the badge will be the substitution of the New Bedford city seal for the seal of New Jersey which appears on the badge sent here as a sample.

COURT GIVES COLLINS REWARD TO COMEAU AND JABLONSKI BOYS

July 19 - 1921

Decision in Friendly Suit Gives Lads
Jointly \$1738.55 Minus
Legal Expenses



Arthur Comeau and Joseph Jablonski.

PASSES BAR EXAM

July 31 - 1921



Leo M. Galligan.

Leo M. Galligan, son of Charles A. Galligan of 36 Pearl street has passed the State bar examinations and will be sworn in Sept. 23 before the Supreme Court in Boston. Mr. Galligan attended the New Bedford High School and later went to St. John's Preparatory School at Danvers. He entered Georgetown University, remaining there for a year, when he went into the army, and was attached to the quartermaster general's office in Washington. After the war he entered Boston University and received the LL. B. degree there in June. He is 23 years old.

TO STUDY IN PARIS

July 13 - 21

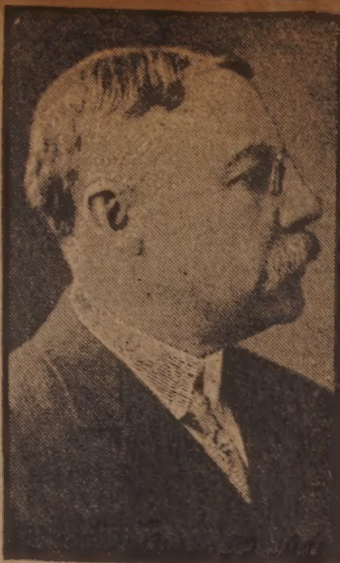


Alfred Hamer, who was graduated a month ago from the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston as president of his class, is back in New Bedford visiting his parents at 85 Tallman street before leaving for Paris, France, where he is to continue the study of music.

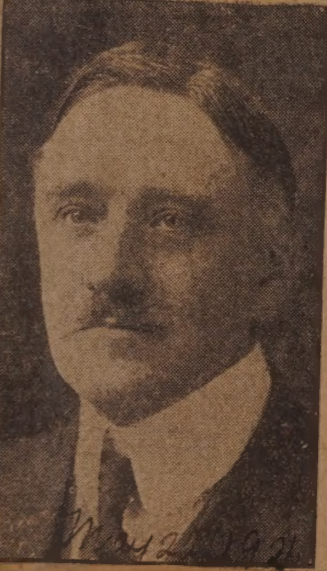
In addition to being president of his class Mr. Hamer was the honor student in the Organ class at the Conservatory and was elected to the Phi Mu Alpha fraternity.

While in Paris Mr. Hamer will study the organ, piano and composition. Prior to leaving New Bedford to take up the study of music at the conservatory in Boston Mr. Hamer was a member of the choir at St. James' Episcopal Church.

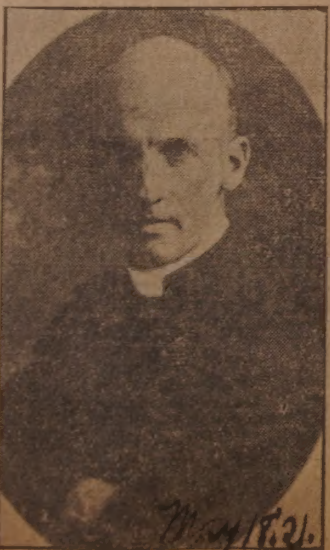
MEN WHO BORE BRUNT IN FINANCING NEW HOTEL



These are the men who figure largest in the financing of the New Bedford hotel. In the center Clark W. Holcomb, president of the New Bedford Hotel Company. Top row, left to right, B. H. Anthony, treasurer; John Duff, Edmund Wood, Oliver Prescott; second row, Thomas F. Mason, Joseph T. Kenney, Charles S. Ashley, Jr., Frederic H. Taber; third row, Henry H. Crapo, Andrew G. Pierce, Jr., Joseph M. Read, R. S. Ashley.



CEPTS CALL IN FALL RIVER



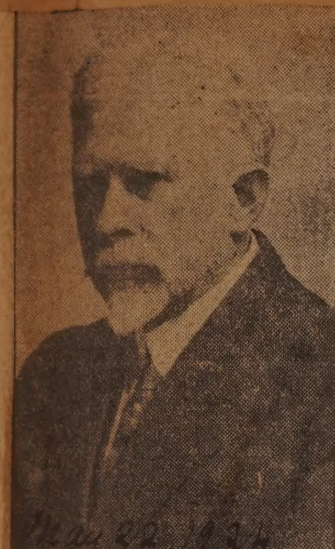
Rev. Louis A. Parsons.

Rev. Louis A. Parsons of Vineyard Haven, who recently received a call from St. John's Episcopal church in Fall River to become its rector, has accepted the call, and will commence his pastorate Sept. 1. Rev. Mr. Parsons has been conducting services at the Fall River church since Rev. William Smith resigned, and the call was accepted to him by a unanimous vote.

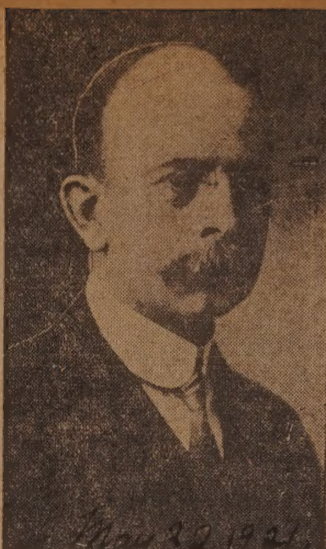
Rev. Mr. Parsons was born in New Haven, Conn., Feb. 26, 1873, of old New England ancestry, his father being Edward A. Parsons, a musician and composer. The son received his

education at Yale and Berkley Divinity school and entered his ministerial work at St. John's church, Stamford, Conn., where he remained for a year, and then was transferred to St. John's, North Haven, Conn., where he remained for five years. Leaving that church, Mr. Parsons was for three years senior curate at St. James' church, Philadelphia. In 1907 he married Miss Elizabeth Clarke Brooks, of Brookline, and was shortly afterwards in charge of St. Paul's church at Brunswick, Me. His work at this church was largely among the students of Bowdoin College.

Rev. Mr. Parsons's first work in the Massachusetts diocese was at Amesbury, and later at Newton Highlands, where he served seven years. He resigned last September to have a year's rest and he has been doing only supply work since that time. He was at St. Martin's church, New Bedford, for six months, and has been at St. John's on supply for three months. He will move to Fall River next September with his wife and daughter, Elizabeth Mary Parsons, who is six years of age.



May 22, 1924



May 22, 1924



May 22, 1924



May 22, 1924



May 22, 1924



May 22, 1924

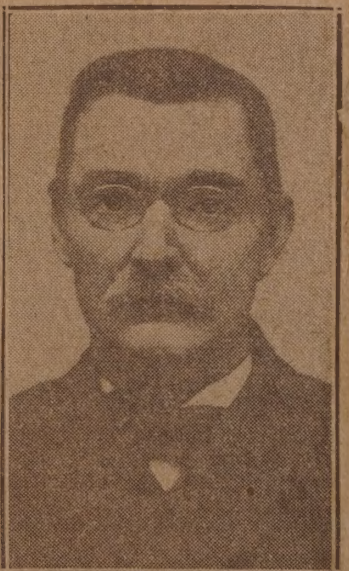
DOUBLES?



When Commodore Henry S. Hutchinson, of the New Bedford Yacht Club, travelled about Oak Bluffs Wednesday with the Board of Commerce outing party, he was mistaken by many summer residents for Admiral W. S. Sims. Here are the two faces together, above, Admiral Sims, below Commodore Hutchinson. Do they look alike?

DIED TODAY

September 21



William H. Flynn.

The death of William H. Flynn, an officer in the House of Correction for the last 25 years, occurred this morning, following an illness of a little more than a week. Death was due to cancer.

Mr. Flynn was born in New Bedford 64 years ago, and had always made his home here. About a year ago his wife died, and Mr. Flynn made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Rae, at 1093 Rockdale avenue. He held his position at the House of Correction up to three weeks ago, when he left for a two weeks' vacation to Vermont. He returned from Vermont ill, and since then his health failed steadily until his death this morning.

ENTERS BROWN



Arnold Forrest Waring, who has during the past six months served as pastor of the Long Plain M. E. Church, will leave New Bedford next Tuesday to enter Brown University. Mr. Waring is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Waring, 34 Jouvette Street, and was graduated in 1920 from the New Bedford High School, with honors. He plans to continue his pastoral work while he is at college. When he receives his degree from Brown he will enter the Divinity School of Boston University in order to complete his preparation for the ministry.

Mr. Waring's parishioners at Long Plain have been very much pleased with their young pastor, and wish him much success in his college activities.

ELECT CHASSEY AS SECRETARY

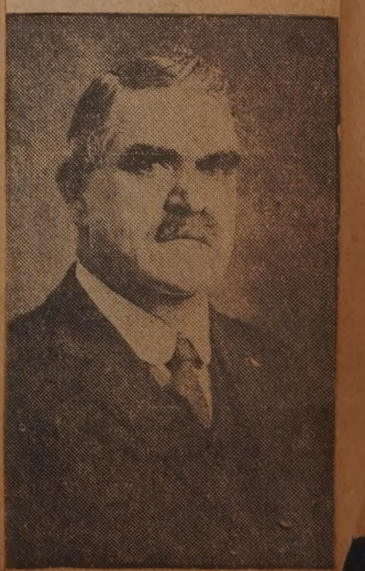
Sept. 24, 1924

Railway Clerks' Union Member Picked as Successor to Richards in Chamber of Labor

At a meeting of the Chamber of Labor last evening reports were received on the activities of the executive board since the last general meeting.

The resignation of Secretary George B. Richards was received and accepted and L. C. Chassey, of the Railway Clerks' union, elected in his place.

The attitude of the Chamber of Labor in the matter of Mayor Ashleot appointing a rent commission was discussed, and the opinion expressed.



L. C. Chassey.

